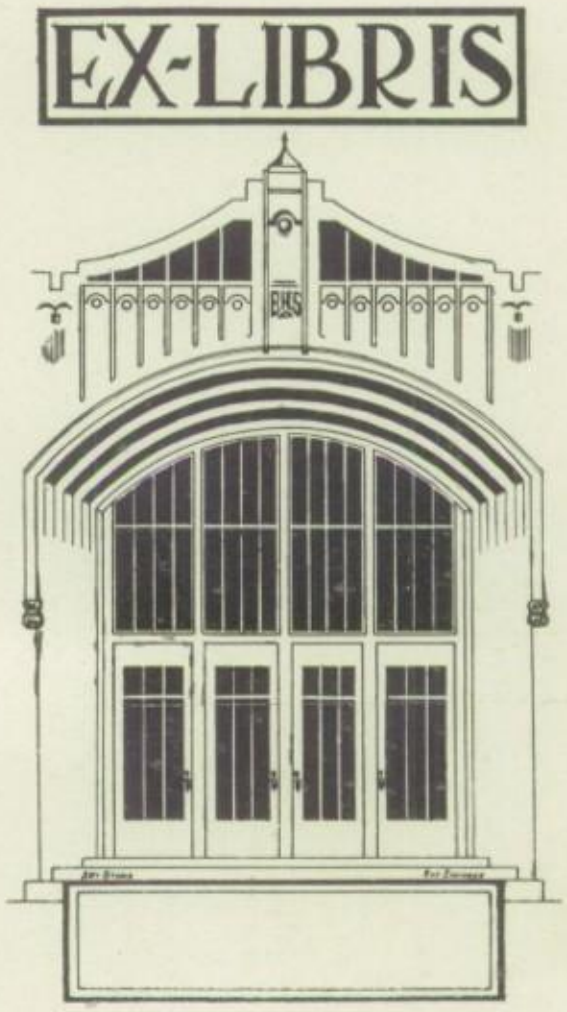
The Hegis

1926

Julia Kiler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THE AEGIS

OF

1926

Volume XVI

Published by the
SENIOR CLASS
Bloomington High School
May, 1926

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Preface

As the Idealists of the Victorian Age looked, for guidance and inspiration, to Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, with her shield, the "Aegis," so we, the editors of the Aegis for 1926, have tried to bring our publication up to the standards of those beloved English writers of the century just past,—Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, and others. We have woven this book around those old masters, their styles and mannerisms, wherever possible using the delightful old English of our acquaintances in "Pickwick Papers", and endeavoring, through our art pages, to give our readers an idea of the fashions and customs of that day. We have chosen as our central theme, those lines from Dickens' "Christmas Carol"—

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future;
The Spirits of all three shall strive within me."

TO OUR BELOVED HISTORY TEACHER

BESS M. CASH

who stimulates our interest in the birth and growth of
our country, who creates in us a deeper realization
of our individual responsibilities as future citi-
zens of the United States, and who will for-
ever hold a big place in all our hearts,
—we, the Senior Class of 1926,
dedicate this book.

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Parent-Teacher Association

The Bloomington High School Parent Teacher Association was first organized in March, 1915, with seventeen interested mothers present; today the membership is approximately seventy-five. The regular meetings of the club are held in Room 114 every third Monday of each month. The dues are twenty-five cents per year. The object is, "To bring into closer relation the home and the school that parents and teachers may co-operate intelligently in the training of the youth."

The social life of the High School pupil differs so radically from the grade school pupil, that we feel it advisable to organize our club for a different purpose, than that for which the grade school Parent Teacher Association is organized.

The programs are on subjects of vital interest to parents, handled by men and women who are making a careful study of the present day problems. At the September meeting, Mr. McDowell spoke of ways by which we could improve school and community. The October meeting was three fold in its purpose, a chicken supper, Dad's night, and an address by Francis G. Blair, State Superintendent of Schools. Dr. Neuman, a well-known educator from the East, was the speaker for the November meeting. At the January meeting Rev. Baillie gave a heart to heart talk on boy and girl problems. He urged the necessity of parents raising their standard of reading. Future programs will be handled by such men as Professor M. R. Staker of Normal University.

In February a Colonial tea, in commemoration of George Washington's birthday, was held in the girl's gym. The program consisted of music and readings followed by a social hour.

The present officers are: Mrs. Blake Leach, President; Mrs. S. W. Bodman, Vice-President; Mrs. John Alexander, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Perry LaBounty, Secretary; Mrs. R. R. Ross, Treasurer.

The Classes

And yet this scene has its grotesque features. Along the halls, huddled together for companionship, are the little boys and girls who have but recently arrived. These stand watching the introduction of large installments of knowledge into the persons of their companions who, finding their capacities greatly distended thereby, pass on to the second form.

These as Sophmores have advanced to the spelling of "self-importance." And having easily learned it they proceed to go and practice it thus becoming the most aggerawatin' of classes.

Meanwhile our Juniors, wait while increasingly large doses of knowledge are forced down their throats. All this in hope of attaining the ambitious state of Seniordom.

As for those worthies, the Seniors, how silent and sad they seem to be, making a variety of wry mouths indicative of anything but satisfaction.

Nevertheless, having by persistent effort learned to spell "Fame" they go and try to earn it. "And that," said Mr. Squeers, "is the way we do it."

~Mary Stevens.

CLASSES

AS

January Graduating Class

It is a noble act to set a precedent worthy of becoming an unwritten law in the customs of our school. The January Class of '26 has set the pace for those who follow—its members received the formal recognition of their completed labors in February instead of waiting to march up for their diplomas with the June graduates. It was a brave step and a fitting one. Year by year, the number of students who finish in the mid year grows larger. It is only natural that these should wish immediate graduation, though June, the month of Roses may seem more admirable to the "Sweet Girl Graduate" than frosty February.

For the past four years, the elementary schools of Bloomington have seen the necessity for separate exercises for their January classes. Now, it has been well proved that our high school is capable of similar action. Let us congratulate the January Class of '26!

AHLENIUS, EDWARD "Ed"

"For his were feelings finely wrought."

Aegis Staff
Football, Track
Hi Y Club
Debating Society
Band
Biology Club
Stage Manager
Vice-Pres. Hi-Y Club
Sec. and Treas. Debating Society
Treas. Band

AHLENIUS, WILLIAM "Bill"

"I know thee for a man of many thoughts."

Aegis Staff
Business Manager Aegis
Football, Track
Hi-Y Club
Debating Society
Orchestra, Band
Biology Club
Senior Play
Stage Manager
President of Biology Club
Pres. Hi-Y Club
Vice Pres. Debating So.
Sec. and Treas. Orchestra
Sec. Band

ALEXANDER, JOHN "Johnny"

"Founded in reason, loyal and just."

Biology Club
Secretary Biology Club
Latin Club
Debating Society
Vice-President Debating Society

BROWNE, JOHN "Brownie"

"Let every man enjoy his whim."

CARY, RUTH "Rufus"

"She is blessed with gracious ease."

French Club
Freshman Girl Reserves
Girls Athletic Association

CLARK, EMMA "Em"

"A progeny of learning."

FAGERBURG, ROBERT "Bob"

*"His years but young
But his experience old."*

Debating Society
Agriculture Club
President Agriculture Club
Band
Football
Track

HOETTELS, BERNICE "Bernie"

"Is she not passing fair?"

Freshman Girl Reserves

KELLER, RUTH "Boots"

"All young things should donce in the sun."

Girls Athletic Association
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Freshman Girl Reserves
Latin Club

LA DUE, PAUL "Dife"

"Describe him who can An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man."

Football
Hi-Y Club

LUDWIG, LOUISE "Ludy"

"She was a burning and shining light."

Domesci Club

MANTLE, KATHARINE "Kay"

"Rich in good work."

French Club
Upperclass Girl Reserves

MARTENS, BERNADINE "Bernie"

"Let my deep silence speak for me."

MOSS, RUBY "Ru"

"Unto the pure, all things are pure."

Upperclass Girl Reserves
Girls Athletic Association

PUETT, RUSSELL "Bug"

"Young, dapper and debonair."

Manual Arts Club
Debating Society
Basketball

RHEA, FRED "Fritz"

"He has no rivals."

Football
Basketball
Track
Dramatic Club
"Adam and Eva"
Band

ROUCH, FRANK "Row"

"Beneath his cap are his schemes and deviltry."

Cheer Leader
Chorus
Boys Glee Club

RYLANDER, CLARA "Rye"

"The tongue can no man tame."

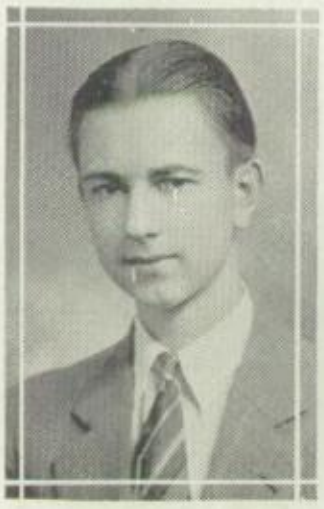
SALCH, HERMAN "Herm"

"I have finished my course and done my duties."

Manual Arts Club
Stage Manager

SMOCK, LUCILE "Luce"

"Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall."



THIETGE, PAUL "Tiege"

"Mischief, thou art swift to enter the thoughts of desperate men."

YARGER, ORVAL "Nipper"

"Facing the guns, he jokes.

Debating Society
Hi Y Club

BUTLER, MILDRED
HASSLER, CHARLES
MCKEON, OLIVE
REDIGER, WILLIAM
RYBURN, IRIS
STRAIN, LYLE

ZWENG, MELVIN "Mel"

"Hath thy toil over the midnight oil?"

ABRAMS, ELSIE "Els"

"Her heart is light
Her cares are few."

Freshman Girls Reserve
Girls Athletic Association
Chorus

ADKINS, MAX "Smocks"

"As man may
He fought his fight."

Transferred from Mason City High School
Manual Arts Club

AHLENIUS, RUTH "Miscellaneous"

"My best companions—innocence and health."

Aegis Staff
Biology Club
President Biology Club
Domesci Club
Freshman Girl Reserves
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Vice-President Upperclass Girl Reserves
Girls Athletic Association
Latin Club

ANDERSON, EARL "Andy"

"Whoe'er excels in what we pride,
Appears a hero in our eyes."

Football
Basketball
Track
Biology Club
Football Manager

ANDERSON, ROY "Swede"

"'Tis good will makes intelligence."

Aegis Staff
Manual Arts Club
Secretary and Treasurer Manual Arts Club
Debating Society
Stage electrician

AUSTIN, ELIZABETH "Liz"

"Youth, full of grace, force and enthusiasm."

Aegis Staff
Editor-in-Chief Aegis
Short Story Club
Pres. Short Story Club
Sec.-T. Short Story Club
Latin Club
Secretary of Latin Club
Orchestra, Band, Chorus
Girls Athletic Association
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Girl Reserve Cabinet
President Upperclass Girl Reserves
Freshman Girl Reserves
French Club

BANKSON, SYBIL "Skinny"

"On my lips the joys of life mingle to make me wise."

Aegis Staff
Remington Silver Pin
Freshman Girl Reserves

BARDWELL, LOIS "Pickles"

"I wonder if my sweetie does the Charleston."

Freshman Girl Reserves
Girls Athletic Association

BARNARD, DOROTHY "Barney"

"I'd keep my dreams and follow where they bid me."

Short Story Club
Latin Club
Domesci Club
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Freshman Girl Reserves

BATTERTON, DORIS "Dodo"

"Seek to be good and not to be great."

Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Latin Club
Chorus
Freshman Girl Reserves
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Girls Athletic Association
Biology Club

Doris Batterton

BAUMGARDNER, VERNA "Vern"

"I have no other than a woman's reason."

Transferred from Ben Funk High School
Domesci Club

BAXTER, HELEN "Bax"

"I would not be too wise."

BENSON, DOROTHY "Dot"

"Her heart is like a garden fair."

Aegis Staff
Latin Club
Chorus
Freshman Girl Reserves
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Girls Glee Club

BODMAN, SAM "Sambo"

"For several virtues I have liked several women."

Football
Basketball
Track
Hi-Y
Orchestra
Chorus
Captain football team

BOWMAN, LOIS "Bo"

"But oh! she dances such a way!"

Chorus
Girls Athletic Association
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Freshman Girl Reserves

BRAGONIER, RUTH "Ruthy"

"Wasn't thou shy once And just so small as I."

Transferred from St. Joseph's Academy
Domesci Club
Upperclass Girl Reserves

BROOKS, ERSIE "Ers"

"Thou art a fellow of good respect."

BROWNE, AGNES "Ag"

"She goes upon her way rejoicing."

Upperclass Girl Reserves
Freshman Girl Reserves

BUCCHOLZ, THURMAN "Buck"

"Sweet are the slumbers of a virtuous man."

Agriculture Club
Biology Club

BUESCHER, MYRA "Blondy"

"You so familiar—once were strange."

Transferred from Danvers High School
Senior Play
Debating Society
Upperclass Girl Reserves

CAMERLING, HAROLD "Cam"

"Happy-go-lucky he goes on his way."

Transferred from Mackinaw High School
Band

CARLSON, GUNBERG "Gun"

"How was her heavy hair Lithe as a feather duster."

Chorus
Senior Play

CHAPMAN, MAURINE "Pretzi"

"But oh the eyes—the eyes that know the silent game of dreams."

Transferred from Soldan High School, St. Louis, Missouri
Latin Club
Upperclass Girl Reserves

CHRISTOPHER, RUTH "Xmas"

"A sunshine heart A soul of song."

Transferred from Republic, Missouri
Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Latin Club, Domesci Club
Chorus
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Upperclass Girl Reserves Cabinet
Girls Athletic Association
Y.-P. Athletic Association
Girls Glee Club
Senior Play
"Fire Prince"

COLTEAUX, THEODORE

"There's magic in his fingertips."

Aegis Staff
Dramatic Club
"Adam and Eva"
Manual Arts
Debating Society
Band
Senior Play

COLTON, EDMUND "Eddie"

"Glad that I live am I."

Football
Basketball
Basketball trainer
Hi-Y
Band

COOLIDGE, BARBARA "Babs"

"Woman, as graceful as a swan."

Aegis Staff
Art League
Girls Athletic Association
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Freshman Girl Reserves
Biology Club
French Club

DAVIDSON, EMILY "Em"

"She is complete, in feature and mind."

Aegis Staff
Dramatic Club
"Adam and Eva"
Freshman Girl Reserves
Freshman Girl Reserves Cabinet
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Senior Play

DAVIDSON, ROBERT "Twoodles"

"A mighty man is he."

Band

DITTMAN, DORIS "Dot"

"Don't view me with a critic eye
But pass my imperfections by."

Transferred from Lincoln High School

DOTY, NANNA "Skeezix"

"Loveliness is young ambition."

Chorus

DOUGLAS, MARTHA "Mart"

"A jolly little Southern girlie
Whose dark brown hair is always curly."

Transferred from Fayetteville, Tennessee High School
Latin Club
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Upperclass Girl Reserves Cabinet
Domesci Club

EGAN, GERALDINE "Jerry"

"Her conversation is a string of pearls,
For she has the supreme gift of keeping silent."

Latin Club
Orchestra
Manager of Orchestra
Biology Club
Secretary Biology Club

EK, NORMA "Norm"

"As unassuming as a little mouse."

ENSINGER, HAROLD "Uncle Oscar"

"The great man knew not that he was great."

Aegis Staff
Football
Latin Club
Manual Arts Club
Orchestra
Band
Biology

FEICHT, EARL "Feicht"

"What I will, I will and there an end."

FERGUSON, MAURICE "Fergy"

"There were none so cocky as he."

FLEMING, NELSON "Fleming"

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share."

Transferred from Strawn High School

FRY, MILDRED "Milly"

"Heaven sends us good meat;
But the devil sends us cooks."

Domesci Club
President Domesci Club
Girls Athletic Association
Upperclass Girl Reserves

FUNK, RAYMOND "Ray"

"There is so much that I would forget—
Of all that I have done."

Transferred from Ben Funk High School
Agriculture Club

GARRISON, FRANCES "Peggy"

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Upperclass Girl Reserves
Freshman Girl Reserves
French Club
Senior Play

GOLDMAN, THELMA "Telma"

"Dauntless, she holds her hard-won place."

Latin Club
Senior Play
Debating Society
Girls Athletic Association
Freshmen Girl Reserves
Upperclass Girl Reserves

GREEN, CARL "August"

"High deeds are to come from thee."

Football

GRIESHEIM, HELENE "Hell"

"Dainty from her head to feet."

Latin Club
Dramatic Club
Vice-President of Dramatic Club
Secretary Dramatic Club
Art League
Chorus
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Freshmen Girl Reserves

GRIFFIN, ISAAC "Ike"

"My heart is in the Highlands
My heart is here too."

Debating Society

GRIMM, ANNA "Ann"

"She was young and fair."

GUTHOFF, ESTHER "Essie"

"And that smile, like sunshine darts
Into many sunless hearts."

HALEY, FLORENCE "Flo"

"If all maidens were as fair as she."

HANOVER, WILLIAM "Hannibal"

"A good name is better than riches."

Aegis Staff
Remington Silver Pin

HANSON, ANNE "Annie"

"She sets a spring to catch them all."

HARRINGTON, CHARLOTTE "Dutch"

"There was a soft and pensive grace
A cast of thought upon her face."

Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Chorus
Girls Glee Club

HASTINGS, HELEN "He"

"It takes life to love life."

Chorus
Girls Glee Club

HAYES, LELIA "Lee"

"Faster than her tongue did make offence,
Her eye did make it up."

Latin Club
Domesci Club

HEISTER, EDWARD "Eddye"

"Smart Lad!"

Aegis Staff
Latin Club
Debating Society
Orchestra
Biology Club

HENDERSON, MARJORIE "Marge"

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know."

Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Debating Society
Chorus
Girls Athletic Association
Girl Reserves

HERDER, LILLY "Lill"

"The seeds which I have planted are reaped."

Dramatic Club
Orchestra
Upperclass Girl Reserve
Freshman Girl Reserve

HERR, BARKER "Her"

"Our Darling."

Art League

HODGE, ELLEN "Elley"

"I am a part of all that I have met."

Transferred from Danvers High School
Latin Club
Debating Society
Upperclass Girl Reserve

HOFFMAN, IVERNE "Bobby"

"We oft wonder From whence her charms do come."

Domesci Club
Chorus
Freshman Girl Reserve

HOKANSON, HAZEL "Hokie"

"She is enveloped in an atmosphere of thought."

HOLDER, DAN "Bud"

"I only wish to live till juleps come again."

Band
Orchestra
Biology Club
Latin Club
French Club
Football
Hi-Y Club
Debating Society

HOOBLER, CATHERINE "Cathy"

"Sagacious, patient, dreading praise."

Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Latin Club
Girls Athletic Association
Freshman Girl Reserve
Upperclass Girl Reserve

HULL, EVERETT "Skinny"

"Oh, what men dare do."

Art League
Manual Arts Club
Hi-Y Club

HULVA, LATHAM "Stringbeans"

"The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

Transferred from Gardner High School
Aegis Staff
Football

HULVEY, STACY "Static"

"A southern lad with a southern way."

JOHNSON, ELSIE "Else"

"I hate nobody
I'm charity for the world."

JOHNSON, MILDRED "Mit"

"They laugh that win."

Upper class Girl Reserve
Freshman Girl Reserve

JOHNSON, PAUL "None"

"A sensible man can artifice disdain."

Agriculture Club
Manual Arts Club

JOHNSON, REED "Dutch"

"To be a man, no matter where
A man, my creed."

Agriculture Club
Manual Arts Club
Chorus
Boys Glee Club
"Bells of Boujolais"

JOHNSON, WILLIS "Swede"

"A merry smile goes a long way."

Aegis Staff
Football
Senior Play

JONES, ARTHUR "Red"

"All his bright golden hair is tarnished with rust."

Aegis Staff
Basketball
Latin Club
Biology Club

JUMP, ZILLAH "Strawberry"

"Thou whose locks outshine the sun
Golden tresses wreathed in one."

Aegis Staff
Debating Society
Debating Team
Upper Glass Girl Reserve

LA BOUNTY, EDWARD "Ed"

"A little leader can lead a mighty cheer."

Cheer Leader
Hi-Y Club

LA DUE, NELLIE "Nell"

"Ready, ready—always Reddy."

Domesci Club
Chorus
Girls Athletic Association
Freshman Girl Reserve

LAWBAUGH, WILHELMINA "Minna"

"What is more rare than a true friend."

LYONS, BLANCHE "Lion"

"'Tis played with the eyes."

Girls Athletic Association
Freshman Girl Reserve

MCGRAW, THOMAS "Tom"

"With a dash o' Oirish band."

MCLAFLIN, DORIS "Do"

"Order is a lovely thing."

Chorus
Girls Athletic Association
President Girls Athletic Association
Freshman Girl Reserves
President Freshman Girl Reserves
Upper Class Girl Reserves
Senior Play

MCMACKIN, DENA "D"

"Enough: you have the dream, the flame."

Transferred from Saybrook High School
Latin Club
Girls Athletic Association
Upperclass Girl Reserve

MCMINN, MARY "Mary Mac"

"She is pretty to walk with She is witty to talk with."

Freshman Girl Reserve
Upperclass Girl Reserve
Girls Athletic Association
Secretary Girls Athletic Association
French Club, Latin Club
Dramatic Club
Rec. Secretary Dramatic Club, Goose Hangs High
Senior Play, Aegis Staff

MEINER, NAOMI

"Let all things be done as done by her."

Transferred from Downs Community High School

MOORE, WILLIAM "Bill"

"When I'm a beeg man, som' day."

Latin Club
Biology Club

MORAN, ETHEL "Funny"

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

Transferred from Normal Community High School
Freshman Girl Reserve
Debating Society
Debate Team
Winner Curley Oratorical Contest

MORRIS, IRENE "Happy"

"If I could only sing the songs,
That are within me day and night."

Transferred from Prairie City High School
Chorus
Upper Class Girl Reserve
"Bells of Beaujolais."
Girls Glee Club
President Girls Glee Club

MORRIS, MILDRED "Milly"

"Her heart was kind and soft."

MUHL, WILLIAM "Moon"

"A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friend and foe."

NAVE, FRED "Fritz"

"He leads an eager life of industry."

NIEHUS, HENRIETTE "Henry"

"There is always time enough for courtesy."

Chorus
Freshman Girl Reserve

OCHS, HANNAH "Ochsy"

"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

Aegis Staff, Latin Club
Dramatic Club
Boomerang
Vice-Pres. Dramatic Club
President Dramatic Club
Girls Athletic Association
Freshman Girl Reserve
Upperclass Girl Reserve
Secretary Upperclass Girl Reserve, French Club

OEHMKE, AVIS "Shorty"

"A friend is a masterpiece of nature."

Transferred from McLean High School
Domesci Club

OTTO, LUCILE "Otty"

"Why was I made so small."

Transferred from Danvers High School
Upperclass Girl Reserve

PARKER, MILDRED "Parky"

"She loves the country, none else."

Transferred from Ellsworth High School

PAYNE, MARGRET LOUISE "Margy Lou"

"What cannot Art and Industry perform!"

Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Orchestra, Band, Chorus
Girls Athletic Association
Freshman Girl Reserves
Upperclass Girl Reserves
Upperclass Girl Reserve Cabinet
Biology Club, Art League
Agriculture Club

Margy Lou.

PEASE, MARTIN "Noonie"

"Life's a jest and all things show it
I thought so once but now I know it."

Agriculture Club
Hi-Y Club
French Club

PECKMAN, LYLE "Peck"

"I am king and have come to claim my own."

Basketball
Hi-Y Club

PEIRCE, ELOISE "Peggy"

"It is difficult to turn the current of a woman's will."

Aegis Staff
Dramatic Club
Rec. Sec. Dramatic Club
Boomerang
Debating Society
Chorus
Girls Athletic Association
Freshman Girl Reserve
Upperclass Girl Reserve

PLUMMER, VIRGINIA "Jane"

"Sometimes the violin seems to me
A type of what the soul should be."

Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Latin Club, Orchestra
Girls Athletic Association
Upper Class Girl Reserve
Secretary Upperclass Girl Reserve
Freshman Girl Reserve
Secretary Freshman Girl Reserve

PRICE, LAURA "Billy"

"I gazed on many a brighter face
But none where beauty left so soft a trace."

Transferred from Battle-creek Central High School
Latin Club
Chorus
Girls Athletic Association
Upper Class Girl Reserve
Vice-President Upper Class Girl Reserve
Freshman Girl Reserve

PRICE, ROBERT "Bob"

"He was a gentleman from sole to crown."

Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Treas. Short Story Club
Latin Club
President Latin Club
President Junior Class
Hi-Y Club
Debating Society
Pres. Debating Society
Orchestra, Band
President Band
Stage Hand

PROBASCO, LEWIS "Louie"

"The witty man laughs least."

Art League
Orchestra
Band

PROCTOR, IONE "Oney"

"Her words were shed softer
Than leaves from the pines."

Latin Club

PUETT, GERALDINE "Jerry"

"My heart has two wild wings that ever would be flying."

Remington Silver Pin

RAINSBERGER, PAUL "Raine"

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

Transferred from Palco High School
Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Pres. Short Story Club
Dramatic Club
"Adam and Eva"
Chorus
Boys' Glee Club
"Fire Prince"

RHODES, AARON "Pete"

"He has the grit of a man
And a strong set chin."

Aegis Staff
Latin Club
Hi-Y Club
Debating Society
Senior Play
Agriculture Club
President Agriculture Club
Secretary Agriculture Club

RILEY, JAMES "Jim"

"Half asleep as he stalks."

Football
Latin Club
Agriculture Club
Hi-Y Club
Band

ROBERTSON, EDGAR "Ed"

"Born for success he seemed."

Transferred from Browning High School

ROCKE, GRACE "Curly"

"Man has his will—but woman has her way."

Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Latin Club
Girls Athletic Association
Chorus
Upper Class Girl Reserve
Girl Reserve Cabinet
Freshman Girl Reserve

ROGGY, EDNA "Ed"

"A still, small voice."

Edna Roggy

ROSEN, ANNA "Ann"

"Her brush is striking, resistless and grand."

Dramatic Club
Adam and Eva
Art League
Chorus
Girls Athletic Association

RUNDLE, EDNA "Rundy"

"All that's good and kind."

Domesci Club
Chorus
Upper Class Girl Reserves
Freshman Girl Reserves

SAVIDGE, BESSIE "Bess"

"Cease to consult
Time for action calls."

Art League
Domesci Club

SCHAD, MARIE "Schaddy"

"It is good to live and learn."

Chorus
Girls Athletic Association
Freshman Girl Reserves
Upper Class Girl Reserves

SCHEETS, MILDRED "Midge"

"To love my friends, to laugh and live."

Upper Class Girl Reserve

SCHMIDT, OTTO "Smitty"

"Fools are my theme
Let satire be my song."

SHAFFER, IRENE "Rene"

"Give me neither poverty nor riches."

SHANKS, CLARENCE "Shank"

"Thou are the man."

SHIRK, EDWARD "Eddy"

"Whene'er he deigns to smile
Our hearts are all a-flutter."

SIEH, RALPH

"She catches him as a cat would catch a mouse."

Transferred from Danvers High School

STAPLETON, EVA "Eve"

"The power of thought, the magic of thy mind."

STEIDLEY, THOMAS "Tom"

"He is a man
Take him all for all."

Football
Captain Football Team
Track
Dramatic Club
Goose Hangs High
Hi-Y Club
Band
President Senior Class

STEINKE, ALICE "Al"

"Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low."

Transferred from LeRoy High School

STEVENS, MARY "Steve"

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Art League
Sec. Short Story Club
Latin Club
Chorus
Girls Athletic Association
Freshman Girl Reserves
Upper Class Girl Reserves

STEVENSON, MARJORIE "Marge"

"An ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

Art League
Girls Athletic Association
Freshman Girl Reserves
Upper Class Girl Reserves

STONE, ARTHUR "Art"

"He, the life and joy of us all."

Aegis Staff
Art League
Manual Arts Club
Hi-Y Club
Debating Club

SUTHERLAND, HAZEL "Hazie"

"Light dances in her eyes."

Latin Club
Treasurer Latin Club
Domesci Club
Orchestra
Band
Secretary Band
Upper Class Girl Reserves

TENNEY, ELEANOR "Tenny"

"All compliments to her are trite
For she has adorers left and right."

Transferred from McLean High School
Dramatic Club
President Dramatic Club
Goose Hangs High
Adam and Eva
Upper Class Girl Reserves
French Club
Sec. and Treas. of Senior Class

THOMPSON, ROY "Thompson"

"Men shiver when thou art named."

Agriculture Club
Manual Arts Club

TRENKLE, CATHERINE "Kay"

"Thy courtesies about thee play."

Dramatic Club
"Adam and Eva"
Chorus
"Bells of Beaujolais"
Upper Class Girl Reserves
French Club
Freshman Girl Reserves

TRENKLE, MARGARET "Peg"

"As petite and dainty as a flower."

Chorus
Upper Class Girl Reserves
Freshman Girl Reserves

TYLER, GENEVE "Gen"

"A dancing form, an image gay."

Girls Athletic Association
Freshman Girl Reserves
Upper Class Girl Reserves
French Club
Senior Play

VAN SCHOICK, KENNETH "Kenny"

"Lord of himself whom all respect."

Aegis Staff
Football

WALDMAN, IRWIN "Sam"

"Give me the ocular proof."

Aegis Staff
Basketball
Track
Debating Society
Chorus

WALL, BERNARD "Bernie"

"In arguing too the debaters owned his skill
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

Transferred from Bellflower High School
Agriculture Club
Debating Society
President Debating Society
Debating team

WARLOW, LORIN "Shorty"

"How you gonna keep them down on the farm?"

Agriculture Club
Hi-Y Club
Debating Society
Secretary and Treasurer Debating Society
Debating Team

WERSCH, BERNARDINE "Bern"

"With beauty templed in thy heart."

Domesci Club
Latin Club
Chorus

WETZEL, JUDITH "Judy"

"And in her heart so noble and devoted to the truth."

Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Officer Short Story Club
Senior Play
Domesci Club, Chorus
Girls Athletic Association
Freshman Girl Reserves
Upperclass Girl Reserves

WHITE, RAYMOND "Raymo"

"A few feet out of the turf."

Hi-Y
Football

WHITEMAN, NAOMI "Peggy"

"Smile with intent to do mischief."

Transferred from Gridley High School
Domesci Club
Upperclass Girl Reserves

ZALUCHA, LEO "Zuke"

"A man full of wisdom and wit."

Aegis Staff
Short Story Club
Art League
Second Place Curley Oratorical Contest
Senior Play
Remington Gold Pin
Remington Bronze Pin
Underwood Silver Pin
Underwood Gold Pin
Pantagraph Reporter
Chicago Daily News Contest

EVANS, LELAND
JOHNSON, IRENE
MITCHEL, RALPH

Junior Class

As is customary at the first meeting of the Junior Class, officers for the ensuing year were elected. They are as follows: Henry Smith, President, Ruth Gates, Vice-President, and Jane Howell, Secretary-Treasurer.

The 1926 Junior Class of about one hundred thirty-five students is well represented in the Latin Club, Art League, Short Story Club, Dramatic Club, Girl Reserves, Hi-Y Club, Band and Orchestra.

One of our members, Willis Brown, is the winner of the Merwin Cup for the best short story. He also reports events of interest for the Daily Bulletin, while Henry Smith, who is quite a cartoonist, runs a weekly review for our bulletin board.

One of the outstanding features of the year was Ralph Bonny's excellent playing and sportsmanship on the basketball team. He not only captured the cup given by the Illinois Wesleyan for the school, but also the individual cup for sportsmanship awarded by the Pantagraph. Elmer Burwitz has also done exceptional work on the team. We are certainly proud to claim these men as Juniors.

Socially, two matinee dances were given. The first was held in December and the second in March. These were well attended and greatly enjoyed.

As the school year of 1926 nears its completion, the Juniors begin to realize that they have but one more year until the portals of B. H. S. will close behind them. And while the work at times has seemed confining, they have learned that the interesting by far overbalances the uninteresting and that each incident will become an incentive for acquiring further knowledge.

JANE HOWELL, '27.

Sophomores

"Oh! Wad some power the giftie gie you,
To see us Sophomores just as we do!"

Behold! On the ensuing pages of this literary masterpiece (otherwise known as the Aegis), our friends are to have the privilege of feasting their eyes upon the artistic reproduction of the Sophomore Class. The class wish to take this opportunity to congratulate the Aegis Staff for securing such an attractive addition to their book. We hope that they realize the magnaminity of our class in donating said attraction, which, of course, ensures the success of this year's Aegis.

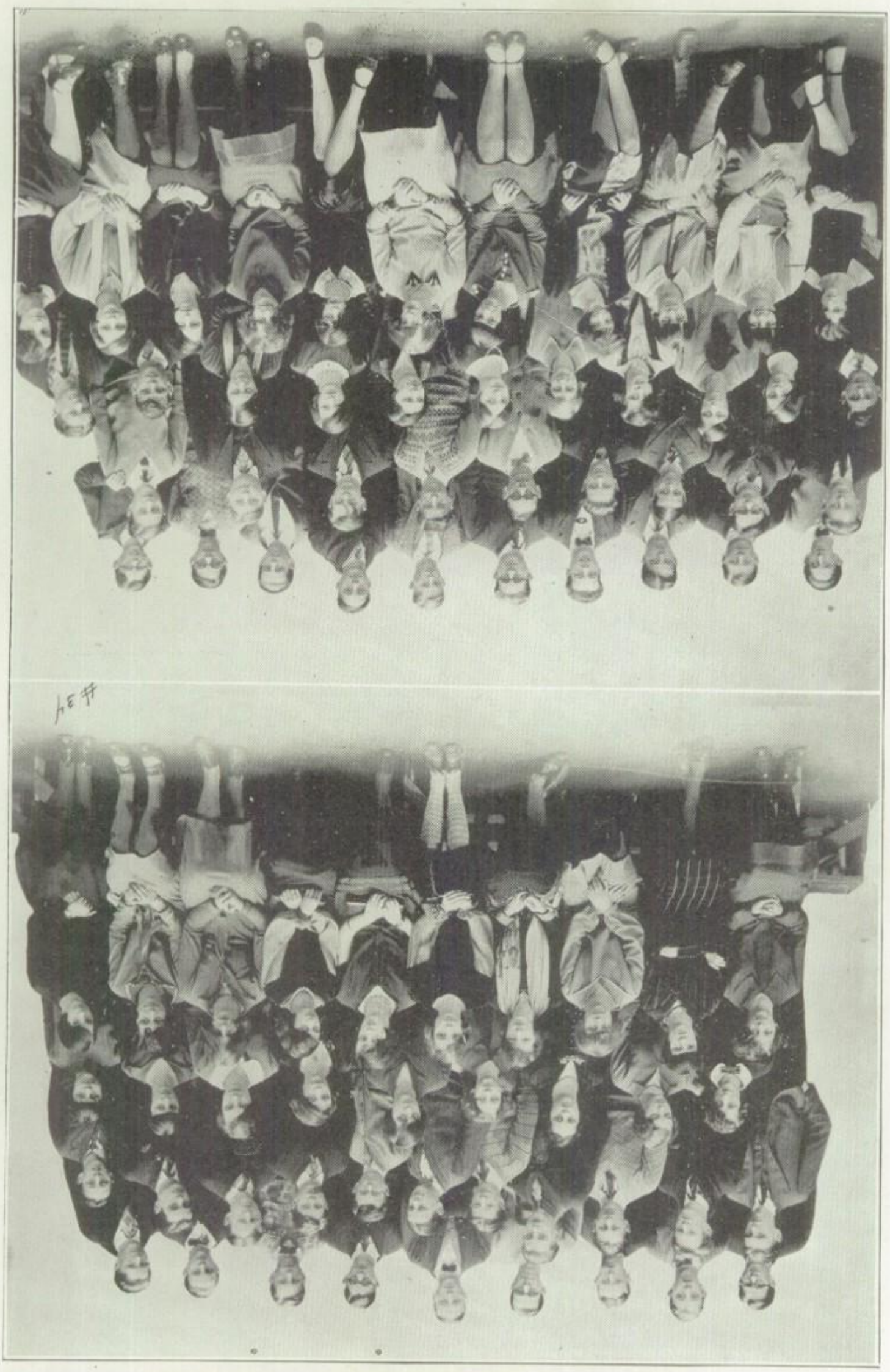
We entered school this year in high spirits, for were we not high and mighty sophs? Having arisen by the normal process of evolution from that barbaric stage of scholastic existence, sometimes referred to as the Freshman Age, we set out to make ourselves conspicuous. We intended to accomplish something gratifyingly original, something that would cause both Faculty and Student Body to hold forever in mighty esteem, the Class of '28. That ambition has been fully realized. We have members in nearly every school organization; very few, indeed, are the clubs so unfortunate as to be without at least one member of our illustrious and excellent class.

We admit that Seniors are all right in their own way, and even Juniors are occasionally of some trivial value to the school. We have learned to tolerate Freshmen, for it is not in our power to abolish them. Also, we remember only too well that day when we, as Freshmen, sneaked in at the back door of B.H.S. But we cannot help asking, where would a school be without its Sophomores? Who would supply the proper amount of pep necessary to the success of all proceedings? Who would introduce Freshmen to the amenities of B.H.S. society and, incidentally, show them their limited sphere? And last but not least, how could our athletes dash on to victory without the constant support of that cheerful crowd—the Sophomores?

In conclusion, we invite you to look long and earnestly at the following pictures of the Sophomore Class, and note the superior intelligence plainly exhibited on each face, and moreover, the unexcelled beauty of the feminine portion. Can you not see the makings of great Seniors written therein? We grieve that our picture was placed third in order, being preceded by those of the Senior and Junior Classes, but we trust that Time, which softens all trials and tribulations, will eventually place us at the head of the list.

VERNEIL PARTLOW, '28.

1926



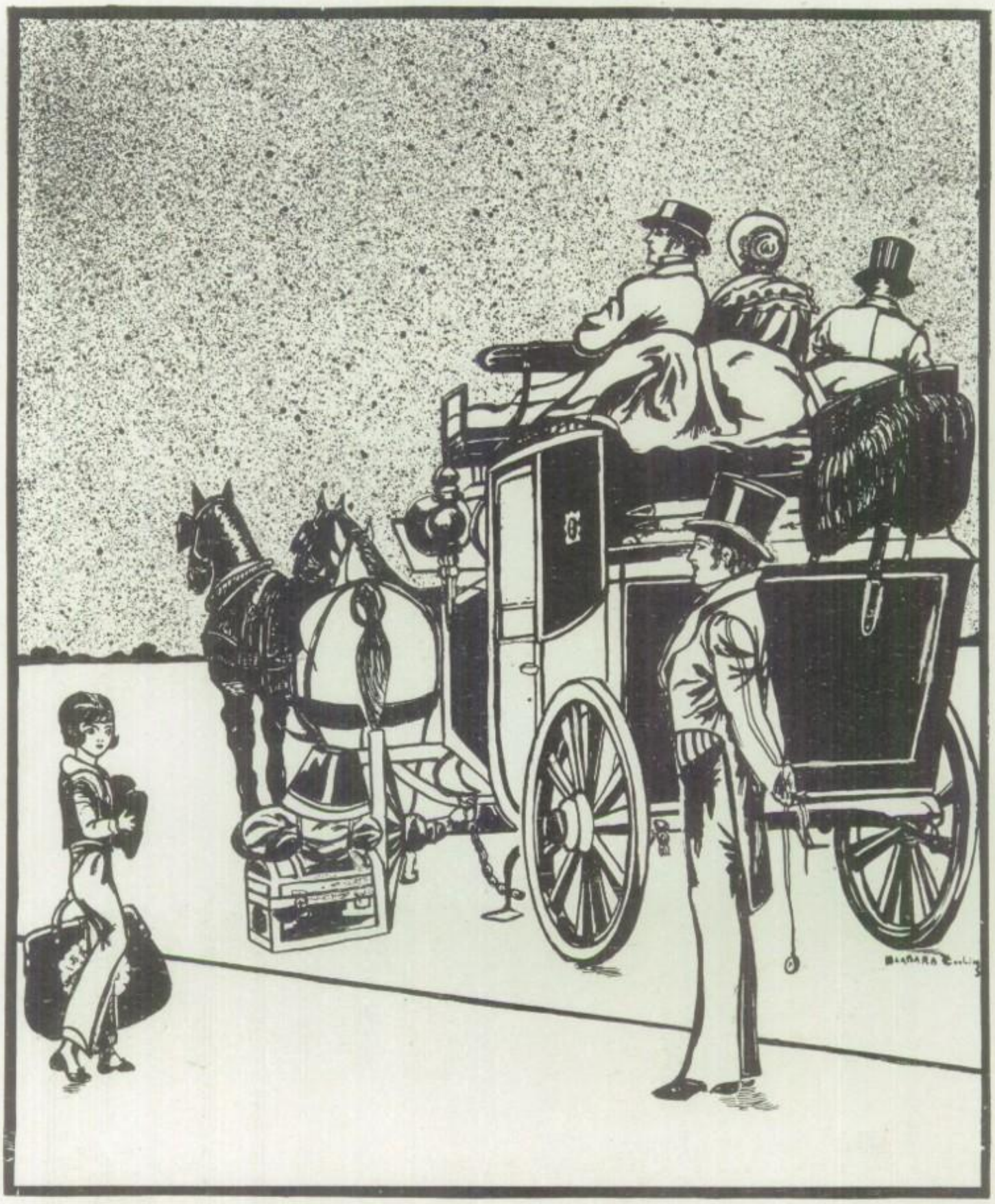
AEGIS

Freshmen

Here is the Freshman class, about the best crowd of all-round good sports in B.H.S. Although it is our first year, we have entered into the spirit and all three hundred thirty-three of us—one hundred forty-three boys and one hundred ninety girls—are true loyal members of the school. We have our "Freshies" in seven of the various school organizations—Band, Orchestra, Boys' Glee Club, Girls' Glee Club, Domesci, Agricultural, and Girl Reserves. Forty-five of us are in the Girl Reserve, more Freshmen being in this than in any other organization. The Domesci Club has fifteen Freshmen and ranks second in number.

Up to this time none of us have developed any special talent, but why worry now, when we have three years in which to let genius spring forth. As the old maxim goes—Time will tell.

JANE HART, '29.



FRESHMEN

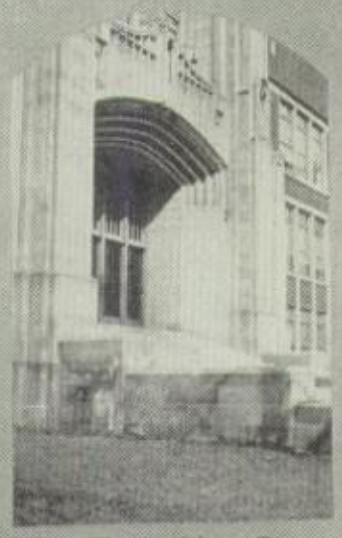
A.S.

#32

Pease's Sugar

"Ain't Love Grand"

Um-m-m-m



The Forbidden Door

Hi !

"Show Me the Way to Go Home"

"A globe trotter"

"Soupy"

Whats the Joke?

Hot Feet

Lucky Camera!

"Now You Quit"

Pickwickians

Herein we find contained some account of the divers employments of our many students for we all should be "Joiners" in some pleasant exercise or play.

Upon review it appears that the fair sex are indulged in more clubs than the gentlemen. Numerous and worthy are the interests of these fair ladies. All grace, charm and wit is to be found among them.

Of unbounding value are the fellows' organizations. Since these are not so numerous, their motto is "quality not quantity." These good creatures have in their clubs "Capital game~~ smart sport ~~ fine exercise ~~very."

Our serene and mighty school-masters often think that because we have so many outside associations our lengthy and tedious homework is neglected. Ah! but not all learning is obtained from books. We must also learn to "join" well in good company.

~Doris Batterton.

Activities

The Upper Class Girl Reserve Club

PURPOSE

To promote friendliness toward all, to realize higher ideals in our everyday lives, to give willing service whenever needed and to stand with all the girls of the world in following the gleam.

THE CREW

ELIZABETH AUSTIN .....*Captain*
RUTH AHLENIUS .....*First Mate*
VIRGINIA PLUMMER.....*Second Mate*
MIRIAM READ .....*Purser*
LORENE ROCKE .....*Ship Doctor*
MARTHA DOUGLAS .....*Deck Steward*
ELOISE BIRNEY .....*Boat Swain*
RUTH CHRISTOPHER.....*Radio Operator*
GRACE ROCKE .....*Chief Engineer*

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Miss Margaret Fredrickson Miss Grace Inman Miss Rilda Betts
Miss May English Miss Miriam Manchester Miss Mildred Felmley
Miss Amelia Vorndran Miss Bernadine Brand

MEETING

Place—Y. W. C. A. Time—4:00
Day—First and Third Tuesdays of Month

VOYAGE

Oct. 6—Passports (Conference Reports)
Oct. 12—Sailors' Chow (Romany Day)
Nov. 3—Recognition Service
Nov. 17—From Over the Sea (World Fellowship Day)
Dec. 1—Sailors' Inspections (Discussions)
Dec. 15—Tuning Up
Jan. 5—The Log (Resolutions)
Jan. 19—Sail On
Feb. 2—Meeting on the High Seas—The Student Ship
Feb. 16—Buoys (A Patch Party)
Mar. 2—Ship Council (Vocational Meeting)
Mar. 16—Landing in Ireland
Apr. 6—Buried Treasures—Banquet and Presentation of Rings
Apr. 20—The Heart of a Sailor—Easter Service
May —All Hands on Deck—Election of Crew
May 18—Sailing into Port
Senior Farewell
Installation of Crew

SERVICES RENDERED

Thanksgiving Baskets to Poor
Christmas Baskets to Poor
Christmas Box to Indian Children
Big Sisters
Sang Christmas Carols at Hospitals and Jail
Loyal to B.H.S. in all activities

#1

Girl Reserve Cabinet

Top row (left to right): Ruth Christopher, Eloise Birney, Grace Rocke, Martha Douglas, Lorene Rocke.

First row: Miss Inman, Ruth Ahlenius, Elizabeth Austin, Virginia Plummer, Miriam Read, Miss Fredricksen.

The Girl Reserve Ring is the highest award that a Girl Reserve may obtain. It stands for the highest and best standards of life in the girl. It is not an easy honor to win. Only the girls who work faithfully, untiringly, and unceasingly for two school years may obtain it. There are certain fixed standards which a girl must live up to to acquire this ring. The girls who wear this ring, you may be sure, have lived up to these high ideals and are continuing to strive for the highest ideals of a girl.

Last year twelve girls were awarded this ring and this year seven more have reached their goal and received a ring. They are:

Madeline Anderson
Dorothy Barnard
Eloise Birney
Mildred Eichman
Thelma Goldman
Marian Lancaster
Louise McCarty

FRESHMAN GIRL RESERVE

Top row: Ruth Shutes, Elizabeth Erickson, Roberta Schloeffel, Mary M. Moyer, Marjorie Baillie, Dorothy Thompson, Doris Martin, Dorothy Emerson, Isabel Stalter, Mildred Polite, Frances Johnson, Marie Witte, Mary Elizabeth Brennan, Bernice Sprecker.

Third row: Arlene Cook, Doris Sleeter, Margaret Webb, Jean Silvey, Alice McCarty, Alice Coupe, Hazel Johnson, Jane Cunningham, Jane Howard, Marjorie Sain, Ruth Olson, Dorothy Paneitz, Grace Moss.

Second row: Bernadine Sigler, Edna Hall, Anna Seiler, Margaret Russell, Eva Martin, Lorraine Maconaghie, Margaret Schneider, Nellie Romans, Jane Saddler, Estelle Gronemeier, Florence Kirkwood, Jane Hart, Helen Dick, Irene Biederman, Dorothy Hilt, Katheryn Berquist.

First row: Miss Inman, Margaret Griffin, Evelyn Bye, Evelyn Matthews, Miss Cline, Mildred Zweng, Miss Fredericksen, Ruth Kics, Miss Phillips, Miss Kraft, Adelyn Hoobler, Estaline Trimmer, Mary Ellen Krum.

Freshman Girl Reserve

Under the direction of Miss Inman, Miss Phillips, Miss Jessie Cline, Miss Kraft, Miss Myrtle Agle, and Miss Margaret Fredericksen, Girl Reserve Secretary, the Freshmen organized their club at the beginning of the year and elected the following officers:

RUTH KIES ..... *President*
MILDRED ZWENG ..... *Vice-President*
EVELYN BYE ..... *Secretary*
MARGARET GRIFFIN ..... *Treasurer*
MARY ELLEN KRUM .... *Chairman Service Committee*
ADELYN HOOBLER .... *Chairman Publicity Committee*
ARLENE COOK ..... *Chairman Social Committee*
ESTALINE TRIMMER ... *Chairman Program Committee*

In the second semester, Evelyn Mathews was elected Secretary, and Evelyn Bye, Treasurer; Ruth Shutes was appointed Chairman of the Program Committee.

The girls hold their meetings the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month in the Girl Reserve rooms of the Y.W.C.A. at 4 o'clock.

The program for the year was an interesting one, including Halloween and Valentine parties, two plays given by the Drama group, a hike, Camp Reunion, Easter service, the writing of a newspaper, "The Freshman Gleam," and discussional meetings.

The Girl Reserves show friendliness and thoughtfulness for others. They stand high in school spirit and scholarship. Some of their kind deeds are: Distributing Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets, sending toys to Indian children, singing Christmas carols, and taking part in a Christmas program at the Soldier's Orphans Home.

All Girl Reserves are looking forward to the winning of the Girl Reserve Ring. It is the highest honor which may be awarded to any Girl Reserve. It stands for the finest of ideals and should mean real achievement on the part of the girl who wears it. The blue triangle on the silver disc of the ring is a symbol of the highest living toward which a Girl Reserve should strive through achievement of the three ideals of a perfect body, a keen mind, and a Christian spirit.

AG CLUB

Top row (left to right): Robert Rengel, Amos Calkins, Joseph Snow, Arthur Peepo, Russel Wilcoxson, Paul Johnson, Edward Custer.

Second row: Milton Klawitter, Dale McMackin, Ralph Weidner, Harold Genders, George Clark, Weldon Swearingen, Harold Loch, Fred McConnell.

First row: Sumner Goodfellow, Raymond Funk, Noel Green, George Edland, Mr. Albee, Aaron Rhodes, Milton Silvers, Bernard Wall.

Agriculture Club

OFFICERS

FIRST SEMESTER		SECOND SEMESTER
ARTHUR PEEPO	*President*	AARON RHODES
GEORGE EDLAND	*Vice-President*	MILTON SILVERS
AARON RHODES	*Secretary-Treasurer*	JACK LEMONS

C. L. ALBEE, *Adviser*

The wealth of the state is found in the soil, and agriculture is the basis of all industries.

The meetings are held the first Tuesday of each month. At two of these meetings, Farm Advisor Harrison Farenkoph, and Superintendent McDowell gave talks.

The aim of the club is to encourage love for country life among people, and to promote vocational agriculture at school and at home.

In the past year, the members of the club have produced and sold $800.00 worth of produce to the people of Bloomington.

The club has represented the School in three judging contests, which are as follows:

Sectional: which includes McLean and parts of Livingston, Tazewell, Logan, Dewitt, and Ford counties.

State meet at Urbana, in which schools from the whole state were represented.

State meet at Tallula, Illinois.

WINNINGS

Dist. Fat Stock Meet (At Normal)	First in horses (against 21 schools) Second in all classes Fifth in Dairy Cattle
State Meet (Urbana, Ill.)	June, 1925: First—judging Leghorns vs. 100 schools Seventh—judging all varieties of poultry vs. 100 schools Tied for first place in Guernsey cattle
Tallula State Meet (Tallula, Ill.)	Fourth place in poultry culling Second place in fat stock judging (individual) Fourth place in all around fat stock judging (team)
Dist. Small Grain, Corn, and Poultry Meet (At Bloomington)	Fourth in corn judging Seventh in all around grain judging

DOMESCI CLUB

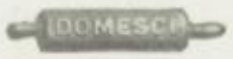
Top row (left to right): Carolyn Ludwig, Mary Virginia Burke, Helen Coup, Dorothy Conners, Bessie Savidge, Lelia Hayes, Eunice Miller, Mary Allen, Hazel Sutherland, Velma Carnine, Judith Wetzel, Verna Baumgardner.

Third row: Bernardine Wersch, Avis Oehmke, Ila Hargis, Thelma Sebring, Opal Sanders, Bernadine Brown, Lillian Chambers, Esther Benjamin, Louise Archdale, Margene Edwards, Violet Whistler, Edna Rundle, Dorothy James, Lois Dixon.

Second row: Naomi Whiteman, Irene McCue, Bernice Burns, Mary Hereford, Grace Scharfenberg, Lillie Herder, Ruth Christopher, Gwendolyn Frison, Nellie Helm, Louise Pils, Helen Dixon, Ruth Ahlenius.

First row: Dorothy Walters, Mary Bowles, Elizabeth Erickson, Elizabeth Eidman, Blanche Owen, Mildred Fry, Miss Munson, Louise Emerson, Mary Walsh, Nellie Romans, Miriam Read.

Fifth row: Arladene Nine, Marguerite Jones, Eleanor Fenn, Betty Johnson, Maybelle Fenn, Helen Orendorff, Geraldine Rhodes.



Domesci Club

Cookery means the knowledge of Medea and Circe and of Helen and the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all herbs and fruits and balms and spices and all that is healing and sweet in the fields and groves and savory in meats.—Ruskin.

MILDRED FRY .....*President*
VELMA CARNINE .....*Vice-President*
BLANCHE OWEN .....*Secretary*
LOUISE EMERSON .....*Treasurer*

YEARS MENU FOR DOMESCI

Place Cards—Business Meetings
Appetizer—Christmas Party
Nuts—April Fools' Party
Salad Course—Entertaining Art Girls
Ice—Board of Education Dinner
Dinner Course—Entertaining Domestic Art Girls
Dessert—Picnic
Favors—Irridescence and linen
Toast—"Foods in Europe"—Miss Stubblefield
Toast—"Clothing"—Madam Locke
Dinner Music—Blanch Owen, Louise Pils, Velma Carnine, Ruth Christopher.

The purpose of the Domesci Club is to promote friendliness among the girls of Bloomington High School who have taken the Domestic Science Course in "Foods" and to educate them to become gracious hostesses and guests.

With Miss Munson as our capable and much loved adviser we have had a highly successful year in this club of sixty members.

Probably the greatest event of the year's program occurred when the Domesci Club entertained the girls of the Domestic Art classes with their teachers, Miss Moulic and Miss Watkins. This party was attended by approximately one hundred and twenty-five girls.

It has been the custom of our club to leave a gift to the Domestic Science Department. This year we leave a gift of irredescent glassware and linen as an expression of the love and loyalty our club bears dear old Bloomington High.

LATIN CLUB

Top Row—(left. to right) Ruth Hall, Eloise Birney, Josephine Ross, Arthur Jones, Frank Hoopes, Dale Harris, Harold Ensinger, Almon Ives, John Parker, Harold Holman, Richard Shannon, Lee Alexander.

Third Row—Evelyn Moyer, Mable Giese, Emma Hughes, Esther Logan, Ina Peterson, Rosamond Salzman, Dena McMackin, Catherine Hoobler, Geraldine Egan, Aaron Rhodes, George Atkins.

Second Row—Rachel Batterton, Bernardine Wersch, Elinor Forsyth, Jeannette Ross, Ellen Hodge, Helen Garber, Maurine Chapman, Verna Mae Thomassen, Marian Evans, Jessie Howell, Marian Lancaster, Madrigale Maconaghie, Helen Powell.

First Row—Georgia Thompson, Raymond Dooley, Robert Price, Miss Hastings, Miss Parker, Miss Sutton, Miss Kinney, Hazel Sutherland, Helen Prothero, Elizabeth Austin, Martha Douglas.

The Latin Club

OFFICERS

ROBERT PRICE—*Senior Consul*
RAYMOND DOOLEY—*Junior Consul*
HELEN PROTHERO—*Scriptor*
HAZEL SUTHERLAND—*Quaestor*
ELIZABETH AUSTIN—*Curule Aedile*

ADVISORS

MISS PARKER MISS KINNEY

The "Res Publica Romana" of the Bloomington High School holds its regular meetings the second Wednesday of each month.

The object of this organization is to stimulate greater interest in the classics and in the customs of the ancient Romans.

Any student taking either sophomore, junior or senior Latin and having a certain average in his grades may become a member of this club. During the process of becoming a member, the "Neophytes" are put through the fires of "Hades" and all the horrors therewith at the initiation which is held twice every school year.

At each of the regular meetings a presentation of a Roman custom is usually given, such as the rites of augurs, a Roman wedding, the Saturnalia and a scene from the life of Caesar.

The climax of the year for the "Cives Romani" is the Roman banquet. This is carried out as nearly as possible according to the Roman customs.

This organization is by no means one-sided. The idea that it is as "ancient" as the language which it reveres, is very erroneous. There is no peppier club in B. H. S., none have more lively meetings and it is one of only two which successfully put over a real dance, last year.

The Latin Club brought added glory upon itself by winning the first Intra-Mural Championship. Perhaps the strictly Latin name by which these games, played "within the walls" of the school, were known appealed to this classical organization. At all events, save one, the team came out victorious. Although all the players were not members of the club, they played under its colors and deserve the thanks of the entire organization. Two of these "borrowed" athletes, Sams and Cannon, have been chosen on the First All-Star Team. The Latin Club offers its heartiest congratulations to these boys and regrets that it cannot claim them as members of the Res Publica Romana.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Top Row: Dale Harris, Theodore Colteaux, Paul Rainsberger, Emily Davidson, Thomas Steidley, Raymond Dooley, Willis Brown.

First Row: Mary McMinn, Hannah Ochs, Eleanor Tenney, Mr. Kurtz, Eloise Peirce, Catherine Trenkle, Anna Rosen.

Dramatic Club

"LET'S ACT"

A drama in three acts—by P. Clifton Kurtz
Produced by the B. H. S. Dramatic Club
Directed by Hannah Ochs ('25) and Eleanor Tenney ('26)
Staged by Ahlenius Bros., H. Salch, H. Smith, R. Price
Lighting by Roy Anderson

CAST OF CHARACTERS (in order of their appearance)

Helene Griesheim ..... Vice-president (1925) / Recording Secretary (1926)
Thomas Steidley ..... Vice-president (1926)
Eloise Peirce .....
Raymond Dooley ..... Corresponding Secretary (1925)
Mary McMinn ..... Recording Secretary (1925)

Emily Davidson	Theodore Colteaux	Anna Rosen	Paul Rainsberger
Willis Brown	Catherine Trenkle	Fred Rhea	Dale Harris

Act I—Time: Early fall of 1925
Place: (Scene 1)—Miss Engle's room
(Scene 2)—The Library

Act II—Time: November of same year
Place: (Scene 1)—Auditorium
(Scene 2)—the same as scene 1
(Scene 3)—Village Inn

Act III—Time: The following winter
Place: (Scene 1)—Library

SYNOPSIS OF THE PLAY BY ACTS

ACT I—(SCENE 1)

Election of officers. The club learns that Miss Engle resigns and Mr. Kurtz elected to her place as Adviser.

(SCENE 2)

The library then becomes the scene of the meetings, both business and program, of the dramatists.

ACT II—(SCENE 1)

The "school" tries its luck at dramatics and a chosen few begin work on "Adam and Eva." Much enthusiasm is aroused for the opening night—but "Mr. Smallpox," the villain, comes upon the scene and ruins all plans, causing the performances for the public to be postponed.

(SCENE 2)

The final performance of "Adam and Eva," which is shown to the eager, awaiting audience in December.

(SCENE 3)

The most tragic scene of the play,—Mrs. Winifred Kate James, for twelve years the beloved coach of all B. H. S. productions, takes leave of her devoted followers, to live in the Sunny South.

ACT III—(SCENE 1)

Old and new members elect new officers at the beginning of the new semester, and continue to endeavor to learn something more of the Art of the Stage,—knowledge of which, to an Amateur, appears Infinite.

NOTES

The action of the play is some what slow because of many interruptions in the first staging. But it is certain that the managing force will add a fourth Act (the time of which will be Spring of the same year as Act III) to put a little more "life" into the finis.

(HANNAH OCHS)

ART LEAGUE

Top Row—Barker Herr, Kenneth Kiler, Theodore Hughes, Lewis Probasco, Everett Hull, Arthur Stone, Albert Neubauer, Arthur Erhlich, Eugene Davidson.

Third Row—Harriett Shireman, Dorothy Planck, Mary Virginia Burke, Carolyn Ludwig, Lois Tatman, Aldine Rocke, Geraldine Rhodes, Bernice Engel, Marjorie Stevenson, Rose Wharton, Marie Ostrom, Florence Haley.

Second Row—Doris Gyles, Anna Rosen, Francis Florence, Barbara Coolidge, Dorothy Connors, Verna Baumgardner, Marjorie Wirrick, Bessie Savidge, Margaret Mahan, Maude Morrison, Velma Zirkle, Evelyn Morris, Florence Meaderds.

First Row—Margret L. Payne, Alice Johnson, Helen Ripley, Anthony Teiber, June Howell, Miss Smith, Henry Smith, Wilbur Keenan, Maurice Ferguson, Dorothy Morton, George Falgier, Ralph Savidge.

The Art League

OFFICERS

JUNE HOWELL, *President*
WILBUR KEENAN, *Vice President*
HENRY SMITH, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Banded together in a league of fifty-two, the art students of Bloomington High School are forging ahead in their splendid work under the efficient leadership of Miss Maude Smith, the Supervisor of Art. The dominant spirit of the league is self-expression. Nurtured by their instructress, it manifests itself in the modeling of pottery, the tooling of leather, the designing and making of jewelry, weaving, parchment work, costume designing, home-planning, charcoal sketching, poster-painting and pastel work.

The Russell Art Room at the Public Library is ever a source of pleasure to the interested art student. An outstanding exhibit of the many held there, one of landscapes and portraits done in oils by eminent painters, was visited by the classes.

Another exhibit well worth the student's time was the display of jewelry and enamels exhibited during the first week of March.

The Art League does not believe in all work and no play. Halloween found the members gathered at the home of one of the students, where they were delightfully entertained.

A successful candy sale was given during the second semester, the proceeds of which will be used for the purchase of lantern slides for the study of architecture.

All are looking forward to the studio tea which will be held at the closing of the school year. At this time the work accomplished during the two semesters will be exhibited.

DEBATING CLUB

Top Row—(left to right) Roy Anderson, Isaac Griffin, Howard Delano, Carl Stautz, Ethel Moran, Harold Mecherle, Harriett Shireman, Aaron Rhodes, Irwin Waldman, Theodore Colteaux.

Second Row—Ralph Weber, Zillah Jump, Glenn Janes, Thelma Goldman, Noel Green, Jerita Blair, Lyle Arnold, Marjorie Henderson, John Sutton, Eloise Peirce, Dale Harris, Robert Suttle.

First Row—Raymond Dooley, Loren Warlow, Raymond White, Robert Price, Critic Van Dyke, Bernard Wall, William Ahlenius, Edward Ahlenius, Henry Smith, Frank Dewenter.

The Roosevelt Debating Society

Which club or society in B. H. S. helps prepare young men and women for every day life? The Roosevelt Society! Must one be able to express him or herself to be a success? Yes! It is the purpose of the Roosevelt Debating Society to promote public speaking among the students of B. H. S.

The R. D. S. is having one of its best years in history. This is shown in the great number of new enterprizes. Besides joining the Illinois High School Debating League, we have participated with other high schools in outside debates. With our new and able advisor Prof. Harold Van Dyke we ought to be holding a better position in the League next year.

Calender of the year 1925-1926:

Oct. 5—First meeting.
Oct. 19—Tryout held for new members.
Nov. 9—Initiation of new members.
Jan. 31—Election of officers.
Feb. 17—Ethal Moran won Curlee cup.
Feb. 22—Second try out for new members.
Feb. 26—Springfield B. H. S. debate.
Mar. 12—Pekin B. H. S. debate.
Mar. 26—Normal B. H. S. debate.

Following are the officers for the year:

FIRST SEMESTER

BERNARD WALL, *President*
WILLIAM AHLENIUS, *Vice President*
EDWARD AHLENIUS, *Sec.-Treasurer*

SECOND SEMESTER

ROBERT PRICE, *President*
RAYMOND WHITE, *Vice President*
LORIN E. WARLOW, *Sec.-Treasurer*

DEBATE TEAM

Top Row—(left to right) Loren Warlow, Robert Price, Bernard Wall, Dale Harris.
First Row—Ethel Moran, Zillah Jump, Mr. Van Dyke, Eloise Peirce, Harriett Shireman.

SHORT STORY CLUB

Top Row—(left to right) Catherine Hoobler, Ruth Christopher, Almon Ives, Verneil Partlow, Raymond Dooley, Willis Brown, Leo Zalucha.

Second Row—Elinor Forsyth, Marian Lancaster, Margret Payne, Doris Batterton, Virginia Plummer, Grace Rocke, Dorothy Barnard, Charlotte Harrington.

First Row—Judith Wetzel, Henry Smith, Paul Rainsberger, Miss Inman, Elizabeth Austin, Robert Price, Mary Stevens.

Short Story Club

OFFICERS FIRST SEMESTER

ELIZABETH AUSTIN, *President*
HENRY SMITH, *Vice President*
JUDITH WETZEL, *Secretary*
ROBERT PRICE, *Treasurer*

OFFICERS SECOND SEMESTER

PAUL RAINSBERGER, *President*
HENRY SMITH, *Vice President*
MARY STEVENS, *Secretary*
ROBERT PRICE, *Treasurer*

The idea of the Short Story Club was first conceived of by Miss Inman, our teacher of Senior English, who realized the need for some organization to encourage those especially interested in writing with the help of Sincere, Sympathetic Criticism.

The club tries its hand, collectively and individually, at all sorts of writing dividing itself into groups according to personal desire or ability.

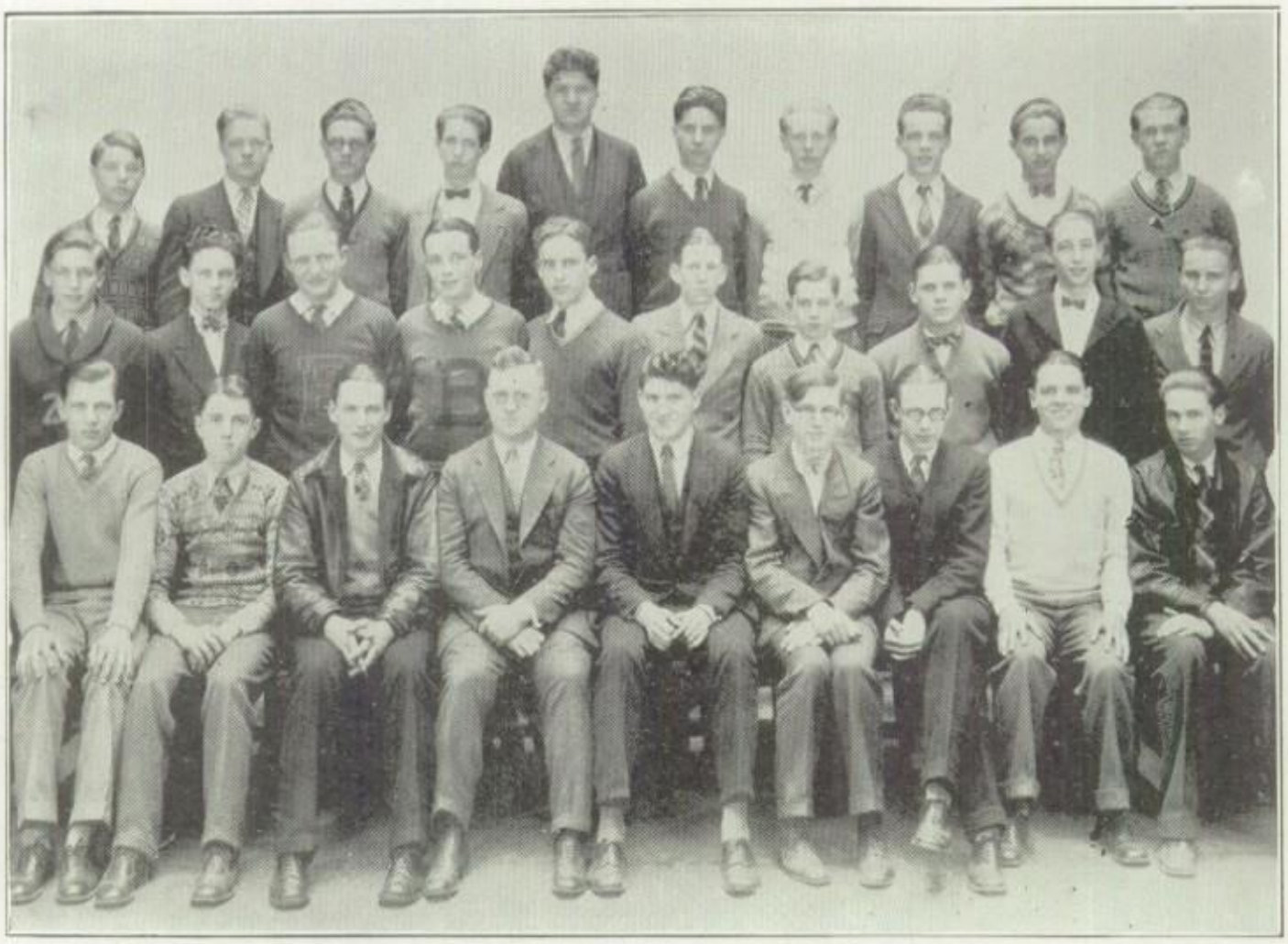
However, the event of most interest to the club each year and from the nature of which it takes its name, is the presentation of a silver cup by Mrs. L. B. Merwin to the member writing the best short story.

The three judges for the year, Miss Hazel Funk, Miss Louise Kessler and Mr. Robert Williams awarded the 1926 cup to Willis Brown; Raymond Dooley received second place and Charlotte Harrington third. Virginia Plummer, Mary Stevens and Verneil Partlow were given honorable mention.

Our membership changes in personnel each year and varies in number according to favorable response to the tryout held in the Fall. The present membership is unusually large consisting of twenty-three "chosen ones" initiated according to the regular ritual.

One event which must be mentioned in connection with the club of last year is the picnic which took place after the Aegis had gone to press. The members, being only seven, invited guests and after dining quite royally in a secluded spot "far from the maddening crowd" they journeyed to Atlanta where their unusual appearance caused various sensations at the movie which they attended. Of this year's social events it may be said that they lacked not in quality to bridge their want of quantity, for a Christmas party, a Valentine Party at the home of Grace Rocke and the annual "all-day meeting" for which Madeleine Anderson entertained us are events to be remembered.

During the year the club has been represented with poems in the "Magazine World" and "The Gleam" by Marjorie Henderson and Mary Stevens, two of its members, samples of our work has appeared in the Pantagraph and our President is the originator of the new School News Weekly which we hope will grow and flourish even as the S. S. C.



HI-Y CLUB

Top Row—(left to right) Edward La Bounty, Raymond Fiellin, Edward Veitch, Dale Harris, Edward Ahlenius, Harold Holman, Howard Delano, Richard Shannon, Edmund Hurst, Robert DuBois.

Second Row—Carl Stautz, Robert Suttle, Sam Bodman, Willis Brown, Raymond Dooley, Lorin Warlow, Dean Litt, Lyle Arnold, Lyle Peckmann, Bernie Gummerman.

First Row—Almon Ives, Robert Price, Arthur Stone, Mr. Chester, William Ahlenius, Harland Polite, Everett Hull, Henry Smith, Sam Ferrie.

Hi-Y Club

OFFICERS

WILLIAM AHLENIUS, *President*
ARTHUR STONE, *Vice-President*
ROBERT G. PRICE, *Secretary*
HARLAND POLITE, *Treasurer*

ADVISORY COUNCIL

William Ahlenius
S. A. Chester
Lloyd E. Miller
W. A. Goodier

The Hi-Y Club boasts of being one of the few clubs of the school which is affiliated with a national organization. There are Hi-Y clubs in practically every high school of any size throughout the country. Our local club has completed successfully its fifth year, under the direction of our new advisor, Mr. S. Arthur Chester. It has been largely through his help that our club has accomplished so much during the past year.

The Hi-Y Club meets every Tuesday noon in the Music room following a luncheon in the cafeteria. Each meeting consists of either a talk by an outside speaker or Bible discussion led by some member of the club. Some of the speakers during the year have been: Mr. A. R. Freeman, State Boys' Work Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.; E. J. Gautz, Field Secretary of the United Y. M. C. A. schools; Franklin H. Brown, National Y. M. C. A. Director of Physical Education of Japan; Professor E. L. Thrasher of Illinois Wesleyan University; Superintendent S. K. McDowell; Principal W. A. Goodier; Rev. Durden and Rev. Grubb, of this city. Some of the topics of the Bible discussions were: "Living Together in School," "The Measure of a Man," "Democracy in the School," "The Needs of the School," "Obstacles and Enemies to Progress in the School." These were taken from the Bible discussion book, "How to Make High School Life Count," by W. R. Boorman.

The purpose of the Hi-Y Club is uniform throughout the country, "To create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character." The Hi-Y platform consists of four planks, namely: "Clean Living, Clean Athletics, Clean Scholarship, and Clean Speech."

The outstanding event of the year was the Freshman Stag Party, given to all Freshmen boys the first of the year. It was a decided success. Some of the other events of the year were: participation in the State Older Boys' Conference at Champaign; furnishing a Christmas basket to a poor family of this city; waiting on tables at the Annual Y. M. C. A. banquet; participation in campaign for Foreign Y. M. C. A.; and party for the Girl Reserves.

The Hi-Y Club is open to all sophomore, junior and senior boys, interested in Christian work, and it is hoped that there will be a large number of new members next year.

AMATEUR BURROUGHS CLUB

Top Row—Edward Heister, Arthur Jones, Richard Shannon, Raymond Dooley, Earl Anderson, Wallace Calvert, Frank Hoopes.

Third Row—Lois Denman, Madrigale Maconaghie, Howard Delano, Theodore Hughes, Logan McMinn, James Parker, Edward Veitch.

Second Row—Virginia Jarrett, Marcella Beyer, Doris Batterton, Ruth Gates, Charlotte Baxter, Bessie Cunningham, Pauline Lowe, Margret Louise Payne, Anna Cook.

First Row—Geraldine Egan, Mary Allen, Lee Alexander, Mr. Condon, Ruth Ahlenius, John Parker, Mildred Eichman, Emily Yocum.

Amateur Burroughs Club

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

RUTH AHLENIUS, *President*
EMILY YOCUM, *Vice President*
GERALDINE EGAN, *Secretary*
LEE ALEXANDER, *Secretary*
MARY ALLEN, *Treasurer*

SECOND TERM

RUTH AHLENIUS, *President*
JOHN PARKER, *Vice President*
LEE ALEXANDER, *Secretary*
MARY ALLEN, *Treasurer*

The purpose of the organization is to create a deeper interest in the native flora and fauna, and to cultivate an appreciation for wild life in its natural environment.

The accomplishments up to this time lie chiefly in a chart of Franklin Park to show the kind and position of trees, and an organized butterfly collection. It has been planned to observe Arbor and Bird Day by planting a tree on the School ground.

Our undaunted school spirit has been shown by our attendance at the football and basketball games.

During the past year we have had a number of parties including our rushing party in the form of a weiner roast at the home of Mildred Eichman and a Christmas "kid party" in the girl's gymnasium during the holiday season.

Several field trips have been taken which proved interesting, including one to the home of Mr. Bell on East Washington Street to see his fine collection of stuffed birds. Other hikes are being planned for the spring.

MANUAL ARTS CLUB

Top Row—(left to right) Edward Walsh, Roy Guttschow, Harold Holman, Harold Ekstam, Edgar Berry, Charles Barnard, Bertie Bunn, Gayle Hawk, Paul Johnson, Denver Aldridge.

Third Row—Donald Wittmus, Carl Stautz, Lyle Dickey, James Mathews, Lawrence Nordine, Merle Hempstead, Raymond Shuff, John Klopp.

Second Row—Robert Suttle, Arthur Peepo, Irvin Sensenbaugh, Lyle Yost, Everett Munson, Paul McNab, Arthur Vasconcellos, Jack Doner, Albert Block, Everett Saunders.

First Row—William Munson, Dale McReynolds, Eugene Bennington, John Kaveney, Ralph Weber, Pres., Mr. Bloomquist, Faculty Advisor, Max Adkins, Vice-Pres., Roy Anderson, Sec.-Treas., Glenn Dornaus.

The Manual Arts Club

The Manual Arts Club was re-organized during the first semester. This organization is one of the few that does not have members of the fair sex.

The purpose of the club is to promote interest in industrial arts, to elevate the intellectual and social conditions of its members, and to encourage a spirit of loyalty to the school in all of its activities.

Membership may be secured by those enrolled in the Manual Arts Department of B. H. S., and by other boys interested in Manual Arts work.

Meetings are held every other week in Study Hall 114 during the eighth hour. At these meetings, topics pertaining to the industrial arts are discussed. Several interesting meetings have been held during the past year under the helpful supervision of our able faculty adviser, Prof. S. F. Bloomquist.

The officers of the club are:

RALPH WEBER, *President*
MAX ADKINS, *Vice-President*
ROY ANDERSON, *Secretary-Treasurer*

ORCHESTRA

First Violin
Geraldine Egan
Louise Pils
Allan Brown
Mildred Mor
Ralph Blievernicht
Vernon Lierman
Charlotte Underwood
Emma Hughes
Edgar Dugan
Frances Okell

Second Violin
Mildred Basting
Elizabeth Sinclair
Marion Manskey
Cameron Wagner
Verna McKeon
Alwillah Mecherle
Kenneth Graue
Carl Jaeger
Frederick Ford
Ella Jorgensen
Mabel Craig
Everett Quanstrom

Cello
Helen Coupe
Gretchen Smoot

Viola
Charlotte Wolff
Anna May Spurling

Bass
Dale Harris
Ruth Smith

Flute
Elizabeth Austin
John Holder
Herman Ochs
Howard Hulva

Oboe
Helen Zalucha
Lorraine Maconaghie

Clarinet
Margret Payne
Josephine Ross
Jean Allen
Allan Browning

Bassoon
Harold Ensinger

Cornet
Willard Webb
Hazel Sutherland
Walton Ruebush
Berna Dean

Trombone
Cleo Jefferson
Maybelle Fenn

Tuba
William Ahlenius

Horn
Clyde Swift
Lyle Shireman
Esther Whitmer

Drums and Tympani
Richard Shannon

Bells
Gay Main

Piano
Pauline Egan
Marshall Pixley

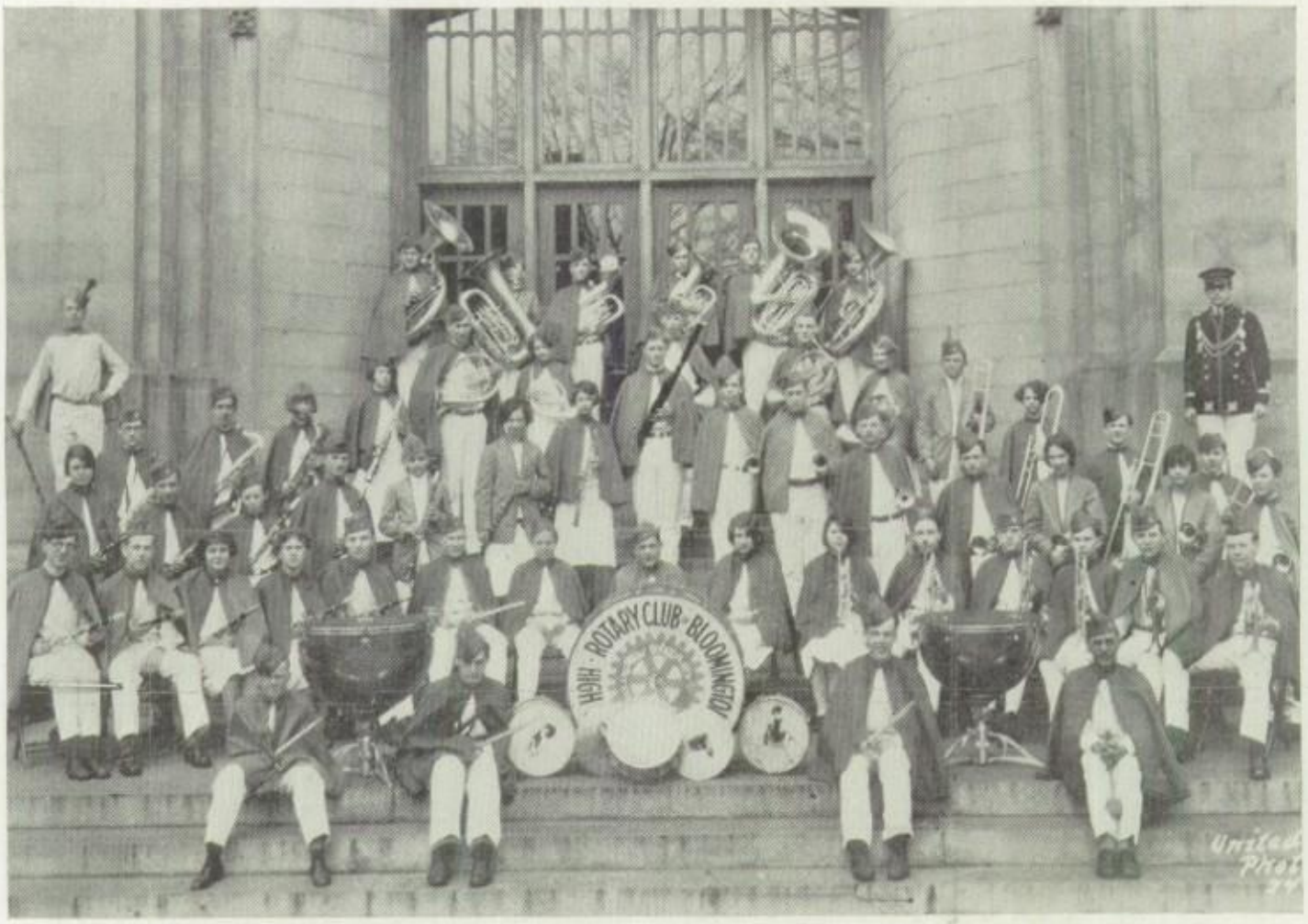
Orchestra

The Bloomington High School Symphony Orchestra is rightfully entitled to that name for its membership numbers fifty-three and its instrumentation includes all the instruments of the symphony. The recent purchase of the new Leedy pedal tympani completes this instrumentation. These tympani were purchased with funds from a Penny Supper (given by the Mothers' Club), from two matinee dances and funds in the orchestra treasury.

Our first appearance this year was in assisting the Dramatic Club at its play; followed by a lobby concert at the Y. M. C. A. We also enjoyed playing at the Senior Play, the Teachers' Institute, Commencement in January, and in assembly. The climax was reached at the annual concert which proved a worth while success. Our program for the remainder of the year includes the second Dramatic Club play, the state contest at Springfield, accompanying the Glee Clubs in their Operetta and commencement in June.

We have maintained a high standard not only in our own community but throughout the state, for only last year first place in the state contest was won by the rendering of the difficult "Second Hungarian Rhapsody" by Liszt. Our hopes are pitched high for the same success there this year when we shall play the First Movement from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Individual honor has also been assured by the presentation of a "B" each semester to those fulfilling certain requirements.

Finally, great credit is due to Miss Ross who has been a faithful, efficient director and also to Miss Kessler, Mr. Harvey and Mr. Gould who have ably assisted.



BLOOMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL BAND

MR. GOULD, *Director*

Cornets

Raymond Miller
Dale Miller
Howard Delano
Willard Webb
Lawrence Lonney
Hazel Sutherland
Edward Postlethwait
Margaret Brotherton
Frank Laskowski
George Christopher
John Klopp
Russell Guthoff
Geraldine Musick
Margaret Griffin
Walton Ruebush
Eugene Bennington

Flutes and Piccolos

Elizabeth Austin
John Holder
Herman Ochs
Howard Hulva
Richard Nelle

Bassoon

Harold Ensinger

Oboes

Helen Zalucha
Lorraine Maconaghie

Horns

Lyle Shireman
Clyde Swift
Eleanor Fenn
Ellsworth Fenn
George Zorger
Esther Whitmer

Trombones

Cleo Jefferson
Maybelle Fenn
Ralph Baxter
Forrest Toon
Edward Ahlenius

Baritones

Robert Price
John Sutton

E Flat Clarinet

Ralph Mitchell

B Flat Clarinets

Margret Louise Payne
Harland Polite
Robert DuBois
Jean Allen
Allan Browning
Josephine Ross
Ruben Bierbaum
Alden Caldwell
Melvin Berquist
Earl Hughes
Ralph Savidge
Floyd Sakemiller

Soprano Saxophone

Madrigale Maconaghie

Alto Saxophones

Florence Quosick
Arthur Prochnow

Tenor Saxophone

Paul Swaim

Baritone Saxophone

Glenn Janes

Tuba

George Clark
William Ahlenius
Edmund Hurst
Lee Alexander

Drums

Richard Shannon
Lewellyn Webster
Phillip Bova
Carl Marquardt

The Bloomington High School Band

FIRST SEMESTER	1925-1926	SECOND SEMESTER
ROBERT PRICE, *President*		HAROLD ENSINGER, *President*
HAROLD ENSINGER, *Vice-President*		CLYDE SWIFT, *Vice-President*
EDWARD AHLENIUS, *Treasurer*		HARLAND POLITE, *Treasurer*
WILLARD WEBB, *Secretary*		HAZEL SUTHERLAND, *Secretary*
RICHARD SHANNON, *Executive Council*		MADRIGALE MACONAGHIE, *Secretary*
HARLAND POLITE, *Executive Council*		LYLE SHIREMAN, *Executive Council*
		EDMUND HURST, *Executive Council*

The past two years of the Bloomington High School Bands' six years existence have been spent under its own organized constitution. One interesting feature of this is that tryouts or challenges in the different sections may be had at any time at the request of any player with the Band members acting as judges. Another is the business meeting which is held once a month and the weekly meetings of the executive council.

The first trip the Band made this year was to the State Fair at Springfield, September 23. This was a very interesting and enjoyable trip. Then at each home football game, when the weather permitted, the Band did their best to give the team a boost, also playing for the Wesleyan Homecoming. The Band, divided into shifts, played alternately for the home basketball games as well as the District Tournament and the Wesleyan Invitation Tournament. On February 18, a short concert was given for the Teachers' Institute.

The Band, under the efficient direction of Mr. E. M. Gould, gives their annual concert during the Bloomington Public Schools own May Festival Week. It is also looking forward to a trip to the State contest at Urbana, April 24 and to the Springfield sectional contest, May 1.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Top Row—(left to right) Josephine Ross, Frances Okell, Madrigale Maconaghie, Lillian Chambers, Lois Dixon, Elizabeth Eidman, Verna Louise Koogle, Laura Green, Pauline Mantle, Elinor Forsyth, Helen Powell, Gwendolyn Morris.

Fourth Row—Elizabeth Orendorff, Gay Main, Zona Bond, Dorothy Emerson, Eloise Birney, Evelyn Moyer, Virginia Jarrett, Ruth Gates, Hazel Smith, Esther Powell, Jeannette Ross, Helen Dixon.

Third Row—Pauline Palmer, Anna Mae Spurling, Betty Trenkle, Pauline Egan, Edna Nord, Florence Goddard, Florence Jenkins, Dorothy Lorenz, Marian Hiltabrand, Helen Baxter, Ina Peterson, Grace Cunningham.

Second Row—Dorothy Walters, Rue Rhymer, Geraldine Glass, Marguerite Ogan, Lois Smock, Irene Morris, Miss Kessler, Ruth Christopher, Gwendolyn Frison, Louise Emerson, Rosamond Salzman, Bernardine Wersch.

First Row—Esther Benjamin, Laura Otto, Anna Louise Smock, Ruth Kies, Mildred Powell, Velma Carnine, Arladine Nine, Georgia Lee Seamans, Charlotte Harrington.

Girls' Glee Club

Greetings! As members of the Girls Glee Club we all sing our "hellos" to you from the lofty towers of the fourth floor music room.

We believe in starting the week out right so we become the "assembled multitude," each Monday afternoon the eighth hour, unless, perchance some of our various teachers "request our presence" in their room. Such a summons is always disappointing on Monday. However most of us manage to climb four flights of stairs to our "den," and join in the lively competition that ensues. At times the poor second sopranos lose out entirely, being smothered in almost high "C" by the sopranos that can manage to get "way up there," or perhaps they are drowned in a sea of deep low groans from the altos. But really we do try hard, and sometimes—well wait until you've heard us in assembly!

We are absolutely "up to the minute," are organized, and have a president, vice-president and secretary treasurer. Our business meetings are short and peppy, but our able President, Irene Morris, puts them over big, and so far she hasn't even given Ina Peterson, as vice-president, a chance to show what she is capable of, but we all know Ida! Velma Carnine takes care of the "minutes and the money"—quite a task, but leave it to Velma, she comes up smilin' everytime.

To celebrate our first birthday the Boys' Glee Club entertained us at a Valentine hop. We had a grand time "hopping" around on our own and other people's feet!

Remember the operetta of last spring?—Well this May the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs are going to present the "Fire Prince," a real, peppy operetta. The cast has not as yet been chosen but we know you'll enjoy it—but incidently, you can't enjoy it more than we enjoy the preparation; which of course would be impossible if we had any other director than our own Miss Ross.

Whenever you desire some real songs tune in on station G. G. C. and we shall endeavor to do our best for you.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Top Row—Willard Webb, Dale Miller, Merle Denning, Howard Williams, Ralph Sieh, Joseph Glass, Lee Wilcoxson.

Second Row—Clark Brubaker, Carl Jaeger, Raymond Protzman, Glenn Janes, Paul Rainsberger, Loren Bozarth, Barker Herr.

Boys' Glee Club

This is the second and best year of the existence of the Boys' Glee Club. Any boy who can prove conclusively to Miss Ross that he has a voice, may enter the club, which already has a membership of twenty-three.

The Boys' Glee Club meets every Wednesday afternoon and Friday morning for a session of peppy singing after which there is a business meeting. As vocalists, however, more time is given to music than business.

Our first appearance this year occurred in assembly where we offered to the Student Body a sample of what musicianship and team work will accomplish. Just before Christmas, the Glee Club received an invitation to sing at Fairview Sanatorium, to which it complied with a number of songs. In February, the Glee Club, was an important factor in the program of the Teacher's Institute.

Among those far off and yearned for things of the future is the annual visit which the Glee Club makes to Springfield to enter the vocal contest there. This visit will be made in the spring. As the Aegis goes to press, the Glee Club is practicing for the Operetta, "The Fire Prince" to be given in May.

Very early in the year the following officers were installed:

RAYMOND PROTZMAN, *President*
VERNIE E. SMITH, *Vice President*
GLEN JANES, *Secretary-Treasurer*

The officers for the second semester were the same as those for the first, save that Paul Rainsberger was elected to take the place of Vernie Smith.

Owing to the success of the Boys' Glee Club in the past, we feel that this club will be conspicuous in future activities and a credit to B. H. S.

First Tenor

Clark Brubaker
Merle Denning
Vernie Smith
Owen Thomas
Willard Webb

Second Tenor

Dale Miller
Raymond Protzman
Howard Williams

Baritone

Villas Aygarn
Verneil Partlow
Barker Herr
Ralph Irwin
Ralph Baxter
Carl Jaeger
Stanley Jones
Paul Rainsberger
Ralph Sieh
Darrell Trumpe
Lee Wilcoxson

Bass

Philip Bova
Loren Bozarth
Joseph Glass
Glen Janes

Aegis Staff

Top Row—Aaron Rhodes, Arthur Stone, Willis Johnson, Kenneth Van Schoick, Harold Ensinger, Latham Hulva, Edward Ahlenius, Paul Rainsberger, William Hanover, Theodore Colteaux, Roy Anderson, Arthur Jones.

Second Row—Irvin Waldman, Grace Rocke, Margret Payne, Zillah Jump, Eloise Peirce, Judith Wetzel, Mary Stevens, Catherine Hoobler, Doris Batterton, Ruth Ahlenius, Ruth Christopher, Edward Heister, Leo Zalucha.

First Row—Barbara Coolidge, Hannah Ochs, Emily Davidson, Robert Price, Mary McMinn, Elizabeth Austin, William Ahlenius, Dorothy Benson, Virginia Plummer, Sybil Bankson, Charlotte Harrington, (Marjorie Henderson, absent).

Wim

Wigor and Vitality

These are our heroes, brave gentlemen who~~as Sam Weller would 'ave it~~"have been pitched neck and crop into the world to play at leap frog with its troubles" and have "bless your innocence sir, done werry well indeed."

Hard they have striven and amply have they been rewarded with the "hobvious advantage" of a strong body and have instilled in them the "convivial" and courteous sportsmanship, traditional to B.H.S., which we "'ope with hall our 'eart sir" that those who follow them will live up to and carry on, for "that's a werry fine spirit sir, ain't it?"

~Dorothy Benson.

Record of Athletic Achievements

Bloomington High's new athletic field, purchased in November, 1925, represents one of the greatest achievements in the annals of the school. B. H. S. has long been without a field of her own, which, no doubt, has handicapped the progress of her out-of-door sports.

In this fifteen acre tract situated at the south-east corner of Locust Street and Colton Avenue, there is capacity for two gridiron fields, gardens, tennis courts and a long cinder track. With such an asset as this added to an already flourishing spirit, B. H. S. should show remarkable advances along many lines.

For the recent success in acquiring our athletic field, too much praise cannot be given to the Board of Education, through whose efforts it has been made possible.

Football season this year, while not a success from the win-column standpoint, certainly has produced some real men. Next year, Harrison will have three letter men: Parker, Bonny, and Burwitz, besides a large number of numeral men from whom to pick a combination. B. H. S. is credited with having one of the best sportsmanship teams in this section.

Hopes were brighter with the coming of basketball season. The B. H. S. basketeers under Harrison's coaching soon broke into a winning stride. In the "Big Twelve" Bloomington ranked fifth with 500%. Probably the best game of this series was at Jacksonville, where the Purple and Gold tossers came through from behind to give the Jacksonville boys their only defeat of the season.

The Bloomington High quintet showed the effects of real coaching and steady training by defeating the Normal High favorites in three out of four games.

At the I. W. U. invitational tournament, B. H. S. received a silver loving cup for fourth place. Ralph Bonny was presented with a silver basket ball, the Pantagraph's best sportsmanship trophy for the cleanest player and the most valuable man to his team in the tournament, while Frank Edwards, classed as the best running guard from the sixteen crack teams entered in the tournament, was placed on the first All-star team.

Track should enjoy a great season this spring with Capt. Edwards, Brown and Waldman to form the nucleus of a fast trio. Coach Hastings has been turning out better teams year after year and this year should be no exception although his material will be new.

We will be represented in golf by such notables as Elmer Burwitz, runner-up for city golf championship last year, Clark Cannon and Lyle Dickey of last year's team should show improvement, and Lucien Caruso, among the freshmen, ought to make a strong bid for the team.

Intra Mural basket ball, instituted at B. H. S. this year, mainly through the influence of Athletic Director Hastings, has proved a great success. The purpose of this league is to give those boys who do not make the regular squad a chance to play basket ball.

An indoor baseball elimination tournament is also planned to be played this spring between Intra Mural teams at the new athletic field.

An inter-city baseball league has been formed in which the four schools of Bloomington and Normal will participate. A nine game schedule for each team has been arranged. Our coach, J. P. Harrison, is the President of this league.

Football Schedule

B. H. S. 3—LeRoy 0

Mud, keynote of the season started with our opening game at Wilder Field. B. H. S. scored by a drop-kick, the final score being 3-0.

Dayton 28—B. H. S. 0

At Steel High the experienced warriors of the Buckeye State proved as hard as their name signifies. Steel led at the half 14-0. The Purple and Gold came back stronger in the second half, but the Ohians managed to get two more touchdowns by hard fighting. Misfortune too hampered Bloomington, as LaDue and Green were forced from the game because of injuries.

B. H. S. 0—Peoria High 25

Again at home B. H. S. faced more bad weather and opposition. Peoria with Quick, her fleetfooted quarterback, moved the long standing precedent up one year by defeating Bloomington 25-0.

B. H. S. 0—Jacksonville 6

At the third quarter the score was 0-0. Bloomington had shown the better team. With only a few minutes to go, Bonney's forward pass was blocked just off his fingertips. The same guard who had blocked it managed by (x) means to scoop it up and run forty yards for a touchdown.

Peoria Manual 16—B. H. S. 13

Manual held the sway throughout the first half by a 16-0 score. Bloomington rallied in the third quarter, pushing over two touchdowns. The game ended 16-13 Peoria.

Champaign 17—B. H. S. 0

B. H. S. failed again to win at Champaign. The uneventful game ended with a score of 17-0 in favor of Champaign.

Normal 33—B. H. S. 0

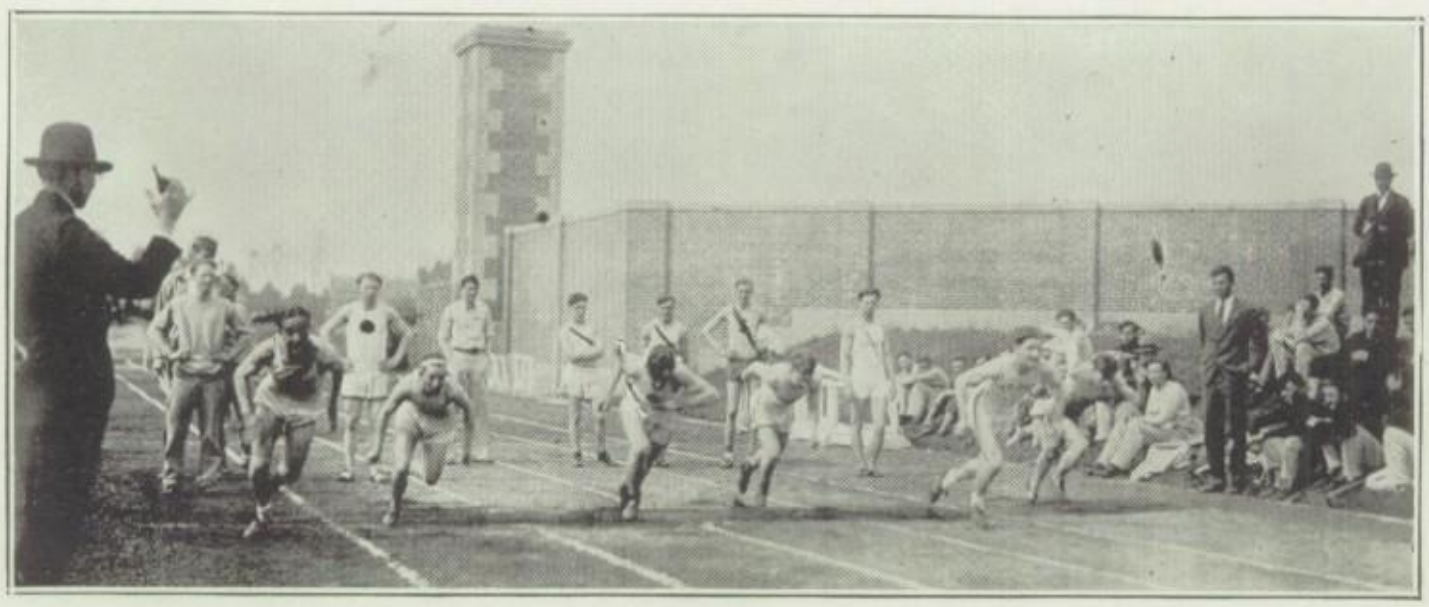
Bloomington suffered a 33-0 defeat at Normal. Hall and Company, victorious in all of their games but one, easily conquered B. H. S.

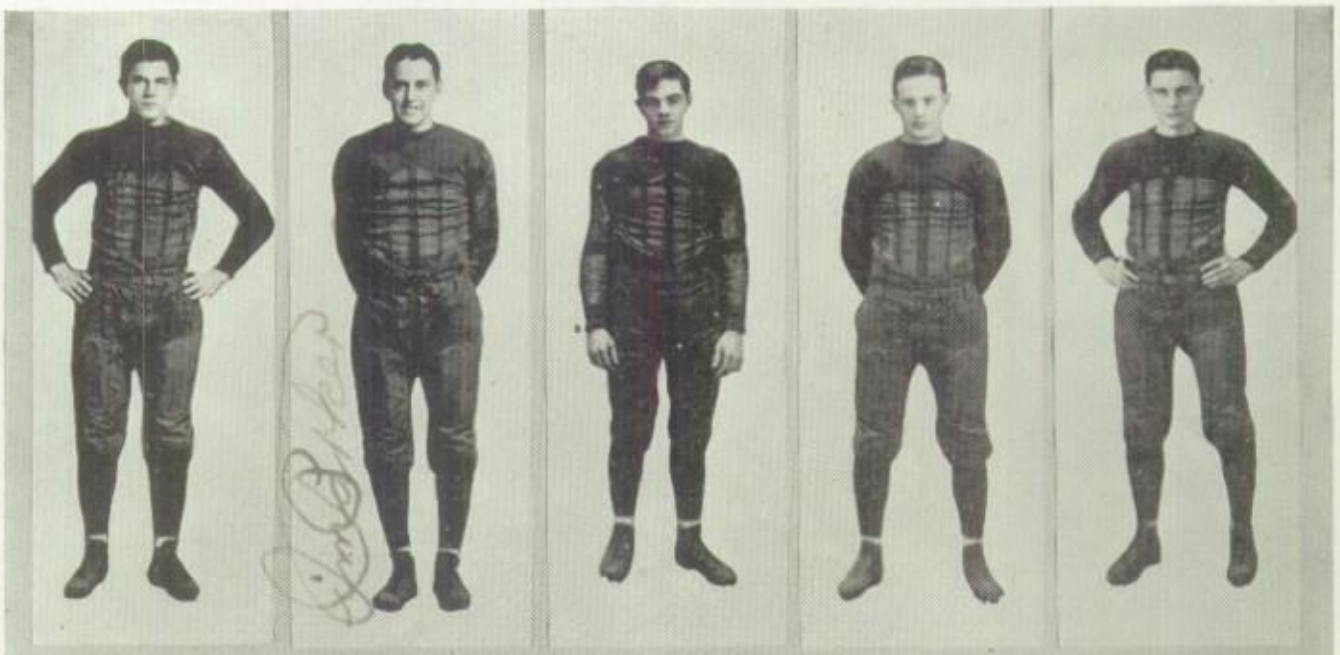
Streator 6—B. H. S. 0

At Streator the Evergreen City team played well but were unable to win. Green and Steidley performed the best for Bloomington.

B. H. S. 6—U. High 13 (Homecoming)

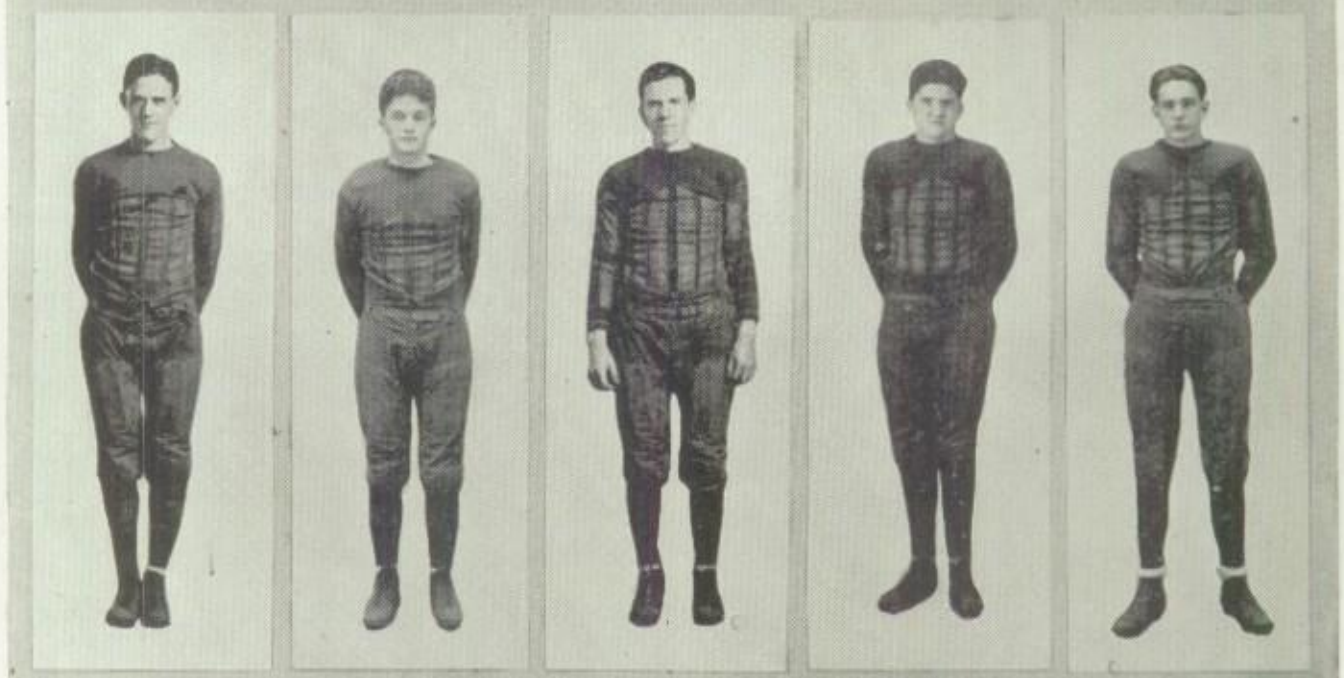
Bloomington was forced to play her homecoming at Normal. U. High lost ground on nearly every play, but gained two touchdowns by blocking our punts. Bonney saved the Purple from a shutout when he intercepted a pass and ran over sixty yards for a touchdown.





EDWARDS PARKER GREEN STIEDLEY RILEY

COLTON BONNY LA DUE WHITE JOHNSON



VAN SCHOICK ENSINGER BURWITZ E. AHLENIUS HULVA

Football "B" Men

Captain "Tom" Steidley, Right Tackle and Right Halfback. "Censored."

"Tom," our only veteran, was always in the game ready for fight. When punch or spirit was lacking, "Tom" was the man to bring it back. Whether in the line or backfield, our captain can easily be called the backbone of the team. "Tom" will be missed next year.

Captain-Elect James "Jim" Parker, Fullback. "Get your man."

"Not so large and not so small, yet fast, and faster, yes, fastest of all." Our enemy always kept close watch on "Jim" so as not to give him a glance at an open field. Besides being a real football player, Parker has an enviable record as a "Huntsman," so let's stick with "Jim" and his 1926 eleven.

Edmund "Ed" Colton, Left End. "All right you apple knocker."

For going down under punts and downing his man without gain Colton is a hard man to beat. "Ed" is another man they had to "kill" in order to get him out of the game and when he was out it took both coaches and subs to keep him there. Colton also leaves us this year.

Frank "Oosterbaan" Edwards, Left Halfback. "I don't care for words."

"Oosterbaan" proved his worth as a formidable line plunger, and his tacklers always knew what to expect when they saw him coming. "Hap" is not only a valuable football man, but is also well known in basketball and track circles.

Latham "Lanky" Hulva, Center. "Check."

No, Latham didn't break the "driveshaft" but he did break through strong opposing lines. From the snapper back position we were always able to count on Hulva for real fight. Our tall brother is also departing in June.

Willis "Swede" Johnson, Right Guard. "Tramp on the crippled and hurdle the dead."

"Swede" was our flying tackler who more than once was seen colliding in mid-air with an enemy. When not practicing this art "Swede" always had a joke for the crowd. Unfortuntely B. H. S. will not have "Bill" next season.

Edson "Whitey" White, Right End. "All right gang up and at 'em."

On offensive Whitey pulled down many a runner who was supposedly in the open. White starred at receiving long passes which many times netted a twenty-five or thirty yard gain. This was White's last year for football at Bloomington High.

Carl "Grange" Green, Right Halfback. "Leave him to August."

Green, our diminutive half, brother to "Virg" who was placed on All-Central Illinois team as guard last year, was nearly always good for a gain. His best game was probably at Streator where his long runs kept the whole opposing team wondering which end he would loop next.

HAROLD "BOZO" ENSINGER, Left Guard. "Beat that guy's ears in."

Harold was one of our heaviest linemen and on both offense and defense strengthened the center of our line materially.

EDWARD "RED" AHLENIUS, Right Tackle. "How are you pigmies, down there?"

"Red," which is the safest name to call him by, didn't have a great deal of trouble holding down a line position and at "holding the line" "Red" sure could stretch over plenty of ground.

KENNETH "VAN" VAN SCHOICK, Left Tackle. "Get low in there."

"Van" by hard hitting managed to stop many line plunges and end runs before they were under way. "Kenny" will not be with us next season.

RALPH "BUNNY" BONNY, Quarterback. "They're not so big" (At Dayton)

"Bunny" is one of the three "B" men to be with us next year. Already adept in the art of snagging passes and receiving the ball from the center position, Bonny has a good chance of being heard from next year. He has two more years at football and under Harrison's training his chances for fame are great.

ELMER "CHIEF" BURWITZ, Right Guard. "Mow 'em down."

Burwitz is the third letter man to return next year and will be one strong stay in Harrison's line. Burwitz is also a reliable man for the punting position.

PAUL "P" LADUE, Right End. "Stay in there, kid."

Paul, at the right wing of our line, developed under good coaching and during the latter part of the season allowed but a few men to get around his end.

JAMES "JIM" RILEY, Fullback. "Fight it up in there."

Riley, though not participating in every game, deserves the more credit for always staying with the team. Near the end of the season "Jim" became one of the best men connected with Bloomington High's aerial attack.

As a reward for faithful duty to those staying out all season yet not receiving a letter, B. H. S. has this year inaugurated the numeral system. The following fellows received numerals:

Ahlenius, Wm.	Dewenter	Middleton
Buckholz	Eyer	Newbauer
Bodman, W.	Hassler, W.	Riley, H.
Baillie	Hoopes	Sams
Beutel	Janick	Stalter
Bennington	Kaveny	Stautz

Three other men also deserving special mention are William Orr, Everett Lawyer, and Charles Muhl, whose injuries received during practice kept them from finishing the season.

J. P. HARRISON, *Coach*
Football, Basketball, Baseball

E. R. KIRBY, *Assistant Coach*
Football

H. R. HASTINGS, *Coach*
Track
Athletic and
Physical Director

EDMUND COLTON
Basketball Manager

EARL ANDERSON
Football Manager

Season Record

	Games	Field Goals	Personal Fouls	Free Throws	Age	Class
Bonny	25	96	23	34	17	Junior
Peckman	21	66	17	14	17	Senior
Bodman	22	46	23	24	18	Senior
Edwards	25	38	33	27	18	Senior
Burwitz	23	2	31	7	18	Junior
Jones	15	15	10	8	17	Senior
Keenan	14	14	2	2	17	Sophomore
Waldman	9	0	9	1	17	Senior
Hughes	3	1	3	3	16	Junior
Middleton	4	0	2	0	15	Sophomore

Our Success from a Won and Lost Viewpoint

SCORES OF GAMES

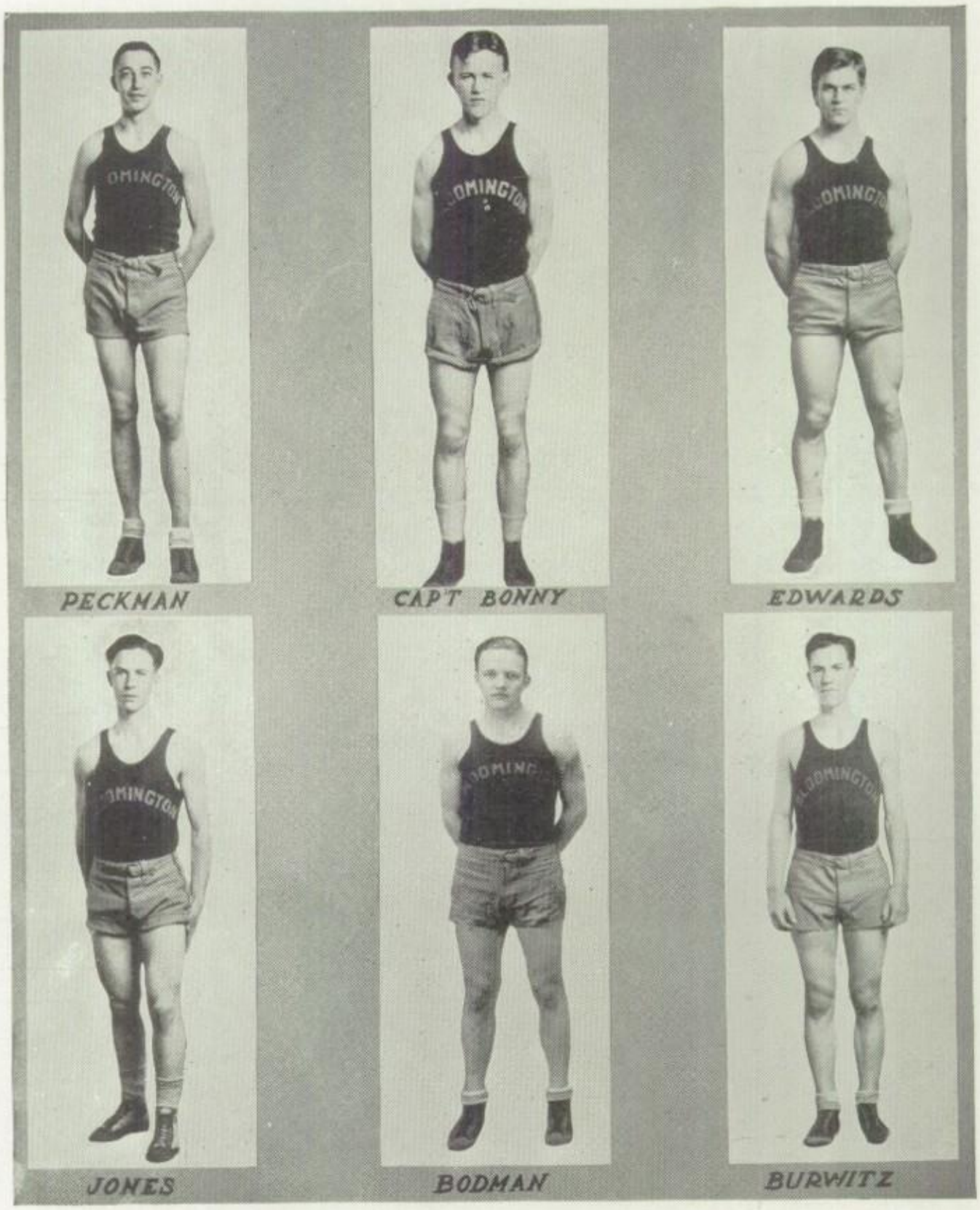
B. H. S. 37	There	Leroy	17
B. H. S. 20	There	Streator	27
B. H. S. 17	Here	Peoria Central	35
B. H. S. 27	Here	U. High	25
B. H. S. 22	There	Springfield	19
B. H. S. 26	There	Normal	25
B. H. S. 32	There	Jacksonville	31
B. H. S. 29	Here	St. Mary's	11
B. H. S. 27	There	Decatur	32
B. H. S. 53	Here	Stanford	16
B. H. S. 29	Here	Clinton	19
B. H. S. 15	There	U. High	21
B. H. S. 33	Here	Lincoln	24
B. H. S. 42	There	Mattoon	31
B. H. S. 23	There	Champaign	53
B. H. S. 20	Here	Normal	35
B. H. S. 18	Here	Urbana	24

DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

B. H. S. 25	1st game	Heyworth	24
B. H. S. 30	2nd game	Normal	25
B. H. S. 22	Semi-finals	Arrowsmith	31
B. H. S. 28	For 3rd place	Downs	24

WESLEYAN TOURNAMENT

B. H. S. 27	1st game	Rantoul	17
B. H. S. 28	2nd game	Normal	25
B. H. S. 25	Semi-finals	Hinckley	28
B. H. S. 24	For 3rd place	Streator	29


PECKMAN
CAP'T BONNY
EDWARDS
JONES
BODMAN
BURWITZ

Basket Ball "B" Men

Capt. Ralph "Rabbit" Bonny was the mainstay of our offense all season. He was always founds in the thickest of the fight, taking much punishment, but always going back for more. A clever dribbler, twisting his slender body in and about among his foes, he scored many a basket at a much needed hour. Re-elected captain for 1927.

Lyle "Pecky" Peckman was a thorn in the side of many a team by his uncanny ability, through unknown means, to slip in under the basket for sleepers. Peckman could go through the roughest kind of a game and take severe punishment and still come out with a smile.

Sam "Milly" Bodman, although playing the position of center, was small compared to many of the other centers we found. Although rough and ready on defense, he was able to garner his share of points per game. Sam was well liked by everyone.

Frank "Hap" Edwards, was without doubt the fastest man on the team. In every game he worried the opposing forwards by his close guarding and ability to dribble or come rapidly down the floor for a shot. "Oosterbaan" was a great favorite with the girls.

Elmer "Bobby Jones" Burwitz, although appearing in a new role, that of back guard, filled it in a way to make a veteran green with envy. He was another one of the boys who could take rough play without complaint.

Arthur "Red" Jones was seen in either a forward or guard position on the hardwood and usually came through with a couple or more points during his stay in the game. He also helped to "scrap" things up.

Numeral Men

Keenan	28	Whitesell	29
Waldman	26	Eyer	28
Hughes	27	Bodman	29
Middleton	29	DuBois	27
Hoopes	28	Clark	27
Bennington	28	Caruso	30
Baremore	29		

Individual

POINTS SCORED DURING THE SEASON

Man	Points
Fred Rhea	41
Earl Anderson	33
Edson White	22
Raymond Baxter	20
Frank Edwards	19
David Hartley	13
Clarence Breckenridge	12
Allan Hoobler	9
Willis Brown	8
Irwin Waldman	7
Joseph Laskoski	1

Track Meets 1925

LeRoy

The season opened with a boom. Coach Hastings entered fifteen men in a triangular meet with Farmer City and LeRoy. B. H. S. won easily by 37 points. "Fritz" Rhea and White were the high scorers for Bloomington.

Gridley

At the Gridley relay carnival, Bloomington ranked highly and were always up near the front.

Illinois Wesleyan Interscholastic

This was the first big meet for B. H. S. to enter. Our team finished fifth with 16 points. "Andy" won the half mile. "Bax" took second in the mile as did Breckenridge in the quarter mile. Bloomington High won the distance medley with the team composed of Anderson, White, Breckenridge and Baxter.

Bradley Interscholastic

In our second interscholastic at Bradley we placed with Anderson again first in the half mile and Baxter first in the mile. Our distance medley team took second in this meet, losing to Hyde Park by a few inches.

Springfield

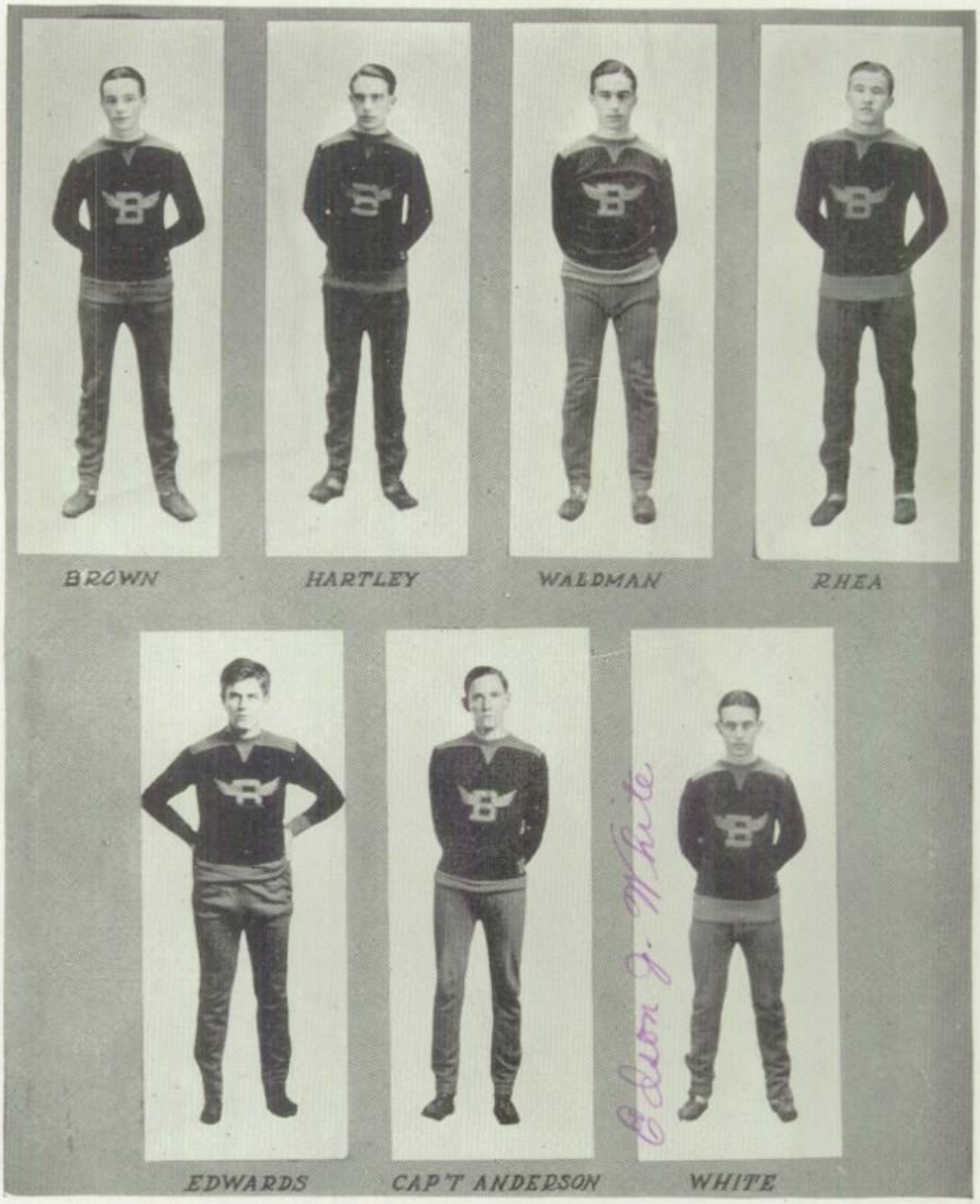
Our boys came through again at the Conference meet. B. H. S. finished fifth. About the most thrilling incident for Bloomington was "Andy's" victorious finish in the half mile run.

University of Illinois

At Urbana our tracksters met up with the strongest opposition of the year. B. H. S. took no firsts, but "Andy" and "Bax" came in near the front to place for Bloomington.

Inter-City

Our last meet proved one of the greatest successes of the season. Normal and U. High, ever strong rivals of B. H. S. showed poorly while Coach Hasting's Purple and Gold clad flashes covered themselves with glory by winning almost every contest.


BROWN
HARTLEY
WALDMAN
RHEA
EDWARDS
CAP'T ANDERSON
WHITE

Track "B" Men

Capt. Earl "Andy" Anderson was the real point-getter of our track team, taking a first in the one-half mile in almost every meet he was in. He also placed in the National track meet at Chicago. At Springfield he beat his man to the tape only by diving across the line.

Capt. elect Frank "Butter boy" Edwards first took his place in track circles as a field man, specializing in the javelin. However he came to the front in the later part of the season as a runner.

Fred "Fritz" Rhea was a master of either the track or field arts. In the field a jumper and discuss man, on the track a sprinter, hurdler and a member of the relay team.

Edson "Eddy" White was quite a sprinter and also ran the 220 on the medley relay. White surprised himself and everybody else when he took first in the broad jump and third in the high jump in the Triangular meet.

Irwin "Irv" Waldman was the "Paddock" of the team, for he ran both the 50 and the 100 yard dashes which always gave him two chances to place in each meet. He was always willing to try.

Willis "Galva" Brown cleared the obstacles of the track as a hurdler and dashed by the others as he flew along in the 50 and 100 yard dashes to finish among the many top-notch sprinters.

Allan "Hoob" Hoobler, one of the lightest men on the team ran the half mile, never knowing the meaning of the word "quit." Hoobler, for three years, has been one of the most consistent performers of the team.

David "Davey" Hartley always went higher than any other member of the team, but when he rose to such heights he always fell. David was a pole vaulter and is now a Pi Mu at Wesleyan.

Raymond "Nurmi" Baxter "stepped off" the mile, a fit run for any man, in good time and was always near the front when the tape was reached. Ray is now at Wesleyan, and we will hear from him out there this spring.

Clarence "Breck" Breckenridge had the hardest run in track, 440 yard dash, a dead sprint, also he ran on Medley Relay team. His trilling finish was at Wesleyan where he was defeated by inches.

Joseph "Midget" Laskosky was the smallest runner on the team, yet his nerves were the equal of any Olympic runner. "The Midget" ran in the distance medley relay.

Honorable Mention

Day	Carter	Stone
Hanell	Wheadon	Camerling
Bova	Bonny	Eyer
Stover	Bodman	Lemme
Bragonier	Sieh	Gummerman

Back Row—Wesley Owen, John Parker, George Atkins, Charles Woodworth, Lloyd Crusius.

Front Row—Lucian Caruso, Edwin Sams, Capt. Clark Cannon, Robert Van Schoick, Wilbur Bodman.

The latest wrinkle in athletics for boys was the formation of the Intra-Mural League for the purpose of getting more boys to compete in some branch of athletics. There were thirteen teams in this league, which proved a great success in its first year. There were something over two hundred boys who took part in these games, each boy striving to learn the value in the world of competition, quick thinking, and sportsmanship which basket ball teaches him. The other members of the student body were permitted to attend these games and exercise their lungs, upon payment of five cents in cash. Below you will find the all-star teams.

	1ST ALL-STAR		2ND ALL-STAR		3RD ALL-STAR	
Player	Player	Team	Player	Team	Player	Team
Forward	Wheat	Lucky Ten	Davis	Art	R. White	Debaters
Forward	Cannon	Latin Club	Fenn	Band	Saunders	Manual Art
Center	Anderson	Biology	Pease	Hi-Y	Dugan	Orchestra
Guard	Sams	Latin	Prothero	Lucky Ten	Custer	Agg
Guard	K. Van Schoick	Art	Hulva	Hi-Y	Johnson	Hi-Y

HONORABLE MENTION

Forwards—Caruso, Warlow, Muhl, E. White, Christopher.

Centers—Ruebush, Ewert, Peffer.

Guards—Parker, Kirkpatrick, Baillie, Baremore, LaBounty, R. Van Schoick.

The
Kings English

Genius is of all kinds and varieties; often it smolders undiscovered and unappreciated, but occasionaly it bursts into a lovely, brilliant flame and warms men in its glow. These pages have long been consecrated to genius, and have behind them the dreams and aspirations of the Past, before them the dreams and aspirations of the Future, and on their friendly faces the dreams and aspirations of the Present, which we symbolize.

We may have in our midst no Tennyson or Browning, no Thackery or Dickens, but there are those among us who have seen the shadowy form of Inspiration, and have with enchanted pens, in a humble spirit of good will, given us of their best.

~Marjorie Henderson

Finding His America

WILLIS BROWN '27
Winner of Merwin Cup

"T-R-O-F-I-E-O-F-F-K-A"!! What a name? Can any of you pronounce that? If only one of us were Russian, or had studied Russian, these rehearsals would not seem so impossible. As it is we are not getting any place tonight."

Mary Montgomery, the young dramatic director of the Players of the Westminster church, was meeting with her cast for the first time. They were to produce a play written by County Leo Tolstoi, "What Men Live By," as the climax to a three-day charity bazaar at the church. The scene of the play was laid in old Russia. The exotic names, costumes, and stage settings were new and puzzling to the members of the cast and even to the young director.

"Why not try the Americanization school, Miss Montgomery? There might be a Russian student over there who could help us a lot with these foreign names and even interpreting the passages which seem so unfamiliar." The young man who had this sudden inspiration had been selected to play the leading part, that of the Russian baron, Avedeitch. As he sat on the edge of the stage swinging his long legs and dividing his attention between the attractive young woman before him and his favorite team's standing on the sporting page of the evening paper, he seemed too typically a specimen of peppy Young America to imagine in any other role.

"That is a fine suggestion, Mr. Burton. I shall see the principal of the Americanization school at once. If by chance there is a Russian student enrolled there, I am sure he will be able to help us. We can't do much more tonight but all please report promptly tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock, and we will get down to real business. Good night."

Mary Montgomery had finished her dramatic training course at Miss Mannin's school the previous year and her first position was that of play director at the large Compton church. She had been having innumerable troubles, in fact it seemed that a black cat was slinking across her path at each step. She was a young girl of nineteen with golden hair, deep violet eyes, a wonderful smile, and vivid personality that could inspire an artist of any sort. Her first play at the church had been a great success but unexpected difficulties had arisen on every hand since then and various hindrances were holding back the progress of the new play that meant so much in establishing her successfully.

She hurried through her breakfast the next morning eager to be off to the Americanization school. The brick walk, the promise of spring in the air, and the bright sunshine all erased the worries of the night before and it was a very radiant and hopeful young woman who introduced herself to Mr. Bradbury, the head professor, and explained her mission.

"I think I have just the man you want, Miss Montgomery. This young chap has been on my mind a lot lately. We meet many types here and I can't begin to tell you how interesting it is to watch the unfolding interest of these foreign people and their blossoming into real Americans. But Maloska is different. He seems to possess an unusual intellect,—has been over only five months and his progress is marvelous. But somehow he doesn't seem to get the spirit of the school. Seems moody and unhappy. Just doesn't find himself. He doesn't make friends easily and I really believe he is desperately homesick for his old Russia. I shall be so glad to have you talk to him."

As they walked into the large library the young man in question sat tousling his hair as he turned the pages of a book. About him were piles of magazines, papers, and books. He tossed away his long Russian cigarette and hurriedly buttoned his loosened collar as the professor spoke his name.

He acknowledged the introduction with some embarrassment then with a courtesy altogether charming in its foreign difference, he led Miss Montgomery to his favorite corner. She noticed his close-cropped hair, so dusky dark, so unlike the long haired Russian musicians she had known. His clear gray eyes, sharp and observant, brightened immediately as she handed him the copy of the play and spoke of Russia.

"Ah yes, the Russian cobbler's shop. My grandfather had just such a shop in Petrograd. I would be so happy to explain the stage setting," said Maloska.

Down in the factory district the loud whistles announced the noon hour and Miss Montgomery hurriedly arose with apologies for her long call.

"It has been such a pleasure," said the young Russian, "and I shall be with you tonight at rehearsal to help you all I can." He did not go back to his books after she left but stood for many minutes at the window looking down at the busy street below.

The rehearsal that evening went smoothly, thanks to Maloska, who not only gave the correct pronunciation of the many Russian names but who also gave invaluable suggestions as to the stage settings and costumes. His face lightened with pleasure when Miss Montgomery asked him to take the part of Trofieoffka, the footman to the baron, a minor part that they had not yet bothered to fill. She realized what a help he would be to her as one of the cast and although not sure of his dramatic ability, she felt that with his few lines he could not seriously mar the play.

But Fate sometimes plays queer tricks. As the rehearsals progressed the adaptability of the young Russian was most marked. "Why, he knows my lines as well as I know them myself," said Burton, after he had been prompted in an undertone by Maloska who stood as a respectful servant behind him.

"And mine also," said the young chap who was taking the part of the cobbler. "They surely do turn out bright fellows down at that Americanization school. They had better try their hand on some of the dummies in our English class." He threw away the shoe he had supposedly been mending and grabbed up his cap and college sweater to leave.

Finally the afternoon arrived for the last rehearsal. All was in readiness for the performance that evening. Most of the cast had arrived and Miss Montgomery had just remarked that the bad luck attending the first rehearsals had given away to the best of luck as the time of the production drew near. Then the telephone bell rang. As Miss Montgomery hung up the receiver she turned to the young people with a most dismayed look on her usually bright and cheery face. "Mr. Burton has been injured in an automobile accident and has been taken to the hospital," she exclaimed. "His injuries are not serious but he

cannot be with us tonight.'' A suspicion of tears clouded her pretty eyes. ''What shall we do?''

''Maloska has memorized every one of the baron's lines,'' said one of the cast. ''I believe he could take the part. Why don't you try him out? Any one could learn Maloska's part of the footman in five minutes.''

When Maloska arrived and was told of the accident he modestly consented to take the difficult part. ''Anything to help you, Miss Montgomery,'' he said. ''You have been so good to me and brought me so many new friends. For the first time I am almost happy in your America.'' He went through the trying last rehearsal with scarcely a mistake but almost as one in a daze so strange was the part to him. ''I shall do better tonight, Miss Montgomery, so you won't be ashamed of me,'' he said as he left.

The evening's performance at last was over. The curtain dropped with the words of the young Russian still on the air. The audience sat spell bound. The Russian's plea for love, truth and justice was so sincere, so filled with all the strength and fervor of his young manhood that his listeners were transported from their every day hurrying busy lives into a new world brought to them by Maloska.

The next morning Maloska was surprised to receive a summons to the office of a prominent attorney. Much troubled he hurried to the address given. ''What can it be? What can they want of me? Perhaps the immigration officials again! Perhaps they will not let the little brother come. He needs me so. But no,—they promised.'' Quickly these thoughts ran through his mind as he opened the office door. The attorney, two elderly gentlemen and Miss Montgomery were seated about a large table conversing about the play of the night before. Maloska made a low bow to Miss Montgomery then recognized one of the men as Mr. Cushman, president of the Westminster Players.

Cushman arose and introduced him first to the attorney and then to the gentleman seated at his side, saying: ''Mr. Maloska, I want you to meet my old friend Mr. Foreman, one of the best known dramatic critics and producers of our day. He happened to be in our city last evening and was my guest at our Players' performance. He has been nice enough to say really wonderful things about our little amateur production.''

''And about one of your players in particular, Cushman. I am most happy to meet this young man,'' and he grasped Maloska's hand firmly.

They all sat down about the table as the producer then told of the Russian play, ''Ivanwich,'' he was about to launch and of his quest for the right man to take the title role. ''And I am offering you the part, Maloska,'' he said. ''After seeing your interpretation of the baron's part in last evening's performance I know I need look no further if you will consent to sign up with my company for the coming season. Miss Montgomery, I am happy to say, has decided also to come as assistant director. My lawyer here is all ready to finish our contract. I hope I may include yours also, Maloska.''

''Thank you, Mr. Foreman'' said Maloska. ''I know of no greater pleasure than to live the life of a noble Russian on the stage of your great America and show to your people our life and our ideals but I can not now. I must work. I must learn. I have my living to make. I have my young brother, who is coming over soon, to support and educate. Life must be more to me than the acting of the beautiful plays I have enjoyed so much.''

The others about the table looked from one to the other and smiled. ''My dear fellow,'' said Mr. Cushman, ''you do not understand. Mr. Foreman's offer brings with it more than mere glory. As leading man in his company you would

command one of the highest salaries paid in the theatrical profession today. Your name would be known throughout the land. Your future would be assured. Your brother's education would be possible. It will mean lots of hard work and long hours but I know that it will be work that you love and work which you have shown yourself so ably fitted for. Maloska you have a God-given talent. And it is in your power to use it to make the world better through the spoken drama. This is your chance."

With a new gleam in his steady gray eyes, Maloska slowly pushed back his chair and stood as he had that memorable morning a few weeks before looking down at the hurrying traffic below. "America! How wonderful! Only a short time ago it was new, it was terrifying—this, your America. But you, my friends, have helped me find my work. You have given me a place in it all. You have helped me find *my* America.

Cobbler at Dawn

By Raymond Dooley, '26
2nd Prize Merwin Cup Contest

Danny woke with a start. What was that singing so sweetly? He blinked his eyes sleepily and looked out the window.

"Oh, there it is! Pretty little singer!"

He wished that he might have such a little bird to sing to him all the time. He felt so good it seemed as if spring were truly here when birds sang at his window. He watched the little singer for a moment and then he looked at the beautiful sunrise. It was, Oh so beautiful, all of it. Why couldn't he have some of this beauty with him always? He turned to look at his little room. Bare and gloomy it was. Yet, on closer survey, it showed signs of attempted decoration. The walls were covered with very attractive magazine illustrations arranged in an artistic way, and here and there was a crude water color painting evidently done by an amateur hand, yet with a singular harmony of colors.

There was so much beauty outside, but how could he get some inside. Well, he was determined to have beautiful things some time anyway. In the meantime it was getting late and he must get up.

"Danny, oh Danny!" called a woman's voice.

"Yes, coming!" Danny answered.

"Yell, hurry, It's getting late and I do wish you would get some more wood for me. I just can't do my baking without it."

"All right, I'll be right down."

He hurriedly threw on his clothes, and, running down the ricketly stairs two at a time, he burst into the kitchen exclaiming, "Lead me to the wood pile. I'll make short work of getting that wood."

When Danny had brought in a great deal too much wood for the size of the kitchen and had succeeded in muddying the floor, he sat down to his breakfast.

"Mother," he said, "Don't you ever get tired of potatoes three times a day."

"Yes, but we ought to be thankful that we have potatoes. Even potatoes cost a great deal nowadays."

"Yes, but other people have whatever they want and they don't work any harder than father. It isn't right, I tell you. I'll bet father is already in the shop making shoes that he isn't even paid for."

"Danny, Danny, you shouldn't talk so. You run right along to school and forget such nonsense."

"Just the same it isn't right and things are going to be different pretty soon. You just wait and see if they aren't."

His mother kissed him as he left and said, "Now be a good boy, that's all I ask."

"You know I will," Danny replied smiling.

On the way to school, Danny noticed a large sign in front of a shoe store saying, "Buy your shoes today at Leigh's. 33⅓% below cost. Today only."

"Tain't right," muttered Danny to himself as he stumbled sullenly on.

Danny Dale was the son of Elihu Dale, a shoemaker of the old school who had had a prosperous business once, but now it had dwindled down to a bare existence for his wife and son. The more pretentious stores of the up-town district of Edgewood had almost ruined him with their large line of factory made shoes. The fine quality of his leather and his excellent workmanship were the only means by which he could still maintain his shop. Mr. Dale was too old to engage, even if he wished to do so, in any other business and it was quite galling to Danny that his father should have to submit to what he termed "the worst end of a dirty deal."

It was the end of the second semester at Edgewood High School that day and report cards were given out. Danny was delighted to find three "ones" and a "one prime" on his card, but best of all, beside his "one prime" was a little note which said, "You show remarkable talent in art. I should like to see you take more work in painting after you finish Edgewood." Danny was delighted with the thought of bringing some of God's beauty to his room. To be an artist was always his ambition. Others had done it. Why not he? Yes, why not, he thought bitterly. He knew an artist's education was expensive and was only for people with money. In his case it couldn't be thought of. His father would be clear out of business if Leigh's had many more shoe sales. Still he thought of it.

"If I could earn my own way I might be able to do it. Father could hold out for a few years without hardship. I take most of the money now, anyway," he thought.

On the way home that night while his prospects seemed a little better than ever before, he noticed a group of girls ahead of him because he thought he heard his name.

"Did you see the grades that Danny Dale got today," said the girl in green.

"Yeah, I wouldn't be that smart if I had to," said another.

"Oh, I think you girls are just jealous. I think Danny Dale is mighty fine, and he really is quite artistic," said the girl with the white hat.

"Say Marge, if you think I'm jealous of that thing, you've got another thought coming, Why the mit that kid wears is going to be valuable as an antique."

"Yeah, he won't part with it because he could never get another like it."

"And the shirts he wears! Every time you look at them they scream out, 'mama made me'."

"And his neckties! Same one for two years!"

"You'd think his hair was marcelled. He ought to know that nobody likes curly hair."

"Well, he might not care what you girls think about him. Did you ever think of that?"

"Say he does too! He asked me for a dance once."

"Well, did you dance with him?"

"Me? No, I should say not! Why if you dance with these dumb kids, they all want to dance with you.

"Well, just the same Danny Dale is a good dancer and I would rather dance with him than some of the boys you dance with."

Here they turned and left Danny dazed. So that was what people thought of him! He never had been so very friendly with anyone. He had just gone his way and let everyone else go their ways, but he had never imagined people felt this way about him. At first he was stunned, then enraged. Well, he would show them what he could do. He would look as nice as anyone. He didn't know how, but he would just the same.

"Wasn't that Marge a good sport though!"

That was one consolation. She had said she liked to dance with him. Well, he was going to try to know her better. But the others? How he hated them! The artist in him rebelled at the orange rouge and the bright colors they wore.

That night in his trouble he went to his favorite paper, the "Socialist." He was accustomed to read it when he was in one of his better moods and tonight one thing he read impressed him greatly. The editorial said, "The wealth of the land is controlled by a few capitalists and it benefits only those few. The capitalists are suppressing labor and slowly driving the tradesman out of business. The condition must be stopped before the spirit of democracy is entirely crushed. The wealth should be forcibly taken by the great lower class and divided equally among the needy."

"That's right," thought Danny, "wealth must be forcibly taken from capitalists or oppression will be the result.

A year later there was a different Danny Dale in Edgewood. If not the most expensively, certainly he was the most tastefully dressed boy in school. He went with Marge Bennett constantly and was quite popular among the fellows.

No one knew just how the change was accomplished. He told Marge that he had a job painting little portraits on fancy candy boxes. He told his professors he had a job in a store but never seemed to be busy. He always had a lot of spare time. His friends began to wonder just when he did his work, but they never found out from Danny. Whenever money was mentioned, Danny was a clam.

One day Danny was called from class to Principal McGrath's office.

"Danny," said the principal, "there have been a great many things stolen from the lockers this year and we have clearly found you to be the guilty one. Now, what can you say for yourself."

"All I have to say is that I won't deny that I did it and what is more, I was not wrong in doing it. I do *not* regret having done it."

"But Danny, how can you think it right. Certainly you know that stealing is wrong."

"Not the kind of stealing I did. I didn't steal, I merely took what rightfully belonged to me. Haven't I a right to the good things of life as well as anyone else? Haven't I a right to be happy?"

"Yes, but Danny, happiness can never be built on stealing."

"But this is different. I was only taking my share of the world's goods. My father, through the shoe corporation, is being driven out of business. It isn't his fault. It's the fault of the economic condition of today. The capitalists are suppressing the common people, and, before this is completely accomplished, the lower classes should prevent it. And the only way this can be prevented is forcibly to seize the wealth and divide it among the poor and make all men equal. Let each man have only so much as he needs and no more."

"My boy you are all wrong. Our whole civilization depends on capital. The wealth develops everything in the business world. All our conveniences we owe to capital. Railroads depend on capital. Yet who gets the benefit? Why my boy, your great common people ride on the railroads, use the telephones and street cars and automobiles. None of these things would even be possible if it weren't for capital. Now take your father's business, if it hadn't been for the system of money, there could have been no professional shoemaker. In the beginning of civilization certain men did whatever service they seemed fit to do best. In return, they received a service, but this was clumsy so they devised a medium of exchange and the result is our money.

"Now your idea of dividing the money is wrong. Communism can't exist now because it was proven a failure every time it was attempted. Men have to have the incentive of possession to put forth the greatest efforts.

"Corporations which are regulated are a great blessing to the common people. They give them better articles for the most part, for less money."

"But what will happen to the small tradesmen? They can't compete with corporations."

"I am coming to that. The solution of small tradesmen is to specialize their product. Now Danny, in the case of your father, he makes the best shoes you know of doesn't he?"

"Yes, and he doesn't get paid enough. That's why we have a hard time. If it wasn't for Leigh's—"

"Yes, yes, I know, but I want to tell you something. Mr. Leigh has been for a long time considering going into a partnership with your father. Now you know that Mr. Leigh wouldn't do this out of sympathy for your father. Besides, men don't go into partnerships out of sympathy. He knows your father's shoes are the best in town and he also knows that they aren't properly sold to get the most for them. Now he plans to make a specialty of your father's shoes and charge extra for them. Your father in that way would get a better price and sell more shoes, while Mr. Leigh would profit by having a higher class shoe to sell."

"Well, that would be fine if they could agree."

"Of course, they can agree. And another benefit of capital: a very wealthy man of Chicago gave the art institute of Chicago a certain sum of money to educate each year a new and promising young artist. Now I still have the greatest confidence in you, Danny, and I am going to give you a second chance. I will try my best to get this scholarship for you if you will promise to do the best in your power to be worthy of it."

"I certainly appreciate this, Mr. McGrath, but don't you feel that you are taking an awful risk in doing this?"

"Nonsense. Nobody but you and I, another member of the faculty, in fact Mr. Stone the art teacher, is even going to know anything about this. But if you feel you don't want it—"

"Why of course I do. I only feel ashamed to take it. But I am hereby going to promise to pay back every cent and to try to do something worth while for you and the school."

Five years later in the hall of Edgewood High School a new picture was hung. The picture was of an old cobbler working in his shop in the early morning. The most beautiful thing in the picture was the dim light shining in the window. Underneath the picture was a copper plate inscribed with the following: "Cobbler at Dawn." First prize national art exhibit. By Daniel Dale.

Ray's Awakening

CHARLOTTE HARRINGTON
3rd Prize, Merwin Cup Contest

Ray Parker entered his room and glanced at his study table only to see a stack of well-filled envelopes bearing the return address of magazine publishers.

With little or no enthusiasm Ray opened his mail and took from each envelope a manuscript and placed it in his table drawer with more just like it. He laid his head on his hands with an attitude of utter dejection. Ray was a young man of that important age of eighteen, finishing high school. He was trying to write, but his manuscripts always came back just as these had.

Ray was exactly the type of fellow you could picture on a football field or the hardwood floor of a gym, but he had scorned athletics and "stuck tight" to literature in school. With the encouragement of his teachers he was going to become a great writer, yet, it did seem as though success as a writer would never be his because he just couldn't get a thing published.

He grabbed his hat, and feeling a need of air, decided to take a walk. By either instinct or habit he found himself in front of Marjory Connor's home, and, by coincidence, Madge was on the porch. Now Madge had been Ray's pal as long as either could remember, and always had praise, encouragement, or sympathy at just the moment he needed it.

"What's the matter, Ray, you look as though you had lost your last friend."

"Worse than that! I have lost my ambition. 'Got another bunch of returned manuscripts again today with one of those sweet little notes attached, 'Thanking you very kindly for your contribution but at the present we have no use for this type of story,' or something to that effect. I guess I missed my calling. Maybe I never will be able to write."

By this time Ray had perched himself on the porch steps and Madge listened intently to every word of his soliloquy tho she had heard many similar ones before.

"Now, Ray, you know you can write. Doesn't Miss Maynard say you're the best she ever taught? Someday you'll be an American Dickens and you know it."

Ray put a hand into his pocket and brought out a copy of the school's weekly newspaper and turned to the editorial sheet which was headed:

"Ray Parker, Editor-in-Chief," and pointing to a certain editorial remarked, "Well, anyway, have you read this? It sounds a lot like Addison, doesn't it? Mr. Harding says that essay on "A High School Life" is the *very best* he *ever* read."

"Why, of course it is," agreed Madge.

"You know, I believe if I could go to college instead of to work after I graduate I might be able to do something. You know atmosphere has a lot to do with good literature and maybe these things I write sound sort of 'green' to those publishers."

"Ray, you don't mean that you can't write unless you live in a city, do you? Why, lots of our best authors and poets lived in the country."

"Oh, well, you just don't understand. You know I should have more education than I can get here. Wouldn't it be keen if I could study those great French and Italian writers? I suppose Dad will say he can't afford it, that's his strong point. He will never understand that a college education is necessary to modern life. But the only way to succeed is to try him. Well,

guess I'll saunter home now. You're about as good as a Coke on a hot day to give a fellow pep. S'long."

"Good bye, Ray."

That night Ray started to "talk college" to his folks. It had the very effect upon his Dad that Ray had predicted, but after a talk between Mother and Father the latter agreed, "I'll see Ray thru, then."

So in September, Ray left his home, his folks, and his "Pal" to make a success of life at Columbia College.

* * * *

Two years later we see Ray again at his study table, but this time not in Mt. Rose, but in New York City. This time he was not reviewing returned manuscripts, for only one letter had come in the day's mail bag. He opened it and drew forth a letter signed "Mother," which he laid back to be answered at leisure, and a check signed "Raymond Parker, Sr.," which he immediately pocketed. Just then he was startled by a tap at the door. Upon opening it he found a fellow Junior standing there.

"Pardon me, Mister Parker, but this afternoon there is the final game in the tennis tournament between the Freshmen and Sophomores. The whole school is going so I thought I'd ask you, thinking perhaps you didn't know about it."

"Sorry, but I am attending a lecture this afternoon upon the 'Greek Influence on Modern Literature,' and will be unable to attend your game," said the sedate Ray Parker with a sense of finality which caused his fellow-student to withdraw.

Ray had come to college to study the art of writing and he was writing. He had discovered during a lecture in which a professor said, "Be big enough to do the thing that you were meant to do" that he had never been meant to write short stories for a magazine but a real book.

He fully intended to write the *best* "Best Seller" ever written. Modern literature was too light and trivial for Raymond Parker. His book was going to be big,—not limited to time, place, or nationality.

He walked to the window of his room and surveyed the campus. He could see a baseball diamond in the distance where there was evidently a little excitement. Here and there on the gorunds were boys reading or talking. He heard a terrible clatter and a joyous shout when a Ford, a relic of 1910, came into sight. It was painted red and white with black letters of printing on it. "Galloping Gussie," "thriftless and shiftless" and "sliding breaks" were printed on the two sides that Ray could see. He turned from the window in disgust. He was very, very glad that he was above that motley crowd.

He went back to his table and picked up his pen to write. Immediately he forgot the rest of the college. He was living in a world ideal, a world of his dreams, his Utopia. He was perfectly sure that his book would raise the standards of society. He believed much of the discontent in society came from "light" literature. Of course, he could not write if he had anything else to worry about. No one could concentrate on any single purpose if his mind were taken up with worldly problems. He was very glad his Dad was so considerate as to realize this in regard to money.

He was interrupted in his writing by the delivery of the day's mail. He received a letter from Mount Rose, but it was not in his mother's handwriting. After reading a few lines he ejaculated a "ridiculous," but still read to the end where it was signed "Marjory."

With a look of incredulity he threw the letter in his desk. Nevertheless, that afternoon he packed his trunk (his precious manuscript on the bottom) and took the evening train for Mount Rose. He couldn't quite understand the meaning of that letter. "'Dad seriously injured in a train wreck.' Impossible. Dad doesn't ride on trains and he is a firm believer in that 'Stop, Look, and Listen' propaganda,—besides, if it had happened three months ago Mother would have wired me immediately."

When the train pulled into Mount Rose, Madge was on the platform to meet him. Before the train had stopped he was off of it and with a leap he was beside her.

"Madge!"

"Oh, Ray, I'm so glad you came—I've met every train since I mailed that letter."

"But, Dad?"

"Oh, well—he is sick—in fact, always will be—Ray, your father is a cripple—incurable. Your mother would not let us send for you when it happened, because we were perfectly sure that a minor operation would be all that was needed to restore his health, and a jolt like that might mean the destruction of your career. The operation failed, and the finances are getting fearfully low so I sent for you because they need you."

"Dad—a cripple—a useless operation—Oh Madge!"

"Yes, Ray, I know. Your mother will be very surprised to see you, but someone has to keep the place going and I knew you'd come at a moment's notice."

Ray was silent. This was a blow to him, to his ideal; but with the determination of his Dad he said, "I'll see that things are straightened up."

And Ray stuck to his vow. Thru his father's position in the community he got a job as bookkeeper in the bank. How hard it was for him to handle such dismal realities as figures. Trial balances, monthly statements, and reports were real "bugbears," but he had an invalid father and a dependent mother to take care of. He labored early and late, consulted specialists about his father's condition, paid off the mortgage on the home place, and for some unaccountable reason had forgotten his book and was extremely happy.

Then, too, there was Madge. He just couldn't remember how he had got along without her for two years, and she was a veritable ray of sunshine in the lives of an aging couple. He had decided for himself, even tho she didn't know anything about it, that he wasn't going to try to get along without her much longer if his own wish could come true.

One evening as he passed a newstand he noticed that the new copies of Hearst's "Cosmopolitan" were in, and he purchased one. In blazing letters on the cover page was "The Rural Heart, by R. M. Parker." It held his eyes! That was his father's name. He turned to the opening page of the story. It was a serial! Opposite the first page of the story was an account of the author. A small-town man, a cripple, depending upon his son for support. Ray's eyes blinded with tears—his Dad!

When he reached home he rushed to his father who met him with a placid smile and handed him a check, the receipts from an *accepted* story.

"For Heaven's sake, Dad, how *did* you do it?" gasped the author's son.

"Ray, it isn't so wonderful. What do I know more about than a small town and small town people?"

Ray laid his head on his father's knee—"Dad, you have taught me something that I didn't learn from all my studying or all my failures—that true literature comes from knowledge of true life."

The Old Amati

By Virginia Plummer
Honorable Mention, Merwin Cup Contest

There was no doubt in the mind of any member, friend, or even mere acquaintance of the Yardley family but that the old Amati would some day belong to Richard. It had been left by Charles Yardley, when he died, to whichever of his twin sons should learn to play it first. Mr. Yardley had made no will. The simple cottage home and a rather small sum of money were all he had to leave, and of course these went to his widow to raise and educate the boys, who were but ten years old.

No special rules had been set down for the contest. The father, bedridden, had merely asked for his violin and then turning to the twins had said:

"Boys, my violin is all the wealth I have to leave you. If I had had an elder son it should have been his. Though I am the richer for having two elder sons it is impossible to divide my only valuable possession between you. I have finally decided to leave it to whichever one will learn to play that old favorite of mine, "Brahm's Waltz," the one in A♭ major—you know the piece. The first of you to learn it, to really play it, I mean, shall have my instrument for his own. I do earnestly hope that you will love music as I have loved it, just for the pure joy and deep feeling it brings with it—if not as a profession, as a friend."

Richard knew well why the A♭ Waltz had been his father's choice. It was not only one of his favorite melodies, but calls for sweetness of tone and expression, and accuracy of intonation, as well as rhythmical feeling for a just presentation of its beauty.

Gilbert, Richard's twin, and yet so different in voice, manner, and expression, thought merely of the simpleness of the notes. Both boys had already learned to play a bit from their father, who though a music lover, had had but little training.

As for the instrument itself, it was one of those rare old Cremona fiddles made sometime between the years of 1560-95 by Nicolo Amati, of that famous violin making family, the Amatis. The model was distinguished by smallness and flatness of shape, exquisite finish, perfect mathematical proportions, and softness and sweetness of tone. There were amazing stories connected with it, of the fame and genius of its masters, and how it had come into the possession of the Yardley family, where it had been for years. It was a treasure to anyone, but a priceless one to a Yardley.

For a long time no definite measures were taken on either side towards acquiring the violin. The twins grew to be seventeen, mingling their music with other school-boy activities. Everything had been so undefined; there was no certain person to play before, nor any set time to do it. Both boys played, but while Richard would spend evenings engrossed in dreamily playing, oftener by ear or simply gliding over the strings at will, Gilbert, lacking much of the tone and expression of his brother, could play written music exactly, though rather mechanically.

A musician is not just a mechanic. He must be something of an artist also. So everyone, if he thought of it at all, supposed that the violin must naturally go to Richard.

That is, everyone but Gilbert. He did everything better than anyone else, and he knew it. His manner became quite assured, his step, his voice, his air.

Then Lain Clark came to the little town. He cast a strong influence over Gilbert, being older than he and from the city. Mrs. Yardley worried not a little about her boy's association with Clark, his enthusiasm over the wonderful places and experiences he was told of by the city chap. His visit ended by Gilbert's secretly accompanying him on his return and carrying the violin with him. Upon the advise of Clark, Gilbert went to a lawyer. He explained his father's wish to him, and then played "Brahm's Waltz." The lawyer fixed a paper stating that he had passed the test and the violin was his. This document Gilbert sent to his mother, nothing more.

Clark's motive was to induce Gilbert to sell the violin and for the two to start in some kind of small business on the proceeds.

"What d'ya think it'll bring, Kid?" asked the almost too helpful and encouraging Clark.

"I don't know exactly how many dollars. Father always said it was priceless. Ought to be a lot. I've heard of 'em bringing as much as $5,000—but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, nothing." Then after a pause, "Oh, Clark, I can't! No, I can't!"

"Can't what?" Clark looked in a superior way at the boy.

Gilbert was still a Yardley, and he could not part with their treasure. Consequently, Clark dropped him disgustedly in the city, alone.

Too proud to return home, Gilbert found employment as printer's devil. It was hard! Oh, dreadfully so! Yet the world dealt more kindly with him than with many similarly placed. His ability was really great, his assurance aided also. He persevered, and success did follow. Year by year he worked steadily and finally he reached the presidency of the Walton Publishing Company.

It is quite a different Gilbert whom we see heading the Board of Directors of the company at its annual banquet in one of the large hotels of the city.

On the breaking up of this party, when all were in the high spirits of fellowship, one of the other directors, a Mr. Warren, came up to Gilbert and half jokingly said:

"Say, Yardley, would you do an old friend a favor, and maybe enjoy yourself incidentally besides?"

"I'd do you a favor any day, Old Top. As for enjoying myself, I'm out for anything."

"Well, I've a couple of tickets to a benefit concert at the Grand. I'm rather anxious to hear it, but hate to go alone. You used to know something about fiddling, yourself, eh?"

So more in deference to his friend than otherwise, Gilbert accepted.

Entering the concert late as they did, they failed to get programs. Warren remarked:

"Our own company printing hundreds of them and here we are without a single one between us. I don't even remember the name of the violinist, though I've heard a mighty lot about him."

Gilbert's ears were for the music alone. He was silent during the remainder of the program. When the violinist, coming back for an encore, played "Brahm's Waltz" sweetly and sadly, Warren noticed Gilbert's head was bent low and supported by his hand. In the hall was perfect quiet except for the master musician playing the masterpiece of Brahms. Everyone was impressed, but Warren was amazed at the attitude of his business friend.

After the last curtain call, Gilbert rose and excusing himself from Warren made his way quickly to the stage. Advancing to the portege of the evening he spoke:

"My boy, if anyone ever deserved aid it is you. I have something I wish to give to you, not only for your benefit but to lighten a burden on my own heart as well. I have in my possession an Amati violin, a rare old instrument that I should be glad for you to have. It has been in my family many years, but now—now it is not in use. You need it more than I. Where are you staying tonight? I shall be glad to bring it to you tomorrow."

The violinist thanked his benefactor sincerely and graciously. On asking his name he stepped back quite startled at the answer.

Then with fire, "Gilbert Yardley? An old Amati? Yes!"

Then more quietly and meditatively, "But you said to lighten a — you still have it—"

Enthusiastic members from the audience crowded about the young man. The two were forced apart. When the confusion was over and the violinist turned to leave, he saw Gilbert still standing at the back of the stage. Rushing to him he said, "Uncle, my father is waiting for me. You must come home with us tonight. We are now living in the city."

He led Gilbert, too bewildered to speak, from the stage door to a small open car in the street. Its only occupant was sitting at the wheel. Grasping the arm of this man, Gordon placed his hand in that of his companion.

When Gilbert retired somewhat later it was not to sleep, but to ponder on the events of the evening, to realize their significance, and to plan for the future of Gordon Yardley, the pride, the joy, the hope of Richard. Gordon, in whom the genius of father, grandfather, and all those ancestors who had played the old Amati, was inherent and amplified, who, in spite of poverty, had won recognition, and had brought the brothers together again and forever!

Railroads and Real Estate

Taken from life.

By Verneil Partlow
Honorable Mention, Merwin Cup Contest

Sixty years of hard work and immaterialized hopes had left their mark on Jerry's face. No longer did his face flaunt that pleasant gentle look of good will toward all mankind. No longer did his weazened face light with pleasure at the approach of a fellow man. Instead of all this, his face had taken on the aspect of a man, infinitely old, wise in the ways of fickle humanity, but withal disinterested in all matters worldly. His eyes had lost their luster, his shoulders drooped, his tired limbs cried aloud for peace and rest—even oblivion. Every drooping line in his ancient body suggested weariness, and inevitable despair.

For thirty years Jerry had run the elevator in the Warner Building. Every morning, he had risen, dully conscious of the call of duty, and taken his place in the great wire cage that had been more of a home to him than the single miserable bedroom in which he wrung out his night's rest.

Today as Jerry sat in the elevator on the first floor of the building, he saw the door to the hall suddenly fly open, and two gentlemen catapult into the room. These gentlemen seemed greatly dismayed at losing so valuable a thing as their equilibrium, and floundered wildly in a mad endeavor to regain it.

Jerry noticed that one of the men was a stout, florid individual, with scant wind but an abundance of cheerfulness, which was made manifest in a wide, good-natured grin he bestowed on Jerry. The other fellow was small, wizened,

sour-looking, and Jerry instantly knew he could dislike this fellow as much as he liked the florid-faced gentleman.

On recovering their balance, this strangely assorted pair entered the elevator, with about as much amiability as a couple of Barnum's prize wildcats.

"Tenth floor," they explained to Jerry.

Old Jerry pushed the lever and with a monotonous purr the great cage swung upward.

One, two, three floors passed. Up, up, up, they climbed. Eight, nine—crash! A grinding of brakes, a short descent, and with a sigh, the elevator settled back—stalled between the ninth and tenth floors!

The fat man, surprised into a slight pallor, nervously hummed a tune in a vain endeavor to retain his fast-waning courage. His small wizened companion glared at Old Jerry, vividly expressing his opinion of old "codgers" who weren't good for anything, except to occupy a kid's job, and hold up the progress of commerce!

Jerry, not in the least disconcerted by his passenger's apparent opinion, cupped his hands and called down the shaft.

Soon a voice came hurtling up from the murky depths below:

"Hey! You, Jerry! You needn't be afraid. 'Lectricity turned off for a while, that's all. Nothin' to get scared over. The brakes will hold you."

Upon hearing this, both passengers groaned and grabbed their watches.

"In a hurry?" inquired Jerry, complacently pulling an old pipe out of his pocket. "Don't mind if I smoke, do you?"

"In a hurry!" rasped the smaller of the two passengers. "Oh! no! Not at all! At least Jones," he added maliciously to his companion, "You can't beat me to his office. You're stalled as well as I!"

"I'm not worrying," responded the fat man, placidly. "But I hardly think it fair to talk riddles before our friend, the elevator boy, without explaining them. You see," turning to Jerry, "It appears that we shall have quite a little sojourn in this ten by ten box of yours, so we might as well get acquainted. I am Ezeckiel Jones, representing the Standard Chain Company of Columbus, Ohio. And this is my fellow laborer and deadly rival, Mr. Corbett, of Corbett & Hayden Chain Company, the only rival of the Standard Chain Company, in Columbus."

Old Jerry roused himself from his pipe long enough to observe, "Pleased to meet you. My name's Jerry."

"Nice name—Jerry," continued the voluble Mr. Jones. "There was once a man in Columbus by that name. A real poor fellow, so poor that when his parents died, when he was twenty-one, he was left nigh penniless. In fact, my friend, he is the cause of this trip which I am taking for my company and in which Mr. Corbett represents his company. The fact is, we were both on our way to a certain real estate office on the tenth floor of this building, when this—er—accident took place. Whichever one of us who arrived first would have got the deal and made his company."

"I'll beat you yet!" announced the tactful Mr. Corbett. "You just wait and see!"

Old Jerry, mildly curious, demanded to hear more. "I've been in Columbus myself, once or twice," he explained.

Mr. Ezeckiel Jones took a deep breath and a fresh hold on his narrative, then continued:

"In the first place, this Jerry was left with a few odd dollars when his parents died and he was advised to invest it in some worth while land. Being honest himself, he did not doubt the sincerity of the real estate agent who in-

duced him to buy four acres of land in the outskirts of the town. He paid his money, was given a deed, and decided to go out and take a look at his purchase. Imagine his chagrin, on discovering that he had purchased a swamp, a mere drainage spot for the town. Discouraged but cautious, he placed the sale of his land in the hands of Arthur Hammond, well-known real estate agent, with the provision that, should Hammond ever find a buyer, he would have to wait a month for the consent of the owner, before he could sell it. Jerry—Jerry—what was his name, Corbett?''

''You know as well as I!'' snapped Corbett, viciously, ''and I should think you could find a more profitable way in which to waste your time talking to an old codger who doubtless hears about half you say, and understands about half of that.'' After flinging this off his mind, Corbett returned to his corner of the elevator and sat down sullenly.

And Jerry, to his great surprise, discovered that his pipe had gone out. He struck a match and holding it to his pipe, threw his poor weazened features into full relief. It could be seen that his facial muscles were contorting strangely and framing queer frowns on his face—for Jerry was thinking.

The voluble Mr. Jones settled back comfortably in one corner of the elevator and with a blissful sign of contentment, resumed his story.

''I remember his name—Jerry Atwood, that's it. Well, after easing his mind concerning the land he owned, Atwood went away. No one knew where. In fact, no one cared, for Jerry was a quiet fellow, anyway, and made few friends.

''He has been gone about forty years now and during his absence a most miraculous thing has happened. His land or rather his swamp, was in the shape of a triangle, 'flat-iron swamp,' the folks called it. About ten years after Atwood's departure, the Pennsylvania Railroad was built through Ohio; it came directly through Columbus. Strange to say, it ran right along the edge of Atwood's triangular strip of land and framed one side of it. Not long after, the Yokum Valley Railroad was begun. *It* came through Columbus and crossed the Pennsylvania Railroad at one corner of this land, thus framing another side of the swamp. And it was about six years later that the Ohio Central Roalroad was built. It was a miracle, one of those strange unaccountable things that happen but once in a hundred years—for the Ohio Central framed the only remaining side of Atwood's worthless 'flat-iron swamp!' There it was, a worthless swamp, framed in by three important railroads.''

Ezeckiel Jones paused for breath and to let the significance of his story impress itself on Old Jerry. The latter's face twitched, his eyes sparkled—that was all. But Jones knew he had made an impression, so he rubbed his chin reflectively and dove headfirst into the middle of his story.

''By this time,'' explained the fat man, ''the city of Columbus had improved its drainage system and the swamp land, hemmed in on all sides by railroads, was drained. That left a flat lake bottom, excellent for building purposes. My company, the Standard Chain Company, was not slow to realize the value of this strip of land, bordered as it was by three systems of transportation. We decided to build a new factory on it. But here was an obstacle. How were we to find the owner? For three weeks we have been searching far and near for a clue to his whereabouts. At last, as a result of extensive advertising we received word of a real estate agent, situated in this building, who had power to sell this land, that is, with the consent of the owner, on a month's notification. But it seems that Mr. Corbett, representing our most feared rival, also received word, for when I arrived at the door of this building a short time ago, he bumped into me, as I entered. You know the rest. Whichever one of us reaches

the real estate agent's office first will get the land and make his company a fortune. It seems that the agent, himself, has forgotten all about the land, or else lost his record of it.''

Mr. Corbett, who had been listening all this time sneered superciliously.

Jerry said nothing. Recollections were crowding themselves on his poor old memory and he looked at once dejected and hopeful.

There was a patter of footsteps on the stairs which wound around the elevator. Corbett looked out and smiled. For there was a man winding his way slowly up the stairs to the tenth floor.

He cried out exultantly: ''There! Look there, Jones! I'll have you know our company doesn't do things by halves! Do you know who that man is? I do! That fellow is our second representative! I told you we would beat you.''

Ezeckiel Jones groaned. It was hard to be beaten at the last moment. He heard a door slam on the tenth floor. Silence. Corbett's representative was probably already making a deal with the real estate agent.

How hopeless everything now seemed! Even the $50,000 he had intended to offer for the land now seemed so pitifully weak and inadequate. There was only one possible way to get the land, to in some way locate Jerry Atwood, and that within a month.

His reverie was rudely broken by the harsh voice of Mr. Corbett.

''You thought I was crazy, didn't you? I don't take any chances. While you were wasting your time talking to this old codger, my assistant was patiently climbing the stairs so as to be on hand in case I failed. Oh! No! *My* company doesn't do things by halves!''

There was an awkward silence, during which Jones gazed morbidly at the floor and Corbett smiled slyly at his cunning. They seemed to have forgotten Old Jerry who sat quietly in his corner. Suddenly both men were astonished to see Jerry rise slowly to his feet and laugh dryly. A dry rasping laugh it was, hollow in tone, but greatly expressive. It was not a mirthful laugh. Far from it. It was cold, bitter. Jerry straightened up, and tottered over to the two passengers. He spoke slowly and distinctly.

''Gentlemen,'' he said. ''For over thirty years I have run this elevator. For over thirty years I have been little more than a captive slave in this wire cage. I thought I was poor, I knew I was poor, in the eyes of men I have been poor. But now—at last, after these long years of waiting—now! Gentlemen, may I introduce myself? I am Jerry Atwood!''

An Apple a Day

A Comedy in One Act

By Elizabeth Austin, '26

Characters:

Mrs. Alexander Smith (Emily)
Mrs. Samuel Harland (Gertrude)
Alexander Smith, Jr.

Place:

Living room of Smith home.

Time:

Eleven o'clock, Saturday, A.M.

The curtain rises on a cozy living room, with a fireplace at center back, at either side of which is a low bookcase, and above each a small window. Exits at

both right and left, the one at left is apparently the outer door of the house. In the corner at right, making an angle with the bookcase, is a stand and telephone. There are about four chairs arranged comfortably,—a pair of rather large upholstered ones, a colonial rocker, and a straight chair by the 'phone. A victrola stands at left, toward the front. From behind the curtains may be heard a phonograph record which should be recognized by the audience as a reducing record. This is heard for several minutes, accompanied by repeated thumps on the floor. The curtain rises, disclosing *Mrs. Smith* awkwardly going through the motions of the exercise. She is dressed in very full black gym bloomers, and a white middy several sizes too small. Her hair is bobbed but most of the locks are fastened rakishly above her ears. Black tennis slippers and light, chiffon hose complete her costume. She keeps up her exercise for several minutes before a light tap sounds on the door at left, it opens, and a lady enters, dressed in street clothes and with several packages under her arm.

Mrs. Harland: Emily! Well of all—Do you get those often? For pity's sake, I never in my life—Oh, if you could see yourself! (She drops weakly into a chair.)

Mrs. Smith, (whirling about suddenly at the sound of voice) Well, Gertrude, I confess I don't admire your sense of humor. Perhaps I don't look like a Paris model, but—well, for goodness sake, what has brought you here at this time in the morning?

Mrs. Harland: Emily, please shut off that crazy machine. I can't hear what you say. (Emily shuts it off.) I just stopped for a moment, on my way home from town, to ask you about that affair at Sam's club that I've heard rumors about. (She notices the cold expression on her friend's face.) Now, my dear, you know I wasn't making fun of you. Why, that outfit is simply stunning. But really I didn't know that you—Oh, say, has Alec ever seen you that way?

Mrs. Smith: Well, no, he's never home in the mornings and I, er, well, this is the only time I have, you know, and—

Mrs. H., laughing: Why, Em, dearest, I'm sure he'd think you a poor, dear martyr, because it must be very unpleasant to go through all those gyrations. Oh dear! (She wipes tears of laughter from her eyes.)

Mrs. S. (goes to a chair, sits down and tries to collect herself): Gertrude, do throw back your coat. Where are my manners? It's fearfully hot in here and I know you must be almost roasted.

Mrs. H., throwing back her wraps: Oh it's not too hot here, Em. You've been engaged in rather vigorous exercise, you know. But tell me, how long have you been doing that?

Mrs. Smith: Why, to begin with, I've always had the strongest principles on how to keep healthy. I haven't the slightest bit of faith in all these treatments which people take when all they need is a little mental pep and will power. Gertrude, I wouldn't be hired to call a doctor as some folks do for crazy little insignificant things. When Junior looks bad, I just send him out with his wagon or something like that. Of course, he scorns wagons, now, but he gets plenty of exercise, anyhow.

Mrs. Harland: It seems to me I've seen Junior at my house a good deal, lately, Emily, and I couldn't say that he and Louise get exactly worn out by overexertion.

Mrs. Smith: But my dear girl, what can you expect from children in their teens? But then? Oh, yes, why, do you know, if you once get in the habit of saying your "Day by day, in every way" formula, if you exercise every day for an hour, if you—

Mrs. Harland: Do you have to wear those clothes?

Mrs. Smith: Of course, Gertrude, that's more than half of it. They get you into the spirit of it, you see. If you exercise a little each night and morning, if you are careful to count your calories, you never need pills or powders. Just take our family for an example. I'm always well. I never worry about Junior's health, he and his father are never ill, and I pride myself that I keep my so-called "school-girl-complexion" and youthful figure by these exercises and my diet. I never let myself eat any cake or sweets at meals. I believe in the "Apple a Day" motto, you see.

(The telephone rings and Mrs. S. goes across the room to answer it.)

Hello! Yes, Junior. Why, yes, lunch at twelve, of course. No, your father won't be here, but what in the world does it matter—you *what?* An accident? Junior! What do you mean? Are you sure, I mean where are you? Come home this minute! I'm sure I—Hello! Are you there? (Turns to Gertrude) Oh, he's hung up and I don't know what's the matter with him. Oh, what has the child been doing?

Mrs. Harland: Stop looking so upset, Emily. Come back and sit down and tell me what he said. Did I hear you "accident"?

Mrs. Smith (drags herself across the room and sits down heavily): Yes, that's what he said, but it didn't seem to worry him much. He asked several times if Alec were coming home this noon and he *knows* that he hardly ever does come at noon. I can't imagine why he should ask!

Mrs. Harland: Emily! Can't imagine why! Don't you see, he isn't anxious to see his father right at present. I think this begins to look interesting.

Mrs. Smith: Oh, I expect it does look interesting to you. You haven't a son to bring up or any of the worries that I have. All you have to do is tell Louise to be good and do as you do and then you can go shopping in the mornings while I have to stay at home.

Mrs. Harland, laughing: Yes, stay at home and follow a lot of silly directions for reducing! Two or three morning walks to town would do you twice as much good if you only knew it, Emily. But what are you worrying about Junior for? Where have all your health principles gone? And as for bringing up a girl, did you ever try it?

Mrs. Smith, beginning to cry: Oh, I kn-know you're making fun of me. Y-you think I'm in-inconsistent, and it's all a b-big joke to *you*, but can't you see, Junior has had an accident, a t-terrible one, I know, and I'm all alone and no one sympathizes with me and—oh dear!

(Whistling is heard outside, door opens at left, Junior walks in. His left arm is in a sling, but he greets his mother and her friend pleasantly.)

Junior: Hello, Mother! Lunch ready yet? Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Harland? Mother, your garb is most becoming! A new type of dinner frock, eh?

Mrs. Smith: Alexander Smith, Junior! You've broken your arm! Where were you—why didn't you—oh! (She covers her face with her hands a moment, then starts up and rushes to him, grasping his shoulders.) Oh, boy, boy, why didn't you tell me when you phoned? Oh, I'm all to pieces! Who fixed it? Has it been set? Did you go to a—

Junior: Yes, Mother, the deed is done. I have been to a doctor. He fixed me up keen. Gee, it did hurt, though, when he set it, believe me! (This remark for Gertrude's benefit, with thoughts of Louise's admiration in view.)

Mrs. Smith: I know it hurt just awfully. But did you fall? Does your father know about it?

Junior: Heavens, no, Mother. Dad'd raise Cain 'cause I've got to drive him to Greensburough this afternoon. It isn't a bad break. I just fell off a

ladder while I was doing some decorating at school this morning. Nothing to it at all.

Mrs. Smith: Junior, what doctor did you go to? Oh, I'm afraid I'm going to faint!

Mrs. Harland (who has been listening half-amusedly): Come now, Emily, control yourself. Yes, tell us, what doctor had the honor?

Junior: Why, er, Dr. Browne, I guess his name was. He's a good old chap. Knew the family, he said. Used to know you well, Mother,—news to me.

Mrs. Smith: Oh, yes, he's a wonderful physici—that is, I mean I'm very glad you went to him if you had to have one. Oh, I guess I'll call him now. I want to ask him what to do for you, and you know, Gertrude, I've been having the queerest mental sensations. I'm afraid my nerves are going back on me. Perhaps I'd better have him look *me* over.

Junior: Oh, Mother, *don't* call Dr. Browne! He's very busy now and you couldn't get him. You don't have to do anything for me. I have to go back to him, tomorrow. Your nerves are all O.K. Just excitement, you know.

Mrs. Smith: You hush, young man! You've worn me out enough already. Oh, what a family! (She goes to the 'phone and gives a number.) Hello, Dr. Browne's office? May I speak with him, please? Oh, I know it's his office hours, but my dear young woman, I must speak with him personally. Yes, it's very important, almost a matter of life and death! Thank you. Dr. Browne? Mrs. Alexander Smith speaking, of 2114 Woodford Avenue, you know. Doctor, I'm all upset! Junior has just come in with his broken arm. Was it very bad? What? Why, Dr. Browne, please don't try to evade me. You say you don't know anything about it? I'm afraid I don't understand. Well, of course, you ought to know. Thank you. (She hangs up the receiver and whirls to Junior.) Junior, he says you haven't been there at all! Will you kindly explain yourself?

Junior: The dirty crook! Guess I might as well tell you, Mother. I thought it would be fun to take advantage of its being April Fool's Day, (did you forget that, by the way?) and test out your little health principles. I went to Dr. Browne's and he fixed me up the regular way. See, my arm's all right. (He waves it around.) I'm sorry to have worried you so, Mother. I honestly thought you wouldn't mind.

Mrs. Smith, looking at him in astonishment: Alexander, you ought to be spanked! I never was so upset in my life! I know I've lost twenty pounds!

Mrs. Harland, rising and putting on her wraps: Well, dear, isn't this way better than a lot of crazy exercises?

Mrs. Smith: Gertrude! Oh, to think that you'd go to teasing me too! Please don't hurry away, Gertru—though, of course, if you must—

Mrs. Harland: Oh, I just *have* to run. Goodbye, Emily, and Junior.

Mrs. Smith: Goodbye. (Junior mumbles some form of farewell. Mrs. S. calls to her after she has left stage.) Oh, Gertrude, call me up and I'll tell you about that club business. (Goes back to center stage.)

Junior, who has been listening with interest: What was that she said about exercises, Mother?

Mrs. Smith: *Nothing,* Junior. Won't you please leave me alone?—don't bother that victrola!

Junior, (heedless of her commands, examines record): What's this? Well, this is the best ever. Come on, show me how you do it.

Mrs. Smith, running from the room: Junior! I can't stand it. I don't want to ever hear that record again! Shut it off! (Curtain goes down, the victrola still playing, Junior standing in front of it, listening.)

Nothing

Having been told by a very reliable authority that nothing would be better than a brilliant theme, I have accordingly prepared nothing. As I have sat for hours thinking of nothing, I am justified in representing myself as an authority on this subject.

This is a theme worthy of consideration by our greatest American writers and statesmen. Congress and our legislatures have often spent entire sessions talking of nothing and doing nothing.

We often hear of lovers whispering sweet nothings in fair ladies' ears. Perhaps they are saying that nothing is greater than their love.

After a comprehensive survey of this topic we discover that to some people nothing is better than money. Let those of us who are "broke" rejoice because we have nothing.

Of course a man alone in a desert with nothing around him and to whom nothing would be better than food and water would gladly sacrifice himself and give nothing for a good meal.

I recall that when I was in the fifth grade a teacher made the remark that nothing was better than "good, hard, earnest study." However, one day when she asked me what I was doing and I replied "Nothing," she reprimanded me very sharply. Nevertheless, I believe her statement, as my past scholastic record will show.

As I think that nothing could be worse than this theme, and my worthy instructor has asserted that nothing is better than a good theme, this production being better than nothing and nothing being better than nothing and nothing being better than a good theme, this work of art merits A plus at least.

I have heard that nothing is harder than the final examination in the subject which required the writing of this article, so as I love hard things, I do not hesitate to suggest to a sympathetic and obliging teacher that on that occasion she ask us nothing.

Armin's Kite

Henry Smith, '27

The fire in the old rustic fireplace danced to the tune of its own snapping and crackling and put us all in a reminiscent mood. Sampson, the black man of-all-work at our cabin in the north woods had just mentioned that it was hereabouts that an enormous kite with a wingspread of some fourteen feet had been killed some years before, after it had annoyed the neighborhood for quite a while with its thievery.

All during the recital of the episode Old Man Laribee had been stirring uneasily in his easy chair and scarcely waiting for Sampson to conclude his narrative he burst out, "That reminds me of the time back in Snickersburg when Armin Podd made that famous kite of his." And so knowing nothing could stop him, we leaned back and prepared for what might come, and to the best of my ability I have set it forth here.

"Armin Podd had not been christened Armin Podd. If the truth were known, a well-meaning but imaginative mother had christened him Arminius Lucius Snillmore Podd. But as soon as little Arminius had reached the age of five years he had vetoed all but the Armin and the Podd and never allowed the rest to be spoken in front of him. His argument for keeping the Armin and

the Podd was simple. Armin was the best part of a bad bargain and the Podd could not be helped.

Nevertheless Armin had more than a name for a heritage. He also had been given an imagination, unusually vivid. When Armin was twelve the imagination to which the neighborhood had by now grown accustomed had made him the leader of his gang and one of the influential boy leaders in Snickersburg. So when he conceived the idea of making his Kite, all the small boys in the community were willing and ready to help. At that time he was but thirteen and his body having grown as fast as his imagination he was four feet six inches tall and six feet four inches around. The idea of the Kite was suggested by a certain old Amos Kuhr, who was noted for his original fairy tales, and by the reading of Jules Verne's "Trip to the Moon."

The summer vacation had just started and Armin with his two chums, Bill Stormer and Jack Bartell, had gathered their most intimate followers together in the Podd barn and were elucidating the principles upon which the Kite was to be made.

"Yuh see," said Armin, "This Kite is gonna be so big it'll fly and carry a man!"

"Aw, it won't work," came back the chorus from the unenlightened multitude.

But their attitude had changed at the end of Armin's talk and from thenceforth until the Great Day there was no need of further persuasion. Pennies, nickels and a dime or two that otherwise would have been spent on candy were put in the public treasury to finance the undertaking. These contributions to his cause started the town talking so that when Armin went down town to purchase thirty-six square yards of tailor's canvas, the grownups took a real interest in his project. But all that could be seen by the most careful spying was some of the boys carrying mysterious looking bundles into Podd's barn. At their homes the boys could not be persuaded to say a word on the matter.

By the end of June all of Snickersburg was talking of Armin's Kite, as people in small towns will talk of that about which they know nothing. Poor Mrs. Podd was as much in the dark as the rest of the town although Armin had asked her at one time if he could not take out a partition in the barn. As the barn had previously been given him for a workshop she had to consent and the next day the sounds of ripping boards and the screeching of clinched nails being pulled out were heard by people passing the Podd house. And hammering and sawing commenced in the Podd barn. It is recorded in Snickersburg history that a marauder tried to enter the Podd barn one night. Whether it was one of the few boys of Snickersburg not admitted to Armin's secret must be left to conjecture, but what is known is that a large piece from the seat of a pair of blue overalls was saved for posterity by the Podd bulldog! This piece of cloth may be seen at any time in the Snickersburg Historical Room at the Court House.

Another week went by and Armin announced to the people of Snickersburg that the date of the initial exhibition would be in about two weeks. This created great excitement but a greater furor was produced when he purchased two one thousand foot spools of heavy hemp rope at the lumber yard. Armin announced that he would hold the exhibition or trial flight at the Fair Grounds and an admission charge of twenty-five cents would be made.

People waited impatiently for the day, and when it finally came, every seat in the bleachers was sold. At the appointed hour Armin and his troop of helpers drove in through the big gate carrying an enormous box eighteen feet long and four feet wide in an old spring wagon. He announced through a megaphone that he would fly the kite from the roof of the grandstand. Immediately his

helpers unpacked the box and carrying the pieces of the Kite to the roof, started to put it together. The Kite proved to be in the shape of a huge isosceles triangle about eighteen feet from vertex to base. It was made of stout two by four timbers spiked together with a bowed crossbar which was a two by six board bowed by a stout wire cable and a similar cable was tied in front by which to fly the Kite. This framework was covered with the tailor's canvas that he had bought and to this framework was tied a stout hempen rope, and for its tail he had used another piece of the rope with a noose in the end. Many conjectures as to what would be put in the loop were made and some ventured to suggest such things as a sack full of bricks or an iron stove. While three boys held the Kite in place on the roof Armin climbed down the ladder to the spring wagon and spliced the end of the spools of rope which Jack and Bill were handling by means of a windlass to the Kite's cable. Then climbing the ladder, he answered the question as to what would be used in the noose, by tying the loop tightly about himself and signalling the spring wagon to start.

There was a jerk as the horses felt the weight of the Kite and then it swung free from the grandstand. There was a shout from the spectators as the Kite rose slowly over their heads with Armin dangling at the end of the rope. He was the tail! The horses had gone perhaps a dozen paces when above the shouts of the crowd was heard the crack as of a pistol shot, and the Kite hovered a moment and then swooped earthward, Armin well in the lead. The splice had failed to hold! The Kite fell swiftly on account of its weight but the boy hit the ground first and as the Kite struck the ground one of the heavy timbers cracked off and half stunned Armin with a blow on the head. The crowd gasped at this unexpected turn of events. The spring wagon was hurried to the spot and the injured boy was rushed home in it. After hovering between life and death for a while he decided to live but not in Snickersburg. So after he had sufficiently recovered they packed up and moved, leaving no forwarding address."

The old timer stopped speaking and looked around. His whole audience slept excepting me and so out of politeness I asked, "What became of Armin's Kite, Mr. Laribee?"

The old timer looked at me with a quizzical smile that showed his appreciation of my interest and said, "About a week before Armin left, his mother held an auction of the pieces of the wrecked kite and sold enough souvenir bits to pay his doctor bill."

The Johnsonian Dictionary

(Revised to date)

ALMON IVES, '27

FRESHMAN, a vividly aquamarine fauna *gentis homo* common to the corridors of any exalted temple of learning.

LIPSTICK, a brilliant vermillion pigment designated for use as a labial adornment with intent toward homocide ("knocks 'em dead")

PINK BLANK, the remuneration of the pious—and the indemnification of the most accomplished prevarication.

STUDY HALL, a lofty social gathering of zealous bibliomaniacs suffering under the distinct hallucination or anachronism that they are studious.

AN UPPER CLASSMAN, an academician of supereminent rationality.

THE AEGIS, an omnicognizant brochure embracing the superlative of literature.

The Purple Rage

MARY STEVENS, '26

This is the day of the "Purple Pestilence." Purple to the right of us, Purple to the left of us, Purple in front of us, Purple behind us. Everywhere Purple!

Now purple in its milder and less pernicious forms may be regarded as an asset—witness the gentle orchid hue. Also royal purple with its redeeming quality of kingly association—the lilac and the violet. But the peculiar shade which is the present obsession is a hideous combination of the worst qualities of all these, aided and abetted by an alarming quantity which makes it a decided liability.

One does not need to have been "born to the purple" to wear its color. We see the best of our youth and beauty drowned in deepest purple dye, while others not so beautiful and perhaps not so young, go gowned in the more deadly shades. It adorns every show-window, and every woman from slim co-ed to broad-hipped matron bears some mark of the purple scourge. From hats to hose, from Broadway to Main Street this color sounds the dominant note in any gathering. Its policy is to defy nature by proclaiming itself in the wildest and most abandoned manner.

Under Nature's edict purple was reserved for one of the rarest and most elusive flowers, the orchid; for royal robes; and for autumn sunsets, not meant to fling itself blatently into the eyes of man at every turn, but to be regarded as a precious thing and to be sought after.

Of course the thing will pass and we can only hope that it will be soon, but for the present "The purple we have always with us."

An Allegory—On Troubled Seas

FRANCES GARRISON, '26

Morning and Norway: A thousand lights sparkle in the trees, a thousand birds sing. Higher up on the mountain dwells Youth with his parents, in a little thatched cottage. Youth is a good lad apparently contented to live among his mountain people.

On this same morning a large limousine rolls up to the door and a large portly man alights. He is Wealth and with him is Ambition. Wealth tells Youth all about the great ship which sails from Christiania and of the huge cargo which will be brought back from Cairo. Youth is all enthusiasm and the following week, with many farewells for parents and friends, he embarks on the good ship Fortune. The captain is Bully and the sailors are Treacheries. After two days at sea a tempest arises and torn between storm and mutiny the ship puts in at Port Said, that port of missing men.

Time wears on, days with a scorching tropic sun, nights with a yellow Egyptain moon, dark alleyways, evil brown faces, the gleam of a knife, the click of a sword against its scabbard. Youth's meagre savings are spent, his friends have deserted him. Poverty and Want are his constant companions and

Vice tries to ensnare him with her charm. Wealth and Ambition are shadows of the past.

At last after weary weeks with Despair and Longing, Youth finds Remorse and together they set sail on the good ship Opportunity. Youth sees again the sunny skies of his native land. He has profited by Experience.

Week (Weak)-Ends for Themes

MARY STEVENS, '26

It is a generally accepted idea and an apparently unimpeachable one among members of the English teaching profession, that long assignments, especially those which include theme-work should be done with a greater facility and sprightliness of expression during that period, extending from Friday to Monday, commonly known as the week-end, and that in proportion to the time thus allowed the percentage of A+'s resulting should be greatly increased. This collection of ideas is a vastly erroneous conception of the real state of affairs though undoubtedly true of the ideal.

One hears, in English class on Friday, with a good deal of satisfaction the announcement that a theme is due for Monday, picturing the blissfully numerous hours which lie ahead to be spent in pouring out one's heart upon a subject which has long been simmering there. But one has reckoned without Chance, that careless fellow who may turn one's life awry and sadly enough it is true that "the best laid plans o' mice and men go oft astray."

On leaving school in the afternoon, one is inveigled into walking uptown, thereby casting away just two hours which might have seen a theme to its ultimate "finis" had one employed them upon it; for two hours is the least one can expect to spend "window-shopping" before one's companions are successfully turned homeward by the thoughts of those evening engagements which occur with such uncertain certainty on Fridays. Then it is that thoughts just hopefully fluttering theme-ward are again borne to earth by the realization that such things are not without a personal interest to us, since we too are scheduled to "step out." However with the morrow before us full of infinite promise of free hours we sally forth.

But, when next our eyes are opened upon the light of day we receive simultaneously news which turn our way, like that of the wicked, "up-side down." It is the fact that Mother has set her heart upon finishing our new dress before the sun sets upon another day and this can only be accomplished through our cooperation in attending to the various details of housework. When we ask, nay, plead that she postpone the dress she calmly shows us her list of things to be accomplished during the coming week and carefully explains just why none can successfully be interchanged with this. What can one do with a mother like that? Nothing, absolutely. Especially when all the benefits to accrue are ours and mother requires only the assistance of our hands at the helm. So, without further waste of time, we rush through the morning's work answering the 'phone and doorbell countless times, refusing two invitations to while away the afternoon, with the statement that we plan to bury ourselves in our theme "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." But alas, when lunch and its consequent work are safely disposed of, mother calls from the upper regions to inform us that she has run out of thread and that another spool is a positive necessity if we are to have anything at all to wear on the occasion for which the dress is planned. The appalling thought of having to send our regrets holds

us with chill grip for a moment, then we dash madly to match the thread, on our way meeting the two friends of the rejected invitations in whose greeting we guiltily seem to feel a trace of chill. Having run down the thread, rushed home and duly presented it, we settle ourselves with a sigh of relief to our writing.

After some little time during which we fail to find any special inspiration in our subject which is "Law-Breakers" perhaps because of the state of mind which prompts us to become one, we have succeeded in grinding out three paragraphs when the 'phone rings. Mother reaches the instrument before us and we hear her sweetly insisting that her listener "come right out to supper." We kiss our manuscript fondly adieu and descend grumbling vaguely to assist in preparing a repast for the entertainment of our most elderly and voluble aunt. "She comes, she eats, she talks all night" is our unholy thought while we listen unwillingly to her gossip. At eleven-thirty we are called upon to go along when father takes her home and when we return and try to snatch a minute to scribble a few more sentences, we are commanded to come immediately to bed.

Next day having duly attended Sunday School and Church, we are dragged out to dinner and only succeed in getting our family home in exchange for the awful news that company is invited for supper!. This is the last straw and with it our last faint hopes are shattered till only a vestige of them remains, which lies in the forty-two minutes otherwise known as a study-hall period in which we will eventually produce our theme. We go to bed realizing that truly, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these—it might have been."

A Collegiate Car

ISABEL HAERING, '27

In the last few years, our college towns have been invaded by an ultra-modern specimen of automotive engineering. My cousin has one of these "late model" cars. It was born in nineteen hundred fourteen and "has died" many times since. It is an open air special having no top, engine hood or windshield. The body has no longer that "tin you love to touch," but, with the use of various kinds of "war-paint" is, if not repulsive to the eye, exotic.

The upholstering is slightly worn and the protruding springs jab viciously into the occupants of the car. About the doors, only two remain, these being held in place by the use of screen door springs which have not the tension to keep them from flying open and battering against the body, when the car is taking corners. The third door was lost when turning a corner, therefore causes us no trouble. The fenders no longer retain their symmetrical lines, having been mashed and battered in various encounters with their relatives on other cars. They have, however, been wired fairly firm in position. The headlights are of the old magneto type, and, although they furnish very little light for the driver, keep it from being hit by other vehicles. There is no tail-light, but a red lantern hanging from a rope on the left side in the back, answers this purpose very nicely. The gas tank leaks and needs oil, but never gets it. The radiator constantly calls attention to the fact that it needs water. The tires are in fairly good condition, with the exception of a few sand blisters, knots and breaks in the fabric. They all require boots, the four very seldom all being up at the same time.

Much of the squeaking is caused from loose lugs and dried-out spokes. Above all this, however, the car is very gentle and good-natured, and stays where it is put. In fact, on a cold morning, it has to be coaxed quite a bit before it will move. After spending from one-half hour to one hour in pleading and threatening, it will occasionally cough a little, whereupon it must be choked desperately. After a short spell of this, one or two of its lungs get into action. More choking!

After this warming up process, when the engine is pounding and hammering, the driver throws it into reverse. It hesitates, shivers, then, amid the chattering of transmission bands and growling of the differential, it slowly backs from the drive into the street. It then proceeds down the street on three cylinders, whizzing and sputtering amid rattling and clamorous noises of fenders, joints and engine trouble. Thus, with the radiator sending forth clouds of steaming vapor, it fades into the distance, which is seldom very great!

The Rape of the Peaceful Home

(Apologies to Alexander Pope)

ELIZABETH AUSTIN, '26

CANTO I

What ignorance and folly doth create,
Why men their gentle wifies oft do hate,
I sing.—To Muses all these lines are writ;
For art, verse, song,—all have a part in it.
My subject is a box of little size,
But oh, how much within the wee thing lies.
Of shining wood and metal dark 'tis made,
And in the frame the wires and tubes are laid.
Woe to the fool who wires will pull and twist—
'T were better if his wife he had not kissed!
A speaker loud rests on the table, near,
And phones which cleverly adorn the ear.
When skies are clear and frosty is the air,
One listens to a speech or concert rare;
But take a day when rain clouds heavy lie,
The noise that's heard will make one want to die!

CANTO II

At dusk, when Daddy from his work would turn,
The nightly bed time lore he longs to spurn;
But Peter Rabbit comes at close of day
And Baby takes Dad's precious jazz away.
If home he stays till ten o'clock to hear
The stock reports on Monday morn, 'tis clear
The "first-floor" Smiths have put him on the bum—
How very strange, that 'lectric washer's hum!
When day is done, his office hours o'er,
And, lounging in his swivel chair no more,
Home goes the worker, tired of brainy deeds,
With thoughts of how to tend his loved one's needs.
How proud he'll be to show it to his friends,

Of course, for static, needs he no amends!
His wife, no doubt—how strange, of *her* he'd thought,—
Would love to serve them—um, that stuff he'd bought!
A happy evening with his bachelor crowd,
What matter if his wife thought them too loud?
At home, he tells his loving mate his plan
When—what a blow, 'tis too much for a man!
His humble spouse, with tearful eye and cough,
Informs him that his evening's fun is off.
"I'm sorry, dear, but Baby played in there
And broke the speaker. Hope that you don't care."

CANTO III

On Tuesday night he'll surely get some good—
The papers all have told him that he would.
But weather forecasts heeds he not until
He hears the rain-drops on his window sill.
A vig'rous storm with lightning all around,
And even jazz, 'gainst static holds no ground.
But then, next day, let's hope it will be fair.
Alas, no hopes, he gives up in despair—
As dinner guests, they go to Chalmer Brown's;
Against this plan, no good, indeed, his frowns.
The meal consumed, they smoke, the ev'ning's young;
His "rep" of valor with the dials is hung
Upon his host's superb and costly set—
He swears that London he can quickly get!
But ho, what hard, ill fate, for soon he found
That past New York he could not get a sound.
At that, he lost his kind and friendly mood,
For language used, his friend could him have sued.
His wife, in tears, soon led the lion home
Resolving never more with him to roam.
"But what care I" says he, "if wife is sore?
If she deserts, can man not find some more?"
Aye, right he is, and find another must;
To wives like she, old Reno's always just!

The True Student

MAURINE CHAPMAN, '26

Student is a general term applied to members of the sexes who attend high school and college. However this nomenclature can be given a more specific application.

A scholar is a learned person, in other words, one who studies diligently, who recites well in class and is entirely uninterested in school activities or sports and who, if he conforms to the type, wears shell-rimmed glasses. This individual is not commonly seen about the school but a class is not complete without one. It is not advisable to attempt the becoming of a scholar. If one is naturally such, fulfill the duty of being the class scholar but otherwise do not attempt it.

Another type seen about that site of knowledge is the sluggard. This chip of flesh and blood is far too common for the mental ease of that branch of the

institution, called teachers. This drone is the person who attends school irregularly and has no interest in studies or work of any kind. He is out for a good time and takes at least five or six years in which to complete a four year course.

There is a medium between the sluggard and the scholar to which no suitable term has been applied. This intermediate student is one who does fairly poor work and is quite a "bear" in the "Flapper" or "Sheik" world depending on his or her sex.

Now we come to the other type which we have called "The True Student." The requirements of a true student are more than a few and not the least of these is friendliness. Never to grump or be ill-natured to an acquaintance, and be a cheerful companion to anyone you meet. Personality must be cultivated, for personal charm has great influence in the making and keeping of friends also in the success of an undertaking. Power in conversation is an important factor and one that many do not possess. Activity in clubs, offices and positions on committees helps this characteristic. All lessons must be well prepared and it is advised that one converse with the teachers on small matters of interest. This aids in interesting the instructor in the ambitious student. It is an honor to have a teacher call one by name in the hall or on the street. It is also required that all the football, basketball and baseball games be attended. But since a silent spectator is of no value it is necessary to root for the home team with all the vim one has.

All these things are not hard to do once the habit is started. There are many other qualities that the true student ought to possess but those come naturally when the above mentioned ones are acquired. Merely study the assignments, have plenty of ready answers, be a good mixer and one is a true student.

The Night Watch

Muriel Freeman, '27

It was a few minutes before seven, when Carolyn Berkley walked quickly down the straight, narrow street, to the city hospital, where she would take up her duties for the night. The roar of the marching feet of the pedestrians was as though muted by the still evening air. The streets lay as though musing between the setting of the sun and the rising of the theater curtain. The drivers of the taxi cabs looked inquiringly, impersonally, at all who looked their way. Carolyn stood at the foot of the hospital steps and watched the hurrying crowd. Very few glanced at the great building filled with suffering.

Carolyn loved her training, even the night work, which was so hard. But on night duty she didn't see him, at all, or only from a distance, and that was dreadful. She had heard of him the very first day and it is perfectly certain that during her entire probation period, he never saw her at all. Carolyn used to listen to him coming down the hall. Thud, thud, he came walking with that peculiar authority which belongs to the staff alone. And thud, thud, went Carolyn's heart. One always heard him for he slammed things. The nurses in the operating room would burst into a frenzy and in the surgical wards, little probationers would run around and straighten things. He took everything for granted, and everyone simply roared at his feeblest jokes. His was name Morgan, and he was a surgeon. According to the school, he was a great surgeon.

"It is a treat to watch him," someone told her, "But it's dangerous, too."

"Why?" asked Carolyn.

The girl sighed and said, "He has a terrible temper and if anything goes wrong, he is a perfect beast to work for. He even throws things."

But Carolyn was not thinking of these things as she slipped around in her rubber-soled shoes, filling hot water bottles and putting on hot mustard plasters. The work was hard and she did not have time to dream.

After she had been on night duty awhile she began to think that life was sort of moon-flower, which only shows his heart in the darkness. It was at night that babies were born, and people died. It was at night that tragedy won out and emergencies came in.

She began to know the rumble of the ambulance as it came up the street. The elevator sometimes passed her floor and moved quietly toward the operating room, with its police and internes grouped around some quiet figure on a stretcher.

The operating room lights flashed on, operating room nurses appeared, as though by magic, steam hissed through sterilizers, gleaming instruments were ready at hand, sterilized dressings and utensils, always in readiness, were laid out on the tables and covered with sterile sheets. The anaesthetist had put the patient safely asleep and four hands worked as though directed by one brain. It reminded one of a two-piano duet,—sureness, gentleness, speed, coordination.

The operating room was again dark, everything was in order. There might be another emergency before morning, but the hospital was always ready, day and night, week after week, month after month, and year after year.

One night they brought in a young bride who had been shot by her husband. It was terrible. Her shrill screaming could be heard all over the hospital. It frightened the young mothers and two little girls in the children's ward. The whole house seemed awake, and half of the town was there asking questions, sending telegrams and long-distance telephone calls. The local phone rang continuously. It seemed as if the whole police force were there also. Things did not quiet down until almost three o'clock, but Carolyn hurried from one patient to another giving medicine, filling ice packs, applying hot dressings, and little Bobby called for a drink every fifteen minutes, until finally he, too, dropped off to sleep.

The morning sun came pouring in the windows as Carolyn slowly made her way down the corridor. A man came stalking around the corner and nearly walked over her. It was Dr. Morgan. And this time he noticed her. Perhaps it was because she was terribly thin and rather wan, but she was really very lovely. Her hair shone like black silver, and it waved like music,—and even a surgeon cannot successfully fight the microbe of affection.

"I beg your pardon," Carolyn said as she backed away from him.

But he didn't say a word, just kept his eyes on her.

"Heavens!" thought Carolyn as she almost ran the corridor, "What a sneer."

The very good surgeon was unusually quiet that morning and when he found his bottle of glove powder empty, he didn't throw it on the floor, as the nurses expected, and they all thought he was going to be sick—(?).

About half way through the morning he happened to think that Carolyn Berkley (although he didn't know her name) had thought he was sneering at her and immediately began slamming doors, and yelling for patients that were not ready on scheduled time. No one likes to be thought sneering, when he is, for a change, thinking.

And because Carolyn hated herself for being such a fool about him, and because the hospital made such a god of him, and because he was so good-looking, she did not sleep very well that day.

It was a few nights later that it happened. Everything seemed to come at once. There had been a big train accident that day, and Carolyn unconsciously groaned as she lay on her little narrow bed and heard ambulance, police patrol, and service car drive into the arch over the receiving room.

To start the night right, just as Doctor Morgan was about to operate, the lights went out over the entire hospital. They were only out three minutes, but it started him on the war path, and he raved until the operation was finished.

Downstairs Carolyn was also having troubles. One of the accident victims was out of bed and walking the halls, talking at the top of his voice. An interne got him into bed in a few minutes, but he talked more in those few minutes than any other person with the same chest expansion in the country. It was impossible to keep him in bed so they locked the door with the interne with him.

In the next room was Carolyn ministering to an old man. He was a Southern gentleman, and as he fought hard for his breath, he talked of his old home. He was fighting a losing battle. The doctor had said he would not last long—exposure, and then pneumonia. When he closed his eyes in the last long sleep, Carolyn's eyes filled with tears.

But her work there was done and she hurried to a little boy of the accident.

His cries could be heard all over the wing, and as Carolyn came down the corridor the different noises sounded like a zoo and a madhouse. But Grandma Burr and Uncle John, old cronies, were snoring and sleeping right through. One man, a farmer, was driving his hogs in his delirium. Another woman was pleading with an unseen man to lock her son up as he was going to burn down the courthouse because he was smoking a cigar.

Carolyn hurried from one mental patient to another, rubbing sore and aching backs, giving medicines and irrigations, and calming a frightened child.

Then for ten minutes not a sound was heard. No one groaned with pain, and there was that still hush just before something is bound to happen.

A small red light flashed above Carolyn's desk, a call for help in the nursery. It was but a few minutes before a younger nurse came to relieve her and she almost ran down the hall.

The infants isolation room, held but one tiny occupant, a baby boy, a few weeks old.

The light was dimmed and the only sound was the labored breathing of the little sufferer, the gasping of a life so short. An anxious faced nurse in white was bending over the baby, never taking her eyes from it.

It was easy to see that the baby was breathing its last few gasps. They were instantly keyed into action and during the next few minutes the quick sure-handed nurses became like perfect running machinery. The oxygen tank was started, gurgling forth its life-giving fumes. A hypodermic was relentlessly forced into the tiny thigh.

No look of sympathy could be seen on the stern features of the nurses, no thought of the suffering mother and father in a near-by room, but their hearts were hurting with the tragedy; all these feelings must be expressed later; just now all the force of their being, every desperate effort must be bent toward saving the little body.

"Has the baby been baptized?" came almost harshly from one of the nurses.

"No," was the reply, "Go quickly." The other obeyed and almost at once returned with a basin of water. The basin was an ugly thing, usually used

for ordinary purposes. However, on the moment, it had been transformed into a holy vessel containing holy water.

The oxygen tank still bubbled and the blue-grayness continued to settle over the tiny features.

The nurse dipped her fingers into the water and sprinkled the little face,—the breath was almost gone—and unrestrained tears fell from the eyes of each as the whispered words broke the stillness, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

As Carolyn slowly closed the nursery door, a shrill scream was heard through the hospital, and she ran to aid the interne. It was the man in fifty-two again. His hands were cold and clammy, his pupils dilated, and he thought he was sending communication by turning the handles of the water cooler. He thought water was running through the ceiling, he was impulsive and violent, and on the border of collapse with struggling. From time to time he had a half conscious appreciation of the surroundings and the absurdity of morbid concepts and was momentarily diverted, only to become lost again in fantastic thoughts. He picked at the bedding and saw rats, creeping, crawling things. He was by turns incoherent, dazed, frenzied, and completely disoriented.

Far down the corridor a faint weeping could be heard. It was little Bobby. He had probably had a bad dream, Carolyn thought, as she went to quiet him.

As Carolyn opened the door she saw Bobby on the floor, and Doctor Morgan by his side.

"Oh, Doctor, what has happened? Is he all right?" cried Carolyn, as she helped put the little boy in bed.

"The man in fifty-two must have frightened him, I guess," replied the doctor, "I was just passing by on my way home."

He was carefully and gently tucking the covers around the little patient saying, "You had better stay with him for a little while, Miss Berkley, till he gets quiet again."

"Yes, Doctor."

Doctor Morgan watched her straighten the room, then said, "You have been very wonderful tonight, Miss Berkley."

Carolyn didn't answer; there was nothing to say. She just tossed her head, and the dancing curls on each cheek trembled like voiceless bells. Bobby's sobbing had ceased, but still the Doctor stayed.

Softly, caressingly, the light of day kissed the sky into blushing loveliness. The world was a sparkle with dew, and the mists of night were being torn by the sun. She went to the window and raised the blind.

"It's a wonderful life," she said, and her face flushed with the rose of early dawn.

A golden shaft of light fell through the glass of the window across the tiny bed and showed a pale little boy sound asleep....

"Something nice must have happened to Carolyn," said the night nurse from B ward, as Carolyn came into the dining room. "She looks as if she is dreaming of Heaven."

"I am," replied Carolyn, "I just came from there."

Trouble With a Motor Car

NATHANIEL WINSLOW, '30

It was eight o'clock on the morning of the first day of April. This has nothing to do with my story but it is a fact. My friend and I were out for a

ride in my hobby, that is, my Ford. You see, everyone has his hobby and mine is a Ford.

We swung into Main Street. I smiled approvingly at the ready response to the accelerator. My friend looked disgusted. Very unreasonable, that fellow! I remember that one day, when I had lectured for an hour on my hobby, he told me sympathetically that I was "perfectly disgusting."

"Well,—", I began.

Just then a truck whizzed by and left me with only three fenders. Then, just out of my love for perfect symmetry, I skidded around the corner and left another on a telephone pole. I looked at my friend. He was struggling for two things,—his composure and his position on the seat.

"Um—er—you know how to handle this thing, don't you?" he asked.

"O, yes, indeed," I responded grandly.

At this moment the car gave a cough of despair, wheezed painfully, and came to a grinding standstill. I was frightened. My friend saw an opening for his disgusting sarcasm.

"What now?" he inquired sympathetically.

"Have to see," I answered, jumping out confidently although I was desperate with my true ignorance of the puzzling insides of a Ford.

I crawled underneath, kicked a couple of parts, reentered the car and drove on.

"What a skillful mechanic!" my friend said ironically.

"Nothing much," was my flattered response.

As if in answer to my thrasonical remark, the car gave a final gasp and stopped.

"What is it this time?" My companion smiled his approval.

"Must have lost a sparkplug or something," I responded in despair.

For an hour I tinkered with that Ford and still the stubborn animal refused to move. My amused companion offered cruelly sarcastic suggestions all the while and my spirits fell as his rose. I finally sat down—defeated.

"Now do you want me to fix it?" inquired my friend in silvery tones that made me hate that metal from the mine to the silver ring on my finger.

"How?" I gasped, astonished at his apparent wisdom.

"By using a different plug," was the answer.

I stared, utterly dazed by his composure. Before I recovered he had left, telling me that he was going to procure the plug. In ten minutes he returned straddling a shaggy, rather rickety farm horse.

"Did the plug's weight necessitate a horse?" I inquired.

He laughed, confident in the potentiality he straddled. Then, as he hitched the horse to the frame of my Ford, a great light dawned upon me.

We departed, the old "plug" doing meritorious labor in conjunction with the frame, and I rich in the knowledge that there are plugs other than sparkplugs that will make a Ford run.

The Angel of the Alley

ELINOR FORSYTH, '27

Many strange tales have been told of the Ghetto, but none so strange as the untold story of Danny—the "Angel of the Alley."

Danny and his twin sister, Rosemary, were young, eighteen to be exact, small-boned and slender with yellow curly hair and big blue eyes. Rosemary was considered beautiful, Danny merely effeminate. Their home was "three

flights up'' in a ram-shackle, weather-beaten tenement house. It was presided over by Granny, a querulous, old woman, whose dark hair straggled untidily about her withered cheeks and whose dim eyes flashed belligerently, if anyone dared criticize Rosemary.

When the twins were younger, Rosemary had played with the innumerable little Greeks and Italians of the neighborhood, while Danny had remained rather aloof and uninterested. Indeed, Rosemary had been the pivot about which their childish amusements had revolved. When they had played ''Indian,'' she was Chief Heap-Big-Much, and when they had played ''Robber,'' she was invariably the most reckless desperado. Then Tony had moved into the neighborhood, and one day Rosemary had discovered that she was on the outside, instead of the inside, of the little circle.

''You dirty little Wop,'' she had screamed as she flew at Tony, much as an angry kitten flies at a clucking hen.

Tony, evidently a firm believer in equal rights for women and also in the fact that actions speak louder than words, had suddenly lost interest in his game of marbles, and had proceeded, silently but thoroughly, to slap Rosemary's face. It was then that Danny had interfered and when the fight was over, Tony had been nursing a black eye and a bleeding nose. Danny had been comforting Rosemary.

After that Rosemary had never played with the neighborhood children. Instead she had sat on the steps of the tenement house and brooded, and complained constantly. The fight had made a difference in Danny, too. He had assumed a protective attitude toward Rosemary and had seemed to feel that, ungrateful as she might be, he must see that nothing harmed her. Both on account of this and on account of his appearance, he had been nicknamed ''The Angel of the Alley.'' Nevertheless, Rosemary was Granny's favorite.

When they were sixteen, Rosemary and Danny had quit school and joined the great hoard of untrained wage-earners; Danny as a shoe-clerk, Rosemary as a waitress. And still the twins were different. Rosemary's salary was spent for perfume and silk stockings, Danny's for rent, food and medicine for Granny. Granny was almost blind, now, and crippled with rheumatism. Her only joy in life was Rosemary. She almost worshipped her pretty granddaughter, and wished to spend all her evenings with Rosemary beside her. For a while Rosemary did not mind this, but as she became more and more fascinated by the gay life of the night clubs, she seemed unable to resist their magic. Danny would take her place by the bed and often Granny knew no difference. If she did notice the change, Danny would explain that Rose had to work that night. Then when Granny went to sleep, he would slip away and go from cabaret to cabaret until he found Rosemary.

At first she would ignore him and give him no chance to speak to her. But Danny was patient and finally his opportunity would come.

''Aw, Rose,'' he would plead, ''C'mon home. Granny's alone an' besides I have to work tomorrow.''

''G'wan home yourself,'' Rosemary would reply angrily, ''Ya know the way, don't you? An' who left Granny alone, anyhow?''

But Danny always waited, and while he waited he danced, not as others danced, but with a certain unconscious grace that drew all eyes.

The Alley had become accustomed to Rosemary's ideas of fashion, but, when she appeared with a boy bob, it was startled out of its usual tranquility. Danny was even more astounded.

''Say, sis,'' he gasped, ''is that you, or am I seein' double?''

"It's me all right," laughed Rosemary. "Ain't this a darb of a hair cut? Why, what's wrong Danny? You look so—sorta—funny."

"Nothin's wrong, Rose," he answered. "Only, with that hair cut, you looked so much like me, I thought I must be seein' double."

Rosemary grabbed him by the arm and pulled him toward a mirror. "Gee," she exclaimed, "wouldn't that croak you? Why, if you had a dress on, nobody could tell us apart."

Danny laughed. "It *is* funny. Who'd a——'

"Dan," interrupted Rosemary. "I got an idea!"

"Treat it kindly, kid, it's in a strange place."

"Aw, Dan. Can't you listen to me a minute?" asked Rosemary. "There's a masquerade at the "Orchid Oriole" tonight. I was goin' as an Egyptian, but this will be lots better. We'll just exchange clothes an' you can pin this hair around your head. Nobody will ever guess what we did. Won't that be keen?"

"It ain't a bad idea at that," agreed Dan. Let's try it. I'll go first an' then, when Granny goes to sleep, you can come. How's that?"

That night a golden-haired, blue eyed young woman was the "belle of the ball." The other dancers forgot the moaning saxophones and the twinkling lights, and turned to watch her do the "Charleston." Finally, when the orchestra refused to play another encore, and the dancers were reluctantly preparing to leave, the manager touched this young woman on the shoulder, and asked if he might speak with her a minute.

After that the "Orchid Oriole" boasted of a special nightly feature—the Charleston danced by Miss Diana Dennis. The whole Alley flocked to see the new attraction and Rosemary was the only one who ever knew that, before Danny slipped away from home, he donned a ruffled dress and became Miss Diana Dennis.

The other night clubs heard of this dancing marvel and Danny was deluged with offers to appear in the finest hotels in the city. So, by day, Danny was a humble shoe clerk and by night, Miss Diana Dennis, the most famous dancer in the city.

Rosemary was jealous, very jealous of her brother's good fortune. She felt that she had started him on the road to success, and so should share in his profits. One night as Danny was returning home, she met him in the hall.

"Danny," she demanded. "What do you do with all the kale you make? I showed you how to get it an' I think you ought to give me some. I'm flat broke and I gotta have some clothes."

"Why, Rose," said Danny. "I didn't know you felt like this. You know that all the extra dough I get goes for doctors for Granny."

"Oh, sure. I knew you'd say that," replied Rosemary sarcastically. "Of course, it goes for Granny. You're such a little 'Angel of the Alley.' "

"Aw, sis, c'mon out of it. What's the use of bringin' in that stuff about me bein' an angel? It's only fair to help Granny now, after the way she took care of us when we was kids."

"You can't feed me that bunk," retorted Rosemary. "What I want to know is—Do I get the cash?"

"I'm sorry, Rose," replied Dan, "but I haven't any extra. I'll give you some next week, tho."

"Next week, my eye. I'll get it before then. I'll show you!"

The next night Danny left the night club early and hurried home to make peace with Rose. As he turned the last corner he saw a flying figure rush up the steps of their home. "That was Rosemary," he thought, "what was she in such a hurry about? Guess I'd better go see." He ran up the stairs only to find the door locked at the top. "Rose," he called softly, "let me in. It's me, Dan."

The door flew open and Rose pulled him inside and then hurriedly locked the door again. "Oh, Danny," she sobbed, "I've done it now! And I didn't mean to. Oh, I didn't mean to! She told me it wasn't loaded! They're after me, Danny. Oh, don't let 'em get me."

"Rose," exclaimed Dan. "What have you done? Tell me, Rose. You *must* tell me!"

"I shot him."

"Shot who?" demanded Dan. "Who did you shoot, Rose?"

"The storekeeper. I dunno his name. I told him to stick 'em up or I'd shoot and that I just wanted a fur coat. He stuck 'em up and then I got scared an' pulled the trigger. When he fell, I dropped the coat and the gun and ran. And the police are after me now. Oh, don't let 'em get me!"

"Where did you get the gun?" implored Dan. "Tell me, Rose."

"Eve Sanders gave it to me," wailed Rose. "She said it wasn't loaded. She got a coat that way an'——"

Heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs.

"Here they come, Danny," she whispered. "Oh, what will I do?"

"Here," he ordered, "give me your coat and hat. Thank God, I'm still dressed as a girl! I'll let 'em take me."

"No, no, Danny, you mustn't."

"Rose, I must. Granny would die if you were gone."

"Open in the name of the law!" came a deep voice, just outside the door.

"Quick," whispered Danny. "Go to your room and don't you *dare* come out."

Rose obeyed. She was too frightened to do otherwise.

Danny squared his shoulders.

"She's just a kid," he muttered. "I have to do it."

Then he opened the door.

The Poet's Corner

14TH CENTURY ENGLISH

(A tribute to our Principal)

A Duke there was and that a worthy man.
That from the tyme he first began
To lead the scole,[1] he loved philanthropy,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.[2]
Ful brode he was and short, with shoulders wyde,
His voys[3] unique he wel employed the scole to guide.
No berd[4] hadde he for sev'ral[5] years I gesse:
No lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse,
And certainly he was a guid fellow.

1. school
2. courtesy
3. voice
4. beard
5. several

DOROTHY BENSON, '26.

OUR HALF-BACKS

(After the manner of the ballad)

The coach sits in Bloomington towne
Thinking the thoughts of woe
O whar will I get two guid half-backs
To win this game from our foe.

Up and spak an eldern player
Sat at the Coach's richt hand
Tom and Hap are the best half-backs
That walk upon the land.

Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men all
Our enemy soon we meet,
O sae na sae my coacher dier
For I fier a sad defeat.

Haf owre, haf owre the time to play
Some said they're guid as beat
Ah, they had forgotten our two half-backs
Who never knew retreat.

O, lang, lang did the bleachers ring
With the cheers of our heros twaine
For they were the wonderful half-back men
By a touchdown won the game.

DENA MCMACKIN, '26.

MR. PEARCE

He has grey hair
And a kindly face.
In his blue eyes
There is infinite patience
Mingled with deep knowledge
And understanding.

MARJORIE HENDERSON, '26.

THE STADIUM

A Sonnet

A slope of brilliant colors tier on tier—
The Stadium—a circle jewel—set
Gleaming and glowing through the misty wet
Of fog unfolding day, serene and clear.

The blue of crystal lakes, and pulsing reds
That merged and deepened into amethyst,
Warm yellow of chrysanthemums, sun-kissed,
And glinting shafts of gold across bared heads.

But not alone to sight is the appeal:
A constant, ceaseless murmur in one round
Of joy that mounts, and mounting sets its seal
On all in whom the light of joy is found;
One chord of love in all our hearts we feel,
One vast crescendo of exulting sound!

MARY STEVENS, '26.

TO MY VIOLIN

When dreary, bleak and dull has been the day,
And dusk comes on to crown the loneliness;
When in my heart as well I feel the grey
Of yearning soul for far-off happiness,
Still have I a friend of tested faithfulness
To whom I may for peace and quiet turn,
My hope and faith renew, and restfulness
Of mind and soul attain. Tho no concern
Is shown; by those of flesh and blood I'm spurned;
Yet to my every temperament and mood
This friend responds, who is not highly born,
But fashioned in a humble workshop, crude
Its form, and made of wood. Yet of all friends
Most true, of all sympathy it lends.

VIRGINIA PLUMMER, '26.

TO THE MIGHTY UPPER CLASSMEN

Ah! Great upper classmen dwelling on high,
You know not of Freshies trembling and shy?
Who about the halls so wide,
In search of a nook in which to hide
From sneering taunts and wild shrieks of glee,
When freshmen blunders you lordly rulers see.
We're truly martyrs as Bunyan of old,
Striving to be like you, so haughty and so cold,
But what know we of numbered doors
And fearsome teachers who think us bores?
So there we go all night and day,
And blunder right whene'er we may.
Please don't view us with critical eye
But pass our imperfections by.
Why make us poor freshies the object of pranks,
Just look for the green ones among your own ranks.

ALICE MCCARTY, '29.

DREAMS AND FANCIES

There are dreams and there are fancies
Brighter than the summer sky;
Dreams that brightly paint the future
For our eager longing eye.

There are fancies fair and lovely
As the rainbow's richest hue,
But we find they're only fancies,
For we never prove them true.

There are golden hopes and prospects,
But they're only the ideal,
And with all our eager searchings
We may never find the real.

LORIN E. WARLOW, '26.

RAINBOW

Oh bitter blinding pain that came to me,
Darkness—black, I could see

Naught but a soul that longed in vain,
For some star-slope it could not gain.
For hours from a seared soul
Hot scalding tears in torrents rolled.
But since the storm, ah splendid sight—
A flashing rainbow—and the light!

RUTH CHRISTOPHER, '26.

HELLO

There is a little word with a lot of pep behind it!
You see a friend—smile—and make a point to use it—
Hello!
Just the thing to start the day out right!
Clasp your Pal's hand and shout with all your might—
Hello!
When you come across a stranger you have met somewhere
Say, instead of giving him the glassy stare—
Hello!
There is no other word that has a meaning
Like it, when you want to greet a fellow being—
Hello!
A word that shows your heart's in the right place;
Making the cloud go from the other fellow's face—
Hello!
It will do wonders for you too, if you make a point to say,
With real friendship backing it, many times a day—
Hello!

RUTH GATES, '27.

MOON-MADNESS

A garden,
Flooded with Moonlight
Was meant for dreaming—

There on that marble bench
An ancient beau and his lady
Are saying Goodbye.
The snow of their wigs
Is unreal
Their faces are pale
In the Moonlight.
The jeweled hilt of his sword
Flashes fire
Through the deep lace on his sleeves.
Unheeded, a tear
Drops on the heavy brocade
Of her gown.
On her white, rounded arm
Glistens a bracelet of diamonds,
Twinkling, alive.
In her hand is a rose, crushed,
Petals scattered
On the white gravel.
She shivers a little
My Lord holds her closer—
Crushes brocade against velvet.
The air is heavy with fragrance
I am overwhelmed—
Close my eyes
For a moment—
I start, for I am alone
With only the murmuring fountain
And the tall poplars and straight hollyhocks
Against the wall,
And my dreams
In the Moonlight.

A garden
Flooded with Moonlight
Was meant for dreaming.

MARJORIE HENDERSON, '26.

Published in The Magazine World, March, 1926.

PRISM LIGHTS

Oh, what dazzling splendor is there;
'Tis purely God's own artistic beauty,
Unmarred by man's inferior touch,
Shining to us mortals
Through the crystal glass of prisms.
The verdure of meadows in spring-time,
The gold of sun and ore,
The blue of summer skies,
The red of hollyberries,
Soft lavender of lilacs,
Pale yellow of the rose,
And then a flash of cardinal's wing,
Of jade, of heliotrope.

All the shades, and hues, and colors
That brighten up the earth
Are concentrated there,
In that little pyramid.
And the most wonderful, most marvelous part,
It seems to me is this—
That all this glory, loveliness, and charm
Is really there always,
But it takes a bit of sunshine
To reveal it to our sight.
Now don't you think
It's just as true
Of all that lies around us?
There is beauty, truth, and wonder,
But we have unseeing eyes.

VIRGINIA PLUMMER, '26.

A-WANDERING

I strolled beside the deep, blue sea,
I watched the billows roll,
And as I pondered musingly,
There crept into my soul
A vast respect, nay, more, a love
For Him who watches from above.

Again, upon the mountain side,
Where all is still and grand,
Where Life and Love and Death abide,
I felt a holy hand;
A hand so gentle, yet so firm,
I knew that God to me had turned.

A-wandering, a-wandering,
What place? I know not where—
'Twill satisfy my longing
To know that God is there.
It may be on the land or sea,
But I care not, for he's with me;
And He who made both earth and sky,
Is watching from His home on high.

VERNEIL PARTLOW, '28.

A PLEA TO SPAIN

O Spain of light and laughter, with your shadows and your sun.
With the mem'ry of your conquests, of the glory you have won,
When long ago you ruled the world, and under your stern sway
The whole earth had to kneel to you and all the world was gay;
O dreamy land of romance, whose bright canopy of blue
Reflects in sea and inland lake, painting them a sapphire hue;
With small adobe houses white which glimmer in the sun,
With narrow, winding, sunny streets, with a legend every one,—
With your bellas senoritas whose dark sparkling eyes and fan
Have been busy making conquests ever since the world began,—
A silken scarf, a cigaret, a whirl of Spanish lace,
A flash of red, a matador, a dark bewitching face—
With tamborines and castanets and click of gilded heel
And chivalrous toreadors,—the spirit of old Castile—
In the glamour of a glorious past you live, and may you hold
The spirit of Don Quixote in your hearts, and not enfold
The modern spirit of progress; that always may remain
The glamour and chivalry and romance of sunny Spain.

CATHERINE HOOBLER, '26.

MUSIC

O, Music is a star dust,
A silv'ry, misty star dust,
Which sprinkled gently on the breeze
Plays fitfully the soul's heart keys.

O, Music is a magic sand,
A dear, most truly precious sand,
Which, sifted down, shuts infants' eyes,
Makes silence of their lusty cries.

A blare of bugles, music true,
Upholds the red, the white, the blue,—
When man hears his country's cry,
He bows him down, prepared to die.

O, Music woos the pretty maid,
To whom, the youth his tribute paid.
'Tis music in her silv'ry voice
Which made her lady of his choice.

O, Music charms us, one and all,
It softens duty's sternest call,
And adds a blessing to this life
By light'ning much its cares and strife.

VELMA ZIRKLE, '27.

A HIGH SCHOOL SONG

Tune Princeton Song

B. H. S. is always loyal
To the violet's bright hue,
We will wave our colors royal
To the purple we'll be true.
We will raise the triumph high, boys,
Over orange, red and green,
We'll show to all beholders
That the Purple is the Queen.

Put our High School to the front, then,
With your colors good and true
Pay to your team the homage,
Which to royalty is due
And when rivals strive to pass us
Either orange, red or green
We'll uphold the High School colors,
We will prove the Purple Queen.

CHORDS

The trembling, wide-eyed wonder of a ruddy, healthy boy,
As a stalwart man explains to him, the marvel of a toy,
A long-expected letter filling worried heart with joy—
Elation!

A mother's tender love for tiny hands and pattering feet,
For prattling, hearty voices and childish laughter sweet,
The dreamy love of girlhood for the youth she hopes to meet—
Adoration!

The scientist's affection for his shining tubes and vials,
The great machine that grips him with its glistening, throbbing dials,
The monk at prayer who thrills to God, forgetting all his trials—
Satisfaction!

The crash of an explosion, a seething, questioning mob,
The silent, futile waiting broken by a stifled sob,
The vigil of a woman whom cold death has come to rob—
Resignation!

MARJORIE HENDERSON, '26.

DUSK

Glimmering star-dusk,
Rose-golden west,
Hours of all hours
I love thee best.

Fancies, mem'ries
Life's dusk sky;
Beauty of thoughts
Can never die.

Starlight and shadow,
Lingering hope,
Beauty of Faith while
For truth we grope.

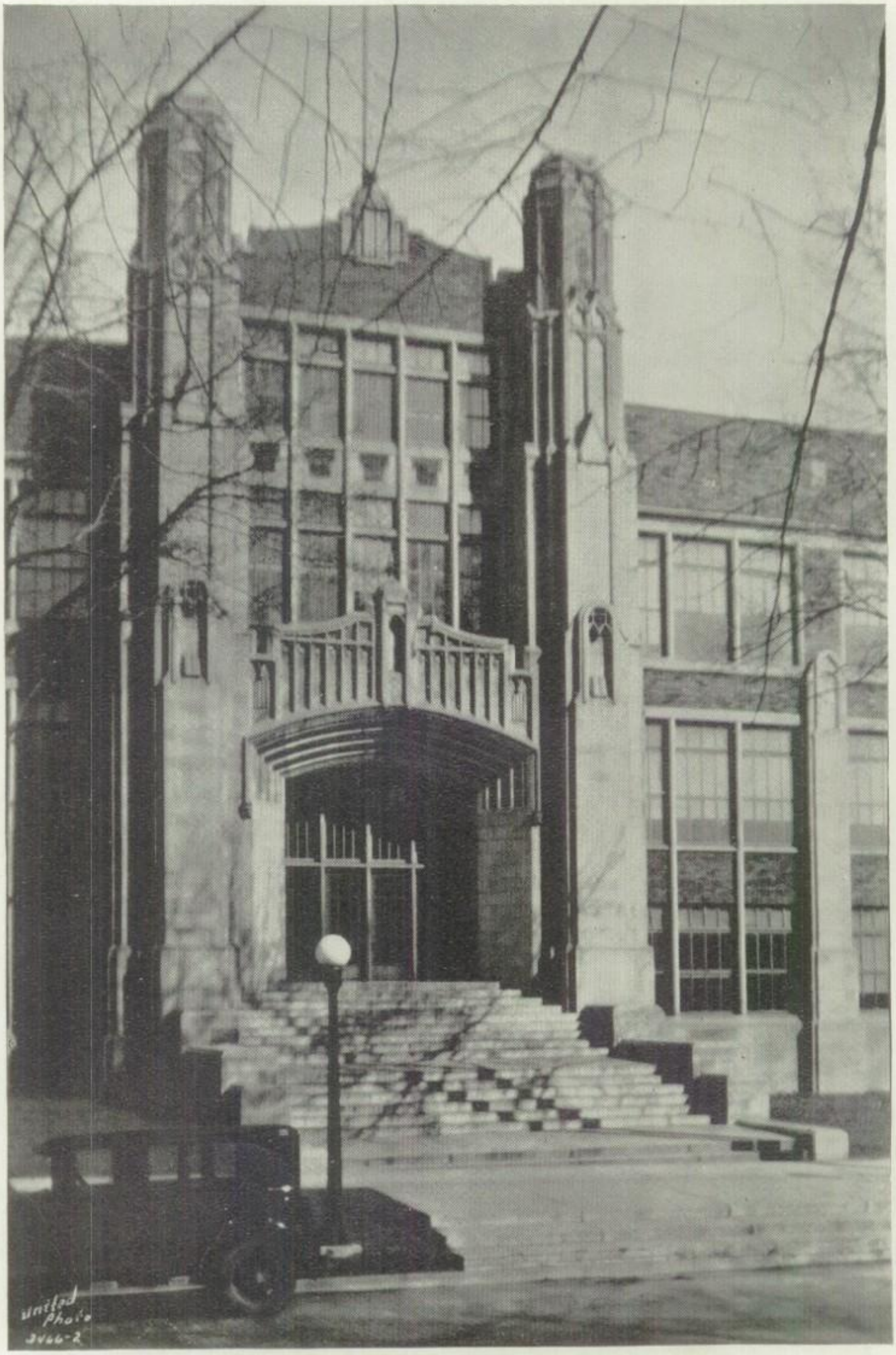
Palaces golden
Built in the west,
Hour of all hours
I love thee best.

RUTH CHRISTOPHER, '26.

Old Curiosity Shop

Through days that were "filled with gladness" there has been woven a dream thread tale--a tale of chiming laughter, occasional disap~ pointment but always gay comaraderie of a high school year. It did not unfold at once~~this History~~but it was purchased line by line~~day by day from the grim old Shopkeeper~~Father Time, and always there shone a bow of promise~~a To~ morrow when a goal would be gained after a worthy race. Now standing on the threshold of that Tomorrow we look and marvel at the work of those who have guided our History~~shaped our Destiny~~ and seemingly accomplished all these things in one night.

~ *Ruth Christopher*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Calendar 1925-1926

SEPTEMBER

8. Red letter day! School opens with an assembly to instruct wayward Freshies. We also gave them the glad hand.
10. Senior meeting for election of officers. Results: President, Tom Steidley, Vice-President, Earl Anderson, Secretary-Treasurer, Eleanor Tenney.
15. "Bugology" Club meets. N. B. This club is sometimes called the Biology Club. Dramatic Club met for first time with Mr. Kurtz as critic.
16. Cheer leaders contest for the honor of B. H. S. cheerleader.
17. Biology Club announces its stupendous plan of running the cafeteria for a week if the school can stand it.
18. Mr. Carpenter spoke in assembly on "Worlds in the Making." We all left with a feeling of star gazing.
22. Girl Reserves meet in Room 114.
23. A good old time pep assembly. Lots of "Rah Rah Rahs." Coach Harrison and "the boys" spoke.
24. Another assembly. Mr. Atwood spoke. Short Story Club tryout. There were over sixty try-outs and such topics as, "Why use a toothpick," "The feelings of a Lolly-pop," and "How to reduce" were written on.
25. A big sister party was held in the Girls Gym and ice cream lollypops were served.
26. B. H. S. invaded Leroy and defeated their football team to the tune of 3-0.
29. Junior Class election. Results: President, Henry Smith, Vice-President, Ruth Gates, Secretary-Treasurer, Jane Howell.
30. Dramatic Club tryout for "Adam and Eva." Big mob.

OCTOBER

5. Debating Society met. Speeches which lasted for five minutes were given by candidates. They have finally condescended to give membership to the fairer sex.
6. Upperclass Girl Reserves met.
7. Pep assembly for Peoria-B. H. S. game.
9. Big day! Peoria-B. H. S. game. Short afternoon session. Band all set to play and everyone lined up when the weather man did us dirt. It snowed!!! The score was awful, 25-0—not in our favor.
14. Assembly for Kryl Band advertisement. Two band members spoke.
16. B. H. S. Parent Teacher Association had a big chicken pie supper. Superintendent Blair gave a wonderful address.
17. B. H. S.-Jacksonville football game. Close score of 6-0—not in our favor.
21. Assembly. Band and orchestra letters given out by Miss Ross and Mr. Gould. Mr. Bracken spoke to students concerning the Kryl band.
22. Matinee Concert by Kryl band for High School and grade students. An evening concert was given by this band. Art League met. Election of officers: President, Jane Howell, Vice-President, Wilber Keenan, Secretary-Treasurer, Henry Smith.
23. Peoria Manual-B. H. S. game at Peoria. They kinda beat us with a score of 13-0.
26. Art League Halloween party at Jerita Blair's home. Reservation of "Adam and Eva" tickets was begun.
27. Assembly. Sketch of "Adam and Eva" was given.
28. First Senior-Junior matinee dance.
30. Smallpox epidemic broke out and "Adam and Eva" was postponed indefinitely.
31. B. H. S.-Champaign—there.

NOVEMBER

2. No one admitted to class without a vaccination certificate. Roosevelt Debating Society meeting was postponed.
3. United Welfare Drive was announced and everyone asked to give a donation.
6. Armistice Assembly.
9. Roosevelt Debating Society initiated its new members.
12. Basketball meeting held. All boys interested in this sport met with the coach.
13. Junior-Senior party in the afternoon. "Adam and Eva" presented.
21. Alumni dance. Juniors were permitted to attend. Big time had by all.
23. Junior Class met.
25. Matinee dance. School closes for Thanksgiving vacation.
30. School resumed. Everyone has an overfed appearance.

DECEMBER

8. Matinee dance. Charleston is seen. Jokes and Aegis pictures called for. Dramatic Club met.
11. Dramatic Club party at Village Inn. This was a farewell to Mrs. James.
12. Biology Club held Christmas party.
15. Matinee dance.
16. Domesci Club held a Christmas party. The Seniors are given an intelligence test.
18. School closed for Christmas vacation. Whee.
19. Agriculture Club met in Girls' Gym.
19-30. Mr. Goodier failed to shave a small portion above his mouth.

JANUARY

1. B. H. S.-Leroy basketball game. We beat 'em.
4. School resumed. Everyone wore all their Christmas presents. A gala day in all.
6. Senior meeting at noon. The Seniors voted to have Mr. Goodier shave his mustache off.
7. The mustache was absent.
8. B. H. S.-Streator game. Girls Glee Club matinee dance.
9. Peoria Central-B. H. S. wrangle.
11. Plans for Intra-Mural games were announced by Mr. Hastings.
13. U. High-B. H. S. game. Yea! Bloomington. Girl Reserves had candy sale.
15. Final exam dates were posted. Worries begun.
18. Final exams.
19. Final exams.
20. Final exams.
B. H. S.-Normal High game. We beat them in an overtime game. Score was 26-25.
22. B. H. S.-Jacksonville game. The score was 32-31 in our favor.
Mid year Commencement program.
Rakoczy March—*Berlioz*—High School Orchestra.
Invocation—Rev. Gaines M. Cook.
Minuetto (L'Arlesienne Suite)—*Bizet*—High School Orchestra.
Address—Our Records, Francis G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.
Vocal Solo—Rose Swift. (a) La Girometta—*Sibella*. (b) Son of the Open—*La Forge*.
Presentation of Class—Prin. W. A. Goodier.
Presentation of Diplomas—Supt. S. K. McDowell.
Benediction—Rev. Gaines M. Cook.
25. New semester starts with an assembly. There were many new Freshies and it was all one could do to save himself in the rush.
27. St. Mary's-B. H. S. game. Won for us!
29. B. H. S.-Decatur game there. We lost.

FEBRUARY

3. B. H. S.-Stanford game. We sure did clean them up. Score 53-15.
5. Curlee prize debates given in assembly. Ethel Moran won. B. H. S.-Clinton game. Score—29-19 in our favor. Senior play "Minick" was chosen.
10. Senior play tryout. Big mob!
Latin Club party. A Roman marriage was witnessed. U. High-B. H. S. game.
11. Short Story Club held an evening party at Grace Rocke's home. Senior play final tryout. Dramatic Club meeting postponed on account of tryout.
12. Assembly to commemorate Abraham Lincoln. Half holiday. Glee Club dance in afternoon. First Senior play practice. B. H. S.-Lincoln game. Score 33-24 in favor of B. H. S.
14. "Will you be my Valentine?" If not—why not?
15. Miss Ross in auto accident and is badly cut up about it.
17. Annual orchestra concert was postponed on account of Miss Ross. Parent Teachers George Washington party. Several boys aid in the minuet.
18. Teachers Institute. No school.
19. Teachers Institute. No school.
B. H. S. Mattoon game. We beat 'em 43-32.
20. B. H. S.-Champaign game there. I haven't the nerve to write the score but it was in their favor—greatly.
23. Orchestra Concert in evening. Intra mural games after school.
24. Pep assembly. Senior play committees were appointed. Normal-B. H. S. game. They got the better of us this time.
26. Urbana-B. H. S. game. They won. Springfield-B. H. S. Debate here. Springfield won. Monthly tests. Intra mural games.

MARCH

1. Report cards for first month.
2. Dramatic Club meets.
3. Junior matinee dance.
4. District tournament. We beat Heyworth.
5. Half holiday on account of District tournament. Normal downed by B. H. S.
6. Half holiday again. Arrowsmith beat B. H. S. We turned around and beat Downs.
8. Glee Club Candy Sale.
9. Sketch of Senior play given in assembly. Mr. Goodier was absent on account of his father's illness.
10. Mr. Goodier's father died. Student body sent flowers.
11. Boys Glee Club held a candy sale. Dress rehearsal of Senior play.
12. "Minick" was presented.
13. The second performance of Senior play.
19. No school as there was a teachers meeting in Peoria. End of Wesleyan Interscholastic Tournament. B. H. S. received fourth place. Spring vacation starts.
29. School starts again. B. H. S.-Pekin debate. Aegis meeting in Miss Inman's room.
30. Snow! Snow! Snow! Hi-Y met at noon and Mr. Goodier spoke. Track candidates report.
31. Aegis Assembly postponed.

APRIL

1. Music preliminary contest.
2. Assembly for awarding various trophies won by our teams.
5. Report cards for second month. Freshman Girls Reserves met at close of school. Latin Club won Intra mural cup.
6. Meeting of Juniors and Seniors. Announcement of winner of the Merwin Cup. This was won by Willis Brown, a Junior.

7. Aegis Assembly. Students signed up for Aegises. Girl Reserve Candy sale. Dramatic Club announce tryout on Wednesday, April 15, for "Just Suppose." Senior girls met with Miss Inman.
9. Miss Ross gave out orchestra letters.
14. Dramatic club tryout for "Just Suppose." Great many interested in the play.
16. Chicago Daily News Oratorical Contest was held.
Senior-Junior Matinee dance.
17. Illinois Chapter of American Association of University Women had a tea for all Senior girls at the Wesleyan hut.
21. Assembly. This was to give a chance to the band to appear in their uniforms in assembly.

MAY

1. Central Ill. High School Conference meet at Springfield.
3. May festival began. Grade school band played.
7. High School operetta "The Fire Prince" was given in connection with the May Festival.
8. Wilder Field was the setting for a big track meet.
14. Dramatic club presents "Just Suppose."
Aegis stations were located all over the school and there was a wild dash to get the yearbook.
15. Annual interscholastic meet at Champaign.
21. Junior-Senior annual party.
27. Style show sponsored by the Domestic Art classes.
28. Senior-Junior annual party. Boy! oh Boy! did we have fun.

JUNE

1. ??????Exams?
2. ?????????? Exams Ah!
3. ??????????????
??????????????
??????
4. Commencement.
High School Commencement Program.
March—High School Orchestra.
Invocation—Rev. Daniel J. Gretzinger.
Piano Solo—Dorothy Benson.
Address—Rev. D. N. Wetzel.
Bassoon Solo—Harold Ensinger.
Vocal Solo—Paul Rainsberger.
Presentation of Class—Principal W. A. Goodier.
Presentation of Diplomas—Superintendent S. K. McDowell.
Benediction—Rev. Daniel J. Gretzinger.

Selectmen
Masters and Parents

I feel myself completely circumwented to be persumin' to introduce our worthy schoolmasters, parents, and the Board of Education, sovereigns of our small domain.

Howsoever, I wenture that although we are often werry agonizin' and aggerawatin' there is a werry great love and respect for them in our hearts. I des~say this is a werry dootiful time to hobserve that there ain't nobody like them.

By their werry good teachings and understanding, they help us keep our hearts and hopes high and our eyes on the goal before us.

Arter scanning the following pages, let us please to reflect on the great serwice of those as keep up home and school, the greatest institu~tions in this world.

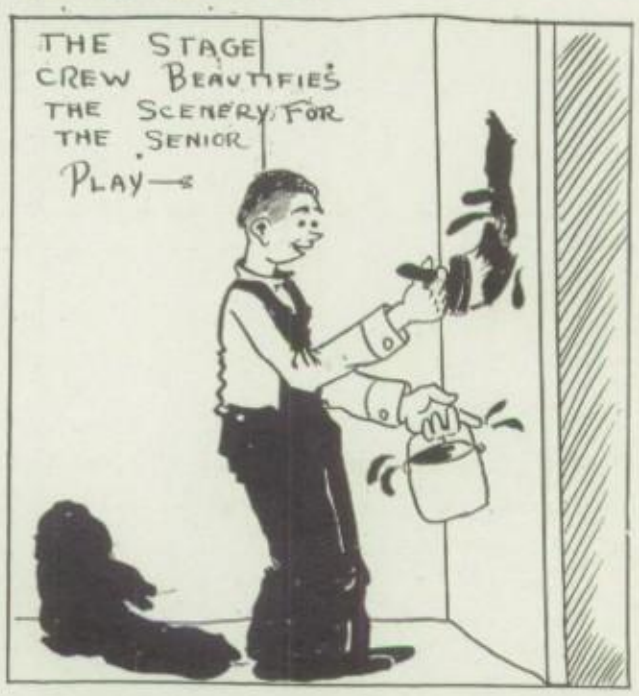
Accept of what I have said as much as seems sensible if any, and being werry much obleeged to you, my dears, I will now conclude, thank'ee; and those as do not think I have a gift 'o the gab werry gallopin', permit me to add my dears,

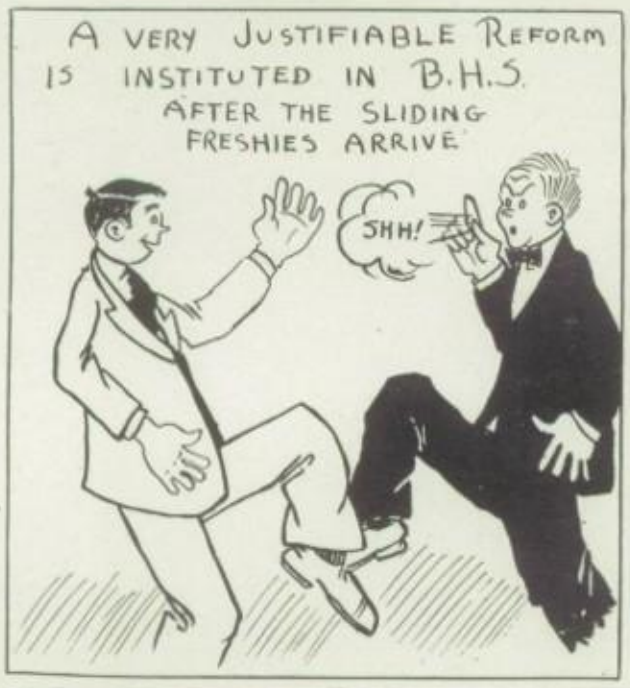
"God bless Them,
Every One!"

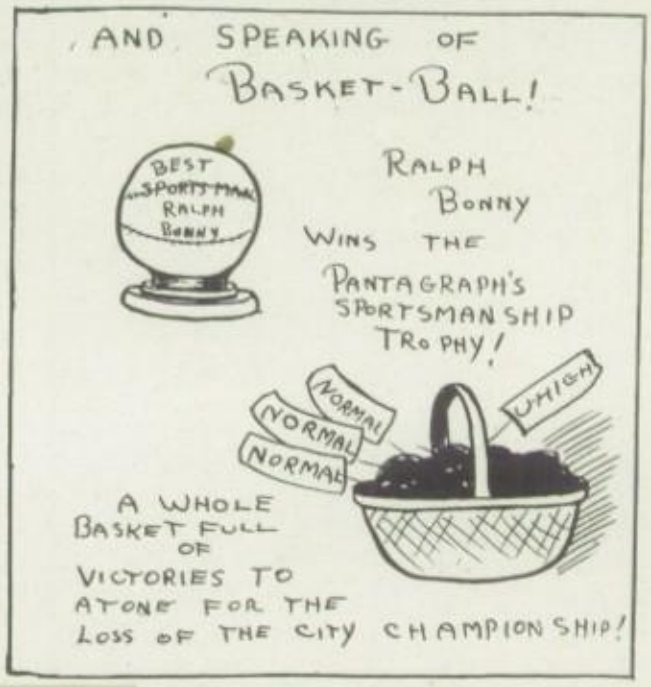
~Catherine Hoobler.

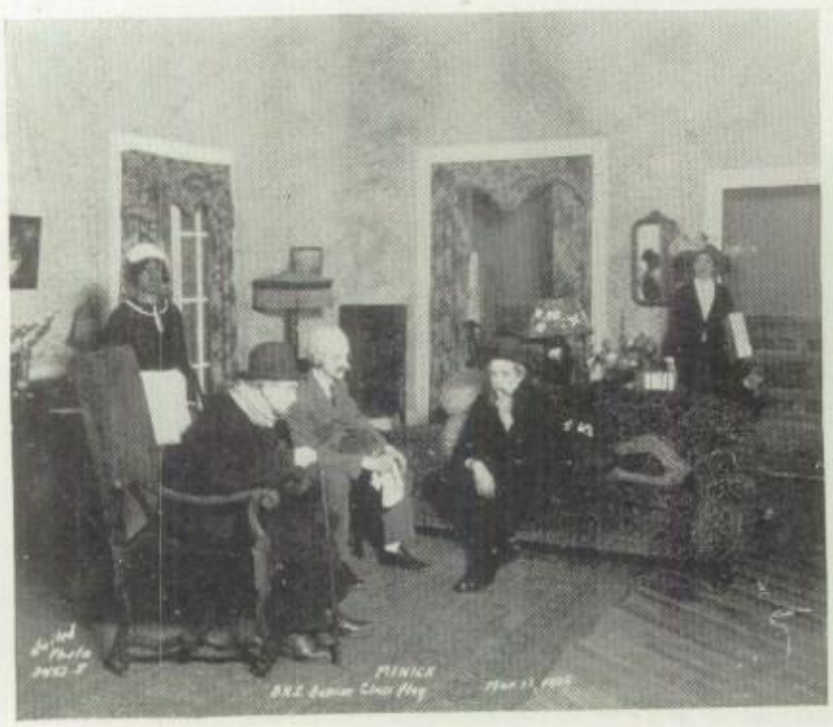
REVIEWING THE YEAR

By HENRY SMITH -26






AND SPEAKING OF BASKET-BALL!
BEST SPORTSMAN RALPH BONNY
RALPH BONNY WINS THE PANTAGRAPH'S SPORTSMANSHIP TROPHY!
NORMAL
NORMAL
NORMAL
HIGH
A WHOLE BASKET FULL OF VICTORIES TO ATONE FOR THE LOSS OF THE CITY CHAMPIONSHIP!



The Senior Play

"Bigger and better than ever before." Of course, this does not apply directly to the Senior play. In a sense it was bigger for there were two evening performances instead of the customary one. And better—well our audience didn't vote.

The first business of the play was the appointment of an executive committee. This group was composed of Mr. Goodier, Mr. Kurtz, Tom Steidley, Mary McMinn, Frances Garrison, Eleanor Tenney and Hannah Ochs. This committee selected Miss Ethel Gunn as coach to take the shoes of Mrs. James. They selected Edna Ferber's play "Minick."

Immediately a try-out was held for this Senior play, whose cast is made up entirely of the wiser element of the school, namely the Seniors. There were over ninety ambitious Seniors who were ready to take part. The cast chosen was as follows:

Lil Corey, Emily Davidson; Nettie Minick, Mary McMinn; Annie, Gunberg Carlson; Jim Corey, William Ahlenius; Fred Minick, Raymond Dooley; Old Man Minick, Theodore Colteaux; Marge Diamond, Frances Garrison; Al Diamond, Willis Johnson; Lulu, Thelma Goldman; Mr. Price, Leo Zalucha; Mr. Deitenhoffer, Aaron Rhodes; Mrs. Smallridge, Myra Buescher; Miss Crackenwald, Judith Wetzel; Mrs. Lippincott, Irene Morris; Miss Stack, Ruth Christopher. Telephone voices: Geneve Tyler, Doris McLaflin.

The play was more or less centered around Bloomington. "Old Man" Minick came to Chicago to live with his ultra-modern son and daughter-in-law. He could not adjust himself to the habits or practices of the younger married set and immediately made friends with two old gentlemen from an Old Man's Home. Not being able to contend with the idea of Father Minick and his friends interrupting her club meetings and social affairs, Nettie Minick revolted. "Old Man" Minick overheard her remarks that reveal her attitude.

Much to the chagrin of Fred and Nettie, "Old Man" Minick planned to retire to the Old Man's Home. They convinced him that it was absurd and planned a dinner at home and a quiet evening of pinochle, Father Minick's game. When they break this engagement for a more entertaining evening, "Old Man" Minick revolts and leaves for the Old Man's Home.

One of the outstanding features of the play was the lovely setting which has been redecorated by Mr. Kurtz with the assistance of the following stage hands: Herman Saleh, Henry Smith, Roy Anderson, and the "Ahlenii."

The following committee aided greatly in making the play a success:

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

Mr. Kurtz, Mr. Goddier, Tom Steidley, Mary McMinn,
Eleanor Tenney, Hannah Ochs,
Frances Garrison

PROPERTY COMMITTEE

Margret Louise Payne, Harold Ensinger, Hannah Ochs, Eloise Peirce,
Ruth Ahlenius, Maurine Chapman, Doris McLaflin, Robert Price

COSTUMES

Helene Griesheim, Louis Probasco, Geneve Tyler

TICKETS

Ralph Weber, Paul Rainsberger

STAGE CREW

Edward Ahlenius, Carl Green, James Riley, Arthur Stone

LIGHTS

Roy Anderson

To our true friends, Mr. Carlton and his co-workers, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Buatt, Mr. McWhator, Mrs. Epple, and Mrs. Nelson, we express our appreciation for their many services so gladly given throughout the year.

Even when the thermometer has dropped far below the zero mark, out doors, our class-rooms are evenly heated and comfortable. Then, as summer draws near, and our brows are fevered with worry over finals, all possible effort is made to keep us cool and happy. We doubtless seem a noisy, careless mob, tracking in the mud of showery April, but they never frown. There is a smile ready and waiting for any who have one to exchange for it.

Let us forget ourselves and our important engagements for a moment—just long enough to offer a pleasant word of greeting to those whose task it is to keep our surroundings as we love them—the janitors and janitresses of B.H.S.

Recognition of Old Acquaintances

Oh wot a glorious adwenture it would be if we could all meet again with a jolly good "Hallo" and discuss the exploits of all since last we met. We are not ekal to the expression of our true love and friendship for everyone of you. Upon my word we are chock full of appreciation and rewerance of wot you have done in the world Through this little bit of conwersation we wish to send a werry hearty welcome and a werry joyous greeting to Every former Graduate.

~ *Charlotte Harrington*

ALUMNI

The Top of the Ladder

LYLE BARBER

M. JEANETTE LOUDON
GRACE WAGNER
HARRIET HAYDEN FINCK
ELIZ. I. FOLSOM

FAYE BENTLEY

THE NEXT STEP

WALLACE BISHOP

VIRGINIA HUSTED
JOSEPHINE FARMER
ADLAIDE FRY
GERVAISE BUTLER
THELMA GIFFORD

PRISCILLA PLUMMER

In Memoriam

GRACE MOORE
LENA NOBLE
IRENE SEIBEL
KATHRYN MACMAHON
THEODORE A. BRALEY
EARL BURKE
EVERETTA H. ROE (KUHN)
HOWARD RHEA
LOIS AUSTIN
HARLAN HART
ASA FREEMAN
FANNY KELSON
MARVIN ROEDER
FRANK HAMILTON
MERLIN SOMERVILLE
JACOB DENNIS
RUTH GREEN (GAGE)
SABRA WYKOFF
HOWARD WALSH
LEWIS KESSLER

Students

Illinois Wesleyan University

Marian Ahlenius
Walter Giese
Charles Herder
Dwight Moore
Vincent Dornaus
Gladys Small
Hazel Schad
Frances Webber
Ed Barry
Marjorie Robinson
Mary Bean
Hubert Barnett
Teresa Colteaux
Louise Krum
Henrietta Prothero
Marion Scott
Mary E. Ross
Lorene Maurer
Dorothy Wilder
Mary Helen Stone
Gladys BroLeen
Dorthea McNutt
Eva Mae Barr
Everett Cutler
Mary Louise Keller
Mabel Nafziger

Mary K. Peirce
George Stautz
Jack Probasco
Paul Rhymer
Margaret Hoopes
Agnes McMillan
Ralph Arnett
Alice VanSchoick
Margaret Jones
Wayne Leys
Marian Sculer
Charlotte Anderson
Edna Denning
Lillian Mecherle
Boyce Ricketts
Evelyn Smith
Vera Nicol
Dorothy Doig
William Bach, Jr.
Gladys Green
Almeda Frey
Raymond Baxter
Arthur Eiff
Nelson Loar
Kathryn Owen
Harold Downs

Clifford Coolidge
Helene Hughes
Robert Ferrie
Roy Taylor
Coy R. White
Hugh McMillan
Lois Sack
Liston Arbogast
Gladys Schloeffel
John Read
Kenneth MacKay
Willis Atkinson
Eunice Dooley
Rozanne Parker
Mary Ryburn
Dorothy Sweeting
Mary Jeanette Munce
Mildred Brigham
Kathryn Black
Bertha Dawson
William Yarger
Rita Brown
John Bolman
Virgil Green
Mary Helen McCarty
Virginia Pearson

Illinois State Normal University

Lillian Abrams
Hazel Graham
Margaret Leitch
Roswell Eaton
Marjorie Karr
Helen Deems
Arnold Snyder

Inez Roberts
Nora Sharp
Maurine Leitch
Verna Guthoff
Alice Armstrong
Dorothy Davidson
Helen Willet

Esther Pisell
Charlotte Dunlap
Leslie Matthew
Margaret Mott
Charles Hassler
Marjory MacKay

University of Illinois

Wesley Wooley
Robert Baldwin
Lyle Wheadon
Richard Johnson
Alice Rawson
Eugene Scott
Willis MaGirl
Beatrice Barry
Scott McDowell
Dean Ryburn

Percy Washburn
Edward Howell
Raymond Guthoff
Charles Stephenson
James Owen
Gladys Ehlers
Helen Niehaus
Bob Wyatt
Helen Gregory
Helen Rohrer

James Casner
Theodore Fagerberg
Paul Webb
Beatrice Stephenson
Aaron McMinn
George Holder
Ellen M. Holton
Ruth Watkins
Dorothy Roush

Parker Dooley is a Junior at John Hopkins.
Helen Benson is attending Romona College in California.
Frienda Grending is attending National Park Seminary.
Bernadine Agle is attending Stephens College in Missouri.
Robert Murray is attending the University of Wisconsin.
Elizabeth Bodine is a student nurse in Detroit.
Bernice Bodine is a student nurse in Detroit.
Keene Watkins is attending West Point.
Oscar Neidermeyer is attending the Rolla School of Mines in Missouri.
Eleanor Dewenter is attending St. Mary's of Woods in Terre Haute.
Juanita Folger is attending Lincoln College.
Max Landphere is attending Stetson University in Florida.
Marjorie Landphere is attending Stetson University in Florida.
Earl Lemme is attending Indiana Central.
Alice Light is attending Northwestern.
Ivan Light is attending Harvard.
William Wade is attending George Washington University at Washington, D. C.
Raymond Grossman is attending George Washington University.
Warren Dooley is attending George Washington University.
Dorothy Anderson is training as a nurse in Augusta Hospital in Chicago.
Jeanette Baldwin is attending the University of Chicago.
Mabel Niedermeyer is attending Harvard.
Helen Strouse is attending the University of Chicago.
Mae Norberg is attending the University of Chicago.
Vera Arbogast is attending Indiana Central.
Vivian Conrad is in training at Brokaw Hospital.
Louis B. Howard is attending Purdue University.
Elizabeth Read is attending the University of California.
Marian Garber is attending the University of Chicago.
Kathryn Pick is attending Brown's Business College.
Elmer Sensenbaugh is attending Colgate University.

IN BUSINESS

Stanley Holliday is farming near Towanda.
George Giese is with Giese's Drug Store.
Milton Lundeen is with Humphrey's.
Lucile Taylor is a bookkeeper at C. U. Williams'.
Irene Gillen is a stenographer for W. D. Shad.
Willis Ensinger is a typewriter mechanic.
Raymond Ensinger is a draftsman.
Henry Griesheim is with Griesheim's Clothing Store.
William Zeir is with the First Trust Savings Bank.
Louise Grimm is stenographer for Grover Helm.
Mable Otto is assistant cashier in a Danvers Bank.
Allan Hoobler is associated with the Bulletin.
Walter Hickey is with the Chicago and Alton Railway Company.

Albert Wolff is with the Chicago and Alton Railway Company.
Dorothy Steidley is working for Tracy Green & Co.
Gertrude Klinger is a stenographer in Gibson City.
Cleona Rocke is a stenographer with the Meadows Manufacturing Co.
Rose Gross is operating the Ross-Syl Photo Studio.
Dorothy Anderson is a nurse.
Mildred Larson is with the Illinois Power and Light Co.
Dorothy Dooley is with the Illinois Power and Light Co.
Ethel Price is secretary for Dr. Fox.
Charles Hassler is with C. U. Williams.
Earl Taylor is working in Coblentz Drug Store.
Gordon Ingersoll is with E. F. Hengren.
Harold Nafziger is with Grover Helm.
Lloyd Kincaid is working at the My Store.
Ross Swartzman is associated with the My Store.
May Waldman is a nurse.
Robert Rice is working at Dewenter's.
Loren Chapman is in Birmingham, Alabama.
Charles Funk is with the Lain Oil Co.
Annetta Leitch is working at the American Foundry.
Lola Paul is in the Ochs-Benson Real Estate Office.
Dorotha Schaible is stenographer at the Liberty State Bond Office.
Bernice Chambers is working at the Liberty State Bank.
Roger Humphrey is with the Humphrey Wholesale Grocery.
Louise Kessler is librarian of the Children's Dept. of the Public Library.
Herbert Price is an optometrist.
Sage Kinnie is in the insurance business.
Ebon Jones is a retired farmer.
Julius Klemm is a dry goods merchant.
Walter Tenney is farming near McLean and has an automobile agency in McLean.
Ferre Watkins is an attorney in Chicago and Vice Commander Dept. of Illinois of American Legion.
Sadie Stern is with Stern's Furniture Store.
Warren Watkins is with the Watkins Pop Factory.
Jasper Kuhn is at Goelzer's.
Robert Castle is advertising manager of Montgomery Ward Co.
Olin LaDue is teller in the Peoples Bank.
Charles Snow is with Snow and Palmer Co.
Lucy Williams is librarian at Wither's Public Library.
Ralph Bunnell is in Miami, Florida.
Earl Greiner is working at the Pantagraph Printing & Stationery Co.
Janvier Wetzel is a bond salesman in Chicago.
Sherman Whitmer is working for the Bloomington Canning Co.
Margaret Kendall is in the office of B. H. S.
Eva Tieman is librarian at Wither's Public Library.
George Morrison is with the Peoples Bank.
Helen Chambers is working for the Kinloch Telephone Co.

Charles Morrison is with Sheriff Morrison.
Margaret Lawrence is working at Livingstons.
Kenneth Noll is working at Griesheims.
Jerome Pingrey is with the Standard Oil Co. in South Bend, Ind.
Chase Price is a jeweler.
Virgil Martin is working for the Lain Oil Co.
Mildred Willey is working in the 1st Trust & Savings Bank in Bloomington.

LAWYERS

Jesse E. Hoffman
Maurice Stern
John J. Morrissey
Adlai Rust
Earl Bach
James A. Light
Loren Lewis
Homer English
Richard Dunn
Ben Rhodes
Paul Watkins (Cal.)

DOCTORS

E. H. Englejohn is a dentist in the Monroe Bldg.
Edgar Stevenson is in Providence, Rhode Island.
Willard Soper is in New York City.
Bruce Godfrey is in Atlanta, Georgia.
Harold Watkins is an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist in the Griesheim Bldg.

THE MARRIED

Marion Austin—John J. Parry, Urbana.
Ruth Bowman—Lowell Quinn.
Charlotte Clock—Bane Pierce.
Mary Leitch—P. E. Holcombe, Chicago.
Mildred King—Paul Hayes.
Gladys Fry—Wade Seniff.
Susie Hayes—Edwin McWhetter.
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Winifred Wade—Howard Russell, Clinton.
Gladys Otto—Russell Yoder.
Louise Coman—Elzier Burke, Lexington.
Donald Dexter—Florence Coupe.
Kathryn Elgin—William Read.
Wynona Sack—Monroe Dodge.
William Leitch—Margaret Hassler.
Verna Harrison—Clifford Vogelsang.
Mary Thompson—Jack Toy.

Louise Leyonmarck—Delmar Schnepp.
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LaGene Clock—Earl Burke.
Bernice Boyce—Ray Green.
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Marjory McGregor—Ebon Jones.
Cecile Hanson—Willis McMurray.
Carl Bickell—Elizabeth Zimmerman.
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Franklin Parker—Louise Wilmack.
Idelle Skinner—Raymond Robinson.
Clifton Kurtz—Mary Favor.

TEACHERS

Mina Williams ..... Shirley
Mary Funk ..... Kindergarten
Louise Steidley ..... Kindergarten
LaVerne Saunders ..... Evanston
Alma Oehmke ..... Latin Teacher
Esther Casley ..... Kindergarten at I. S. N. U.
Ruth Henline ..... Bloomington
P. C. Kurtz ..... B. H. S.
Esther Engle ..... B. H. S.
Rachel Green ..... B. H. S.
Lorah Monroe ..... Dean—Rollins, N. C.
Portia Alexander ..... B. H. S.
Louise Gottschalk ..... Grade School
Elizabeth Wood ..... Vassar
Bernardine Brand ..... B. H. S.
Frances Kessler ..... B. H. S.
Effie Sutton ..... B. H. S.
Dorothy Parker ..... Bellflower
Iona Gray ..... Gibson City
Verner Condon ..... B. H. S.
Julia Holder ..... B. H. S.
Alphild Thornblade ..... Franklin Grade School
Dorothy Washburn ..... Chenoa
Lucille Johnston ..... Easton, Illinois
Lucy Watkins ..... B. H. S.
Nettie Baxter ..... Kindergarten
A. C. Littleton ..... U. of Ill. and Ass't Dean of School of Com.

MUSICIANS

Lyle Strain
Blanche Boyce
Donald Hughes
Irma Smith
Victor Sleeter
Irene Moulic
Eula Brown
Maxine Ross
Rachel Brandicon
Helen Wolfe
Rose Swift
Mary Scales

Aren't We Polite?

Sweet Pease

"Gas Buggies"

"Our Gang"

Oh Gosh!

Oh shoot!

Hold 'em

We two

Snowed in

19~Medlay Relay Team~25

To your marks!

Who are you?

"Yes We Are Collegiate"

Smiles

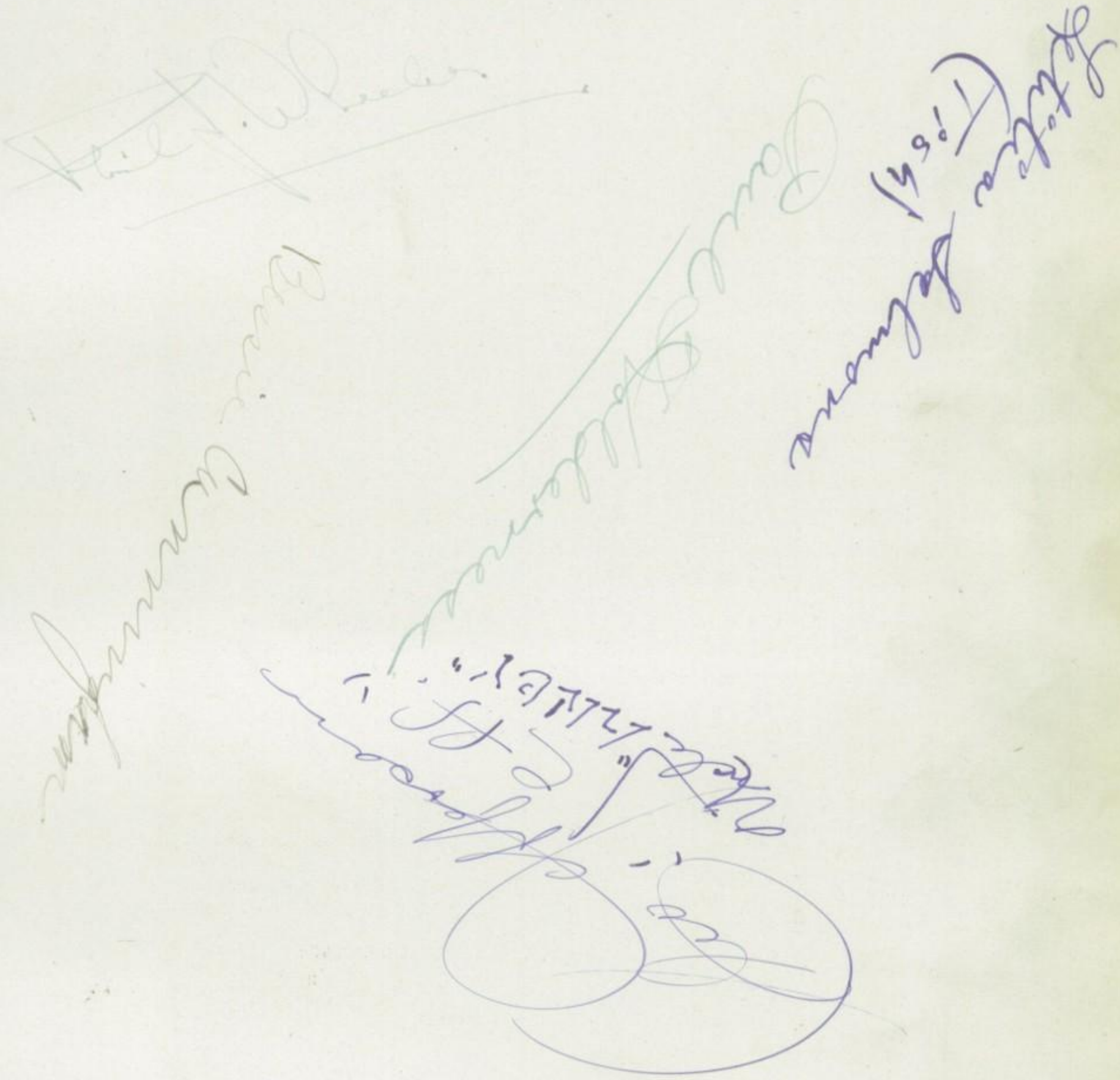
SNAP SHOTS

AUTOGRAPHS

AEGIS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS



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Coral Gables
The Gibson
Norris Confectionery
Pease Bros.
E. M. Powell
Princess Confectionery
The Spa
Teenie Weenie Candy Store

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Paul F. Beich

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George W. Sargeant

B. L. Stevens
A. D. Shaffer
W. F. Watson
T. V. Watson
J. E. Willman

DEPARTMENT STORES:
C. W. Klemm, Inc.
A. Livingston & Sons
My Store
Newmarket

DRUGGISTS:
Edw. C. Biasi
Charles F. Frison
Johnson Drug Store
D. D. Moore
Steinkrauss Pharmacy

DYERS AND CLEANERS:
Broleen Dry Cleaning Co.
Sanitary Cleaners

ELECTRICIANS:
Emmett-Scharf
Gray, Trimble & Follick
Quality Electric Co.

ENGRAVERS:
Kane Engraving Co.

FARM BUREAU:
McLean Country Farm Bureau

FARM MACHINERY:
Pitts, Bennett & Slagel

FEED & GRAIN:
Geo. Agle & Sons, Inc.
Central Mill & Elevator

FLORISTS:
Maplewood Greenhouses
A. Washburn & Sons

FURNITURE:
George Brand & Son
Kirkpatrick's House Furnishing
J. E. Will & Co.

GARAGES:
Speedway Service Station

GAS & FUEL:
Union Gas & Electric Co.

GROCERS (RETAIL):
Bloomington Co-op Society
Gray and Batterton
W. S. Scanlon
S. R. Wilhoit

GROCERS (WHOLESALE):
Campbell Holton & Co.
J. F. Humphreys & Co.
McAtee, Newell Coffee Co.

HARDWARE:
G. H. Read & Bros.

HOTELS:
Arlington Hotel
Illinois Hotel

ICE CREAM COMPANIES:
Bloomington Ice Cream Co.

INSURANCE:
Paul W. Beedle and A. F. Caldwell
Freeze Insurance Co.
Sage H. Kinnie Co.
Garlow & Smith
National Life Insurance Co.
Logan B. Perry
James R. Rigg
C. B. Whitmer

INTERURBAN LINES:
Illinois Traction System

JEWELERS:
Burklund's
L. F. Chadband
Herff-Jones Co. (Wholesale)
Chas. L. Miller
Miller & Ulbrich
L. E. Witt

LEATHER GOODS:
Moore's Luggage Shop

MEN'S CLOTHING & FURNISHINGS:
Costello & O'Malley
Griesheim's
McReynolds, Getty Co.
Moberly & Klenner
Chas. P. Goelzer
Mat Rosenberg
Ulbrich & Kraft

MILLINERS:
Model Millinery

NEWSPAPERS:
The Daily Bulletin
Bloomington News Agency

OIL COMPANIES:
Lain Oil Company

OPTEMETRISTS:
Herbert T. Price
H. J. Siebert

ORCHESTRAS:
Buss Lawyer's Orchestra

PAINTS AND WALLPAPER:
A. T. Fagerburg
Hanger & Maxfield
Smith-Alsop Paint Co.

PHOTOGRAPHERS:
Art Foto Shop
Macy Studio
Star Studio
United Photo Shop

PHYSICIANS:
J. W. Fulwiler
Paul E. Greenleaf

PIANOS AND MUSIC:
Cable Piano Co.
Thos. Skidmore

PLUMBERS:
Frank Morrison

POWER AND LIGHT COMPANIES:
Illinois Power & Light Co.

PRINTERS:
J. E. Burke
Pantagraph Printing & Sta. Co.

PUBLISHERS:
Public School Publishing Co.

RADIO:
F. E. Woods

REALTORS:
Frank Bond

RESTAURANTS:
Metropole
People's Restaurant
Scotty's Place
Village Inn
Woman's Exchange

ROOFING:
Arro-Lock Roofing Co.

SHOES:
Cinderella Booterie
Wm. Fahey
John W. Rodgers Shoe Co.

SHOE REPAIRING:
Bunnell Bros.
J. Haug & Sons
H. C. Iungerich
H. B. Meyer & Son
Jos. V. Folgier

STONE CUTTERS:
M. Walsh & Sons

TAILORS:
Glasgow Tailors
Hines, The Tailor

TEA AND COFFEE:
H. O. Stone

TYPEWRITERS AND SUPPLIES:
Paxton Typewriter Co.

UNDERTAKERS:
John A. Beck
Flinspach & Berg

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES:
Brown's Business College
Illinois Wesleyan University

WASHING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS:
The Maytag Co.

WEATHER STRIPPING:
Monarch Weather Strip Co.

WOMEN'S READY-TO-WEAR:
Mann's Inc.
W. H. Roland

Y. M. C. A.

Y. W. C. A.

Wits and Patrons

How~~

As in the days of hackneys and stages, when travelers jested, each with the other: from young chaps in buff jerkins to elderly notables in swallow ~ tails and plug hats, or inn-keepers in calico sleeves with spectacles on their noses' ends.

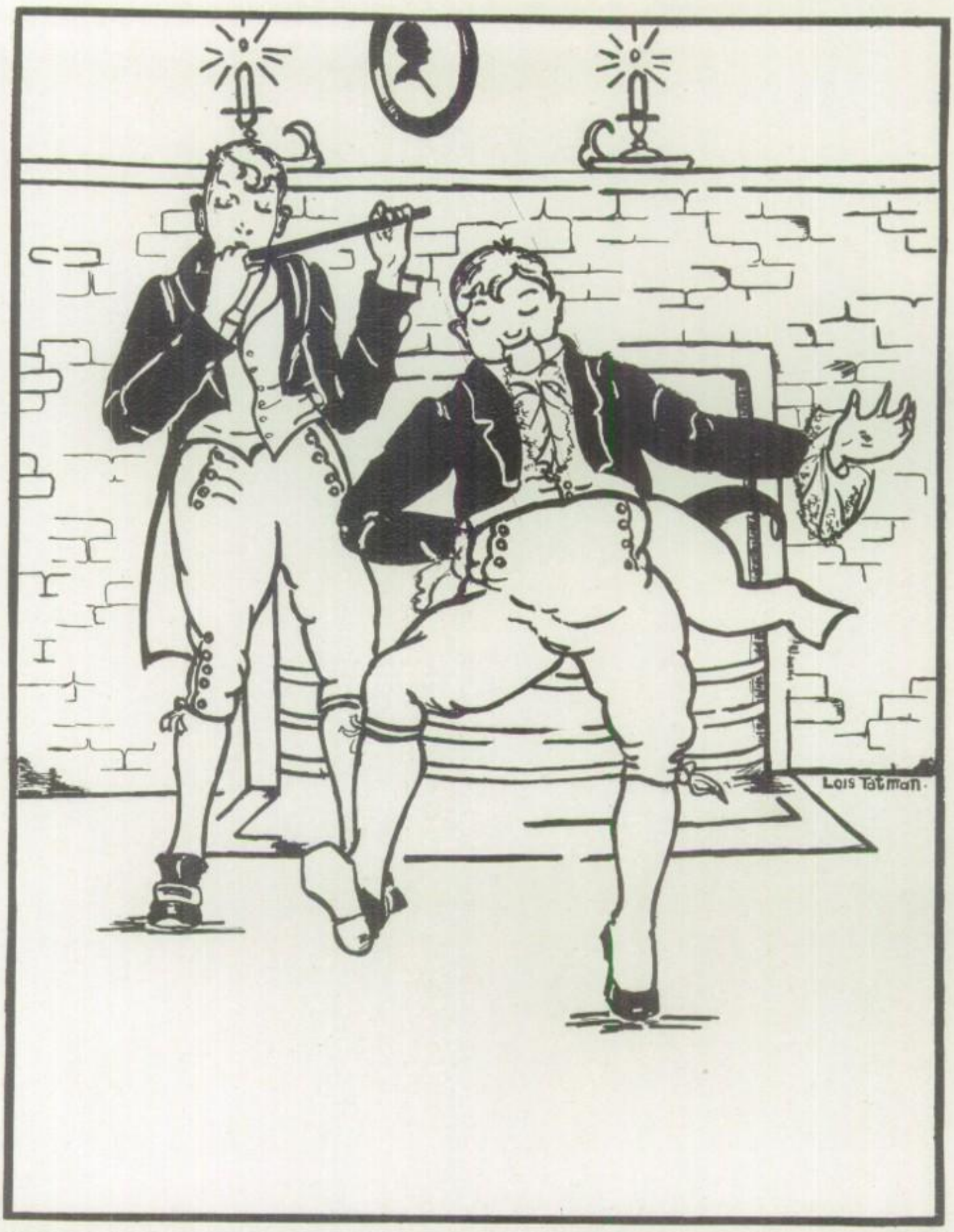
So now, even in the year of '26 while progress~ing along the course of **B.H.S.** there is jollity in every school-room ~~ innocent freshmen, soph~isticated seniors, and serious teachers (also with spectacles on nose) all have consciously or un~consciously their off~guard moments.

How ~ ~

Though not presuming to dictate to its most worthy subscribers, the **Aegis Staff** begs of you to show your gratitude to those who have so favored them in making this publication possible in a pecuniary sense. Oh, many a guinea and shil~ling was saved you by their kindness, so please to peruse their ads and purchase at their shops.

Werry well, no more aggeravatin' prattle. Chuckle and patronize now as you arter and I dare say that you will!

~ *Virginia Plummer*



HUMOROUS

Dedication

To all reporters, gossips, alumni,
To all parents, guardians and the public,
To Mr. McDowell, Mr. Goodier, et cetera,
To all co-eds and their brother students,
Who want the truth about B. H. S.
But like it a little different
From the way it really is,
We, the humorous department
Respectfully, regretfully, resignedly,
Do hereby dedicate These
Jests and Ads.

JOKES

A WORD TO THE WISE

After hours of continued and strenuous labor, we find that it is a very hard matter indeed to write an introduction, so the only way that we can do it, is just to hop right to it without any lengthy forewords or introductions or prefaces. Speaking of hopping into it, reminds us of a little verse we learned when we were freshmen, and it goes something like this:

When I was a little boy just so high,
Mama got a little stick and made me cry.
Now I'm a big boy, and Mama can't do it,
Papa gets a big stick and hops right to it.

This is all that we have to say for the present and we would merely ask you to wade through the following pages of the highest class of wit and humor, and don't forget that the jest is the applesauce of life.

Dad Pearce: If you were standing on the back of a train and I shot at you, how long would it take for the bullet to hit you if it was going a mile per minute?
Edgar Robertson: Quick enough.

Uncle: (Telling story of Spanish-American war) Yes, and that night the natives surrounded us and killed hundreds from our camp.
Nephew: (Eagerly) Did you get killed too?

English teacher: "John, is the word 'pants' singular or plural?"
John Klopp: "Well, they're singular at the top but plural at the bottom."

Paul: "I wonder which part of the car it is that causes the most accidents."
Penelope: "The nut that holds the steering-wheel, I should think."

THE FIVE FOOT SHELF OF PROVERBS

The early bird catches cold.
He who makes hay while the sun shines get sunburned.
A hair on the head is worth two in the soup.
All work and no play makes Johnny an "A."
Don't do today what you can put off until tomorrow.
People who live in glass houses should have neighbors with glass eyes.
Birds in this weather must be tougher than leather.
If at first you don't succeed, quit trying and go to bed.
"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, wise"—is bunk.
He who laughs last is the dumbest.
A jest is the apple sauce of life.
A cut a day keeps commencement away.

Mr. Schedel: Why were the medieval times called the dark ages?
Bob Price: There were many knights.

Art Stone: May I borrow a pen holder?
Miss Holder: Yes, but it isn't polite to call people by their last names.

A DISCOURAGED CONTRIBUTOR

After many terrible hours
Through which I've thunk and thunk,
I'm writing these few little lines
Which you may call the "bunk."

With every year that comes around
We hear the same old call:
"Write stories for the Aegis"—
Which don't get in at all!

Once in a while, small jokes we write
Which may be printed at last;
But even they must have some sense
Or far away they're cast.

When you try to write a story,
Take it from me—you're brave!
For stories which you think are good
May make the editors rave.

George Clark: I wish I could get ahead for a little while.
Eva Stapleton: Goodness knows you need one.

THE CARD GAME OF LIFE

Hearts—in love Diamonds—engaged
Clubs—married Spades—dead

Miss Cash (in History Class): What does United States have that Canada does not have?

Milton S.: Bootleggers.

Little Willie: Mother, did the cook tell you I'd been a naughty boy while you were out today?

Mother: No. She said that you were a very good boy.

Little Willie: Then I won't tell you that she left the toast burn.

A father, in the dead silence of the night, called downstairs to his pretty young daughter.

"Mabel, what time is it?"

A pause, a hissing sound as of hurried whispering, and Mabel called back: "It's just five minutes after ten, father."

"All right," the father said, "And, Mabel, don't forget to start the clock again after the young man goes out to get his breakfast."

A mountaineer school teacher corrected a boy who had said, "I ain't gwin thar."

"That's no way to talk. Listen: I am not going there; thou are not going there; he is not going there; we are not going there; you are not going there; they are not going there. Do you get the idea?"

"Yessur. They ain't nobody gwine."

"Did you put water in this milk?"

"No, I just put ice in it to keep it cool."

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "but I am going to pay it off tomorrow."

"Why, Willie," said his mother, "how is it you only got sixty in mathematics this month, and last month you got ninety?"

Willis Brown: "It ain't my fault; the teacher moved the boy in front of me to the first seat."

"Old Riley Rippey got to saying tuther day that he was 88 years old and hadn't never seed a moving picture yet, but had just about made up his mind that he'd like to sorter see how they look.

"So he rid into town with me last Friday and attended the Oriental Grotto Picture Palace. He set right thru three performances and was starting in on the fourth when the manager of the show asked him if he didn't think he was acting kinda funny, seeing the same thing over and over.

" 'That mought be, and then ag'n it moughtn't' " says the old man. 'Such cuttin's-up as have been going on yur may be an old story to you town folks but they hain't to me, and I want to see the outcome of 'em. That there lady's husband hain't ketched that there infernal dude fooling around her yet, but I figger that the dude 'll be a little slow the next time and the husband will show up in time to nail him. And if he does I want to be right yur when it happens.' "

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Did you hear the one about the man who put the knife in the stove and the apple peelings in his pocket?

Now that our Domestic Science department is giving courses in ice cream making, might not one be pardoned for referring to this as a sundae school.

Ault: Why was that period we are studying called the dark ages?
Nelson: They hadn't started coloring the maps yet.

Mr. Kirby: Esther, please tell us how to find out the H. P. of an automobile motor.
Esther Guthoff: By counting the spark plugs.

Miss S.: Use the Scotch term bossy in a sentence, Greenwood.
Greenwood: Bossy, the cow, grazed on the Highlands.

Thelma Goldman: I think Paul Rainsberger is rather loquacious, don't you?
Agnes B.: Yes, and so talkative, too.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

The ham what am—America's most famous dessert—aids digestion?
It floats?
Some girls would walk a mile for a skin you love to touch?
That's the most insidious thing about keeping that schoolgirl complexion?
When it rains it pours?
Saying it with flowers is one of the fifty-seven varieties?
It eventually sweeps as it cleans? (Why not now?)
If you've had your iron today, it's time to re-tire.

—A. L. C.

SCIENTIFIC CLASSIFICATION OF THE INMATES OF B. H. S.

NAME	LOOKS LIKE	CONVICTED FOR	AMBITION
Elsie Abrams	A giggler	Giggling	To giggle
Max Adkins	Stonewall Jackson	Studying Physics	To be mayor of Mason City
Ruth Ahlenius	Flaming youth	Disturbing the peace	To have black hair
Earl Anderson	Sir Galahad	Teasing	To be an athlete
Roy Anderson	Christopher Columbus	Handing out shocks	To be an electrician
Elizabeth Austin	The miracle	Doing two days' work in one	To be world's greatest flutist
Sybil Bankson	A queen	Beating her typewriter	Spinsterhood
Lois Bardwell	Moonshine and roses	Charlestoning	Professional stage
Dorothy Barnard	A day in June	Her cute smile	To own a country estate
Bruey Barnett	A sheba	Flirting	Charleston dancer
Doris Batterton	Queen Anne	"Over wait" on Ruth	Seamstress in Paris
Verna Baumgardner	A Spanish dancer	Running in halls	Social position
Helen Baxter	A sweet young thing	Wasting time	Henry?
Dorothy Benson	Alice in Wonderland	Flirting	Piano bench
Sam Bodman	A stale joke	Non-support	To be of age
Lois Bowman	Flapper Fanny	Playing basketball on Sunday	A small man
Ruth Bragonier	A molecule	Staying at home	To draw
Ersie Brooks	A picture of health	Going to too many shows	Has none
Agnes Browne	A stop Watch	Studying Senior English	Social demon
Thurman Buchholz	A whisk broom	Being lovelorn	A man of leisure
Myra Buescher	A motherly soul	Wearing Zillah's clothes	Eat and grow slim
Harold Camerling	Prince of "Whales"	Whistling	Sousa's band
Gunberg Carlson	Annie!	Putting peroxide on hair	To be a great actress
Maurine Chapman	A cover on an "American Magazine"	Staying after school for many reasons	To marry an athlete
Ruth Christopher	A gypsy	Singing after nine-thirty	Grand opera
Theodore Colteaux	A preacher	Magicianuity	Magician
Edmund Colton	The answer to a maiden's prayer	Chewing his tongue	Farmer
Barbara Coolidge	A prima donna	Getting fussed	Grow taller
Emily Davidson	A modern Venus	Monopolizing the mirror	Mrs. Paderooski
Robert Davidson	A comedian	Marcelling his hair	Politician
Doris Dittman	A school teacher	Losing her temper	Suffragette
Nanna Doty	Grand dutchess	Coming to school on Saturdays	To learn to type
Martha Douglas	An American beauty	Making merry	To bring the Noath and South closah togethah
Frank Edwards	The Jack of Hearts	Breaking hearts	To succeed Oosterbaan

(*Continued on page 174*)

ILLINOIS
POWER AND LIGHT
SERVICE

Success is Achieved Through Service

The principles that guide large companies to success are those which determine the success of the individual —for business organizations are human.

To those students who are about to enter the business world or continue their studies in higher institutions of learning, the value of cooperation and service to their fellow men is of greatest value.

The electrical industry is barely 35 years old . Yet, think of its present day magnitude—its future possibilities. On what was it built? Not on necessity. It was built by the untiring efforts of men who devised ways to harness this force for the benefit of mankind.

Today, electricity is used in some way in the production of everything we wear, eat or use.

Not only should thought be given to the pioneers of electrical development but also to the companies which produce electricity with its convenience, comfort and economy. Their interests have always been and always will be those of the public.

On such service as this is success deserved.

Illinois

Power and Light

Corporation

(*Continued from page 172*)

SCIENTIFIC CLASSIFICATION OF THE INMATES OF B. H. S.

NAME	LOOKS LIKE	CONVICTED FOR	AMBITION
Geraldine Egan	Something nice	Blushing	Fiddle-adelphia
Norma Ek	Her picture	Talking in class	Blissful silence
Harold Ensinger	One round McGhee	Basooning	Mr. John Phillip Sousa Ensinger
Earl Feicht	A missionary	Parking gun over one hour limit	Traveling salesman
Nelson Flemming	King Tut-ank-amen	Curling his hair	Maine Street sheik
Mildred Fry	Palmolive soap advertisement	Burning the soup	Cook
Raymond Funk	An Arrow Collar Ad	Oh, we won't be home until morning	Pass something
Frances Garrison	Peg-O-my-heart	Hiding her talents too long	Actress
Thelma Goldman	No one else we can think of	Sensitiveness	Cook in the White House
Anna Grimm	Mere shadow	Whispering	Ride in a aeroplane
Esther Guthoff	A canary bird	Little-pocks	Be good wunst
Florence Haley	A debutante	Driving a Hudson	Clothes
William Hanover	A prohibitionist	Cruelty to his typewriter	Second Babe Ruth
Anne Hanson	Sweet sixteen	Stepping out	Grow up to Mel
Charlotte Harrington	An old maid	Slapping down all opponents	Principal of girl's school
Helen Hastings	A pearl		To be a tragedienne
Lelia Hayes	A meek little lamb	Breaking the Sabbath	To be a trained nurse
Edward Heister	Harold Lloyd	Teasing the girls	Eddy and Eddy, Inc.
Marjorie Henderson	A lily in a geranium bed	Being a poet	To write and publish a book of poems
Lillie Herder	Innocence	Flunking Physics	To pass Physics
Barker Herr	A lady's man	Breaking the ten commandments	Preacher
Ellen Hodge	Her brother	Arguing	To get in the Senate
Hazel Hokanson	Her reflection in the mirror	Being naughty	Go to Europe
Catherine Hoobler	A quiet lass	Getting an A	To win a prize fight
Everett Hull	Heck	Not standing in History class	To be six inches taller
Latham Hulva	A giant	Coming from Gardner	Mend a drive shaft
Stacey Hulvey	A midget	Slowness	Sureness
Elsie Johnson	An Indian Chief	Getting embarrassed	None whatsoever
Mildred Johnson	The life of the party	Never smiling	? ? ? ?
Paul Johnson	A big boy	Fainting	Train elephants
Willis Johnson	A million dollars	Imitating the Phantom of the Opera	Trigonometry shark

(*Continued on page 176*)

"Evening Hours are Reading Hours"

THE DAILY BULLETIN

A Newspaper for the Home

In the evening, when you have time to read, The Daily Bulletin refreshes mentally with entertaining articles on the day's activities.

Interesting, informative and educative editorials on affairs of the day.

In addition are features for both the young and old.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH
WOMEN'S INTERESTS
HOME COMFORTS
HOUSEHOLD HELPS
HEALTH HINTS
SPORTS
WASHINGTON NEWS
RADIO AND SCIENCE
WORLD PHOTOS
MARKETS
FICTION
FUNNIES

THE WORLD TO CHOOSE FROM

A newspaper which gives only clean, wholesome, and constructive news. A paper that may safely be read by the younger members of the family.

The Daily Bulletin

Evening and Sunday

PHONE 147

TODAY'S NEWS—TODAY!

(*Continued from page 174*)

SCIENTIFIC CLASSIFICATION OF THE INMATES OF B.H.S.

NAME	LOOKS LIKE	CONVICTED FOR	AMBITION
Arthur Jones	"Red" Grange	Tutoring Latin	Miss Parker II
Zillah Jump	A torch	Swapping clothes	Debator
Nellie LaDue	Somebody's sweetheart	Getting "red"	Manage a circus
Wilhelmina Lawbaugh	A belle	Taking shorthand notes in class	Be first out of typing class
Blanche Lyons	Her name	Staying out after curfew	Change her name
Thomas McGraw	"Freckles Barry"	Dancing on Sunday	To be good looking
Doris McLaflin	Cleopatra	Giggling	They're of the highest
Denna McMackin	A snake charmer	Begging for higher Physics grades	Make a try-out
Mary McMinn	Lots of fun	Talking	Maude Adams II
Lawrence Matthews	A real he-man	Running in the hall	Win the Olympic
Naomi Meiner	A merry widow	Being late at her wedding	Keep out of divorce courts
William Moore	Tom Thumb	Wasting time	To have to stoop when entering a house
Ethel Moran	A cupid	Winning cup	Woman Lawyer
Irene Morris	A club woman	Jabbering	Sing at her own funeral
Mildred Morris	A vision	Eating too much	Find a pot of gold
William Muhl	A comet	Silence	Y. M. C. A. secretary
Fred Nave	A pre-historic man	Sleeping in class	To get an undisturbed sleep
Henrietta Niehus	A one-act comedy	Missing school	To be with Hulda
Hannah Ochs	Bebe Daniels	Working Sybil	Ruth St. Denis II
Avis Oehmke	A crisis	Misspelling her name	Be dignified
Mildred Parker	Student	Stealing the A plus	To get an F
Lucille Otto	Sweet sixteen	Dimples	To live in town
Margy Lou Payne	Joke herself	Match making	To talk undisturbed in library
Martin Pease	He just got up	Not combing his hair	To beat Bobby Jones
Lyle Peckman	Grasshopper	Making faces	To be bow-legged
Arthur Peepo	A cannibal	Turning pale	Druggist
Eloise Peirce	Something deep	Being a seamstress	Nursemaid
Virginia Plummer	A fairy	Fiddlin'	Feminine Kreisler
Laura Price	A grown woman	Leaving our school	To be on a jury
Robert Price	A politician	Getting his Virgil	Pres. of the U. S.
Lewis Probasco	A soldier	Occupying the mourners' bench	Beat up on Johnny
Ione Proctor	An angel	Flunking History	Social Problems teacher
Geraldine Puett	A wild wind	Chewing gum	Movie actress
Paul Rainsberger	A king	Being afraid of girls	Keep throne of Pantoflia

(*Continued on page 178*)

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

A Co-Educational College, Class A, Founded in 1850
College Approved by Association of American Universities
National Membership in American Association of University Women.

Located in an ideal college town, which offers excellent moral, social and religious environment for young men and women.

College of Liberal Arts
School of Music
School of Speech
School of Nursing
College of Law

Special Courses—

Home Economics
Religious Education
Pre-Commerce and Business Administration
Pre-Medical
Pre-Engineering
Pre-Journalism
Pre-Law

Work given in the College of Liberal Arts is fully accredited.

A new modern gymnasium and new Buck Memorial Library add greatly to the efficiency of the University.

For Free Catalog and other information, address

President WILLIAM J. DAVIDSON
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

(*Continued from page 176*)

SCIENTIFIC CLASSIFICATION OF THE INMATES OF B.H.S.

NAME	LOOKS LIKE	CONVICTED FOR	AMBITION
Aaron Rhodes	A good sport	Dieting	To study in Europe
James Riley	A shiek	Sleeping in History class	Breaking the 18th amendment
Edgar Robertson	A studious boy	Being bashful before girls	To join a side-show
Grace Rocke	A charming lass	Blocking traffic	Organist at Chicago Theatre
Edna Roggy	A night horse	No convictions	Be a spinster
Anna Rosen	Brown eyed Susan	Cartooning in S. H.	Study art abroad
Edna Rundle		Reducing	Read Hawthorne
Bessie Savidge	A musician	Pounding on the keys	Woolworth pianist
Marie Schad	Book worm	Habitating library	Librarian
Mildred Scheets	Shiekess	Getting lost	Get found
Otto Schmidt	Uncle Walt	Talking in his sleep	A haircut
Irene Shaffer	Business woman	Speeding in Shorthand	To be a perfect typist
Clarence Shanks	Himself	Falling in love	Willie Hoppe
Edward Shirk	A gift from Mars	Going to Heyworth	Succeed father in business
Ralph Sieh	A cow boy	Overworking the telephone	Farmer
Eva Stapleton	Princess	Going to school late	Exploreress
Thomas Steidley	A Greek god	Playing his clarinet within the city limits	A farmer
Alice Steinke	A madonna	Losing Nellie	To move to town
Mary Stevens	A child	Not rhyming a poem	Antiques
Marjorie Stevenson	Herself	Breaking hearts	Break the heart of the Jack of Hearts
Arthur Stone	Prince of Wales	Going to Marion's	Rembrandt II
Hazel Sutherland	A jewel	Breaking a date with Walt	Sousa's assistant
Eleanor Tenney	A lotta' fun	Coming from McLean	To move to McLean again
Roy Thompson	A funny story	Giggling	To get an A plus
Catherine Trenkle	Margaret	Talking in library	Succeed Miss Manchester
Margaret Trenkle	Catherine	Chewing gum	Own Wrigley's
Geneve Tyler	Sweet sixteen	Talking to Tom	Hands off!
Kenneth Van Schoik	A good time	Teasing	To make a college football team
Irvin Waldman	A good dancer	Dulling the Razor	Run fast
Bernard Wall	Mad Hatter	Keeping quiet	Second Daniel Webster
Lorin Warlow	His double	Moving in History	Getting "Red's" girl
Bernardine Wersch	Herself	Asking questions	Keep up with Miss Manchester's dictation
Judith Wetzel	A school teacher	Talking about Eureka	To live in Eureka
Raymond White	An athlete	Deserting Winona	Little stone on a hill
Naomi Whiteman	A pilgrim	For being modern	To be an elf
Leo Zalucha	A wizard	Growing old	To edit the Town Pump

Will lend Bohemian atmosphere to your parties

"Down in the cellar"

MAIN AT MONROE

NATIONAL ARMY AND NAVY STORE

WE ARE BEING EDUCATED EVERY DAY

That the National Army and Navy Store is our dough saver, and we pledge them our hearty support.

SOPHOMORES

AEGIS

W. H. ROLAND

By The People — For The People

We like to think of this institution known as Rolands'—as something more than a successful commercial enterprise. We like to look upon it, in all its magnitude and variety, as the creation of a grateful public for its own service.

It is that, or very nearly that.

Today, more than at any previous time, "more people in Bloomington and vicinty, wear Roland Wooltex Guaranteed Garments than any other kind."

The Economic benefits of large volume are thus daily transmitted into better Quality for the consumers of Roland Guaranteed Merchandise.

Thus extra values "by the people, for the people" are added to the merchandise already superlatively fine.

The Best for Less—at Rolands

Kodaks Stationery Films

Candies Cigars

Edw. C. Biasi

You SAVE and are SAFE trading here

DRUGS

Bloomington, Ill.

"A Good Drug Store in a Handy Place"

"Her niece is rather pretty."

"You shouldn't say 'her knees is,' you should say 'her knees are'."

He gazed at his wife in horror. For a long time he had been searching for her—only to find her like this!

"Gloria!" he cried, "Gloria! Can't you answer me?"

Her face was like marble, and was of an unearthly color. Mutely she shook her head. Her face seemed frozen—paralyzed—only her eyes seemed alive.

Her husband shuddered and buried his face in his hands. His fingers closed over a hammer. He raised it and eyed it in horror, yet it seemed to be the only thing to do. It was only after a dozen heavy sickening blows with the hammer that he could remove the beauty clay from his wife's face.

Co-Operation

Reasons why you should be a Co-Operator;

You have to buy the necessaries of life each day, by purchasing them from the Bloomington Co-Operative Store the difference between the selling price and the actual cost after all expenses are paid belongs to you and will be returned to you later in savings returns or in social benefits.

This store has proven that Co-Operation pays, we have paid back to our members in savings returns and interest $48,822.52.

Bloomington Co-Operative Store

INCORPORATED $50,000.00

GROCERIES MEATS CLOTHING SHOES

529-531 No. Main St. Ask about our membership plan

From a Friend

DAD WAS RIGHT

A father's sound advice about saving money and how much extra value there is to dollars saved early is never realized so much by a lad until he steps out for himself.

Be wise start saving now with us.

McLEAN COUNTY BANK
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It was the end of the scene; the heroine was starving. "Bread," she cried. "Give me bread!"

And then the curtain came down with a roll.

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The Judge eyed the prisoner sternly. "Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?" he demanded.

"What's the use, Judge?" the culprit asked. "You won't take my word against them twelve guys wot found me guilty."

Doris Batterton: "What's an octopus?"
Marjorie Stevenson: "An eight-sided cat."

Butcher: "The wurst is yet to come."

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Robert Price: "Waiter, there's a button in my soup."
Waiter (ex-printer): "Typographical error, sir; it should be mutton."

Elizabeth Austin was telling the story of her new play to the Short Story Club: "As the robbers crawl in the window, the clock strikes one—"
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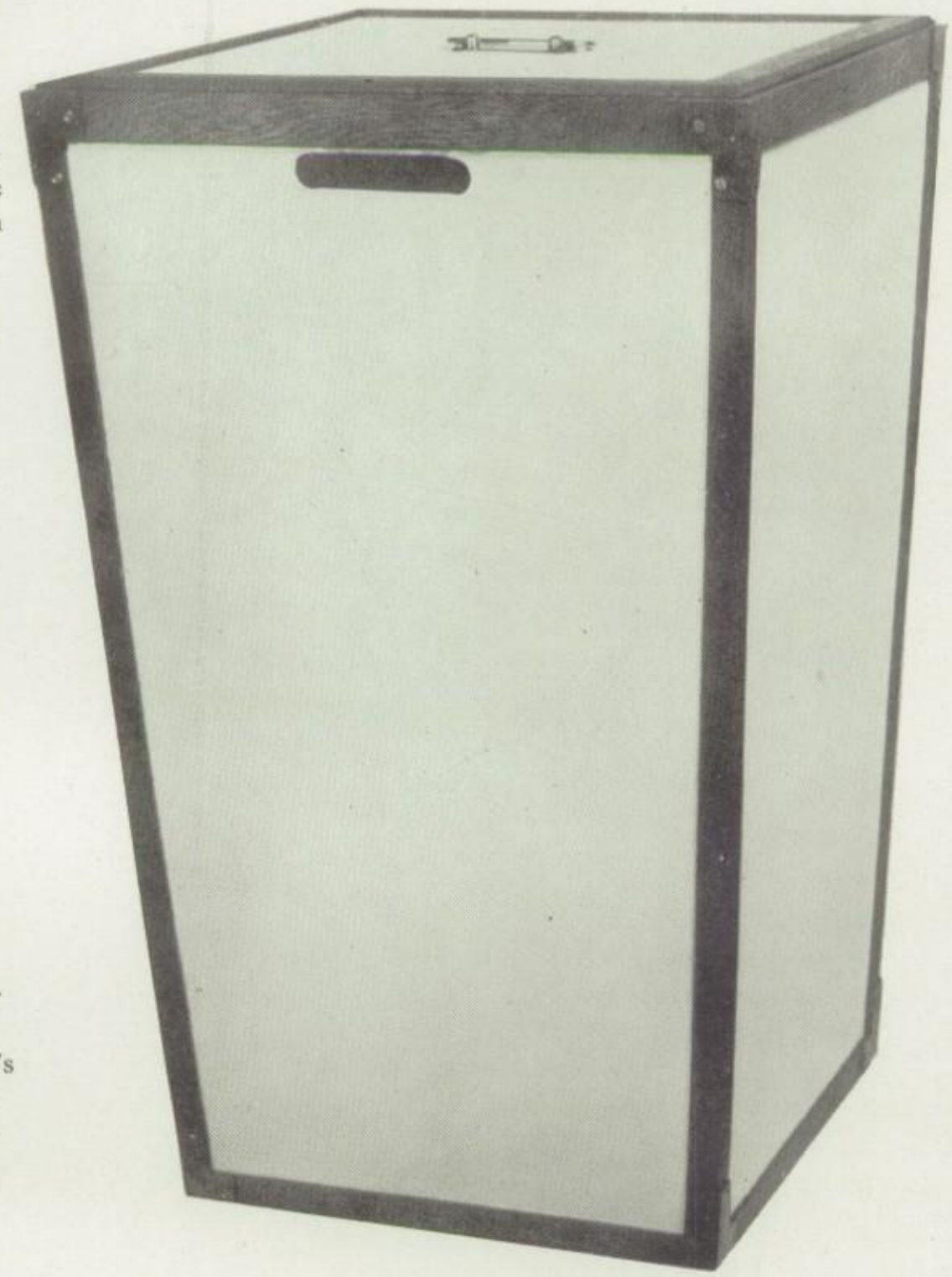

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"Are you there? What's your name?"
"Watt's my name."
"Yes, what's your name?"
"I say my name is Watt. You're Jones?"
"No; I'm Knott."
"Will you tell me your name?"
"Will Knott."
"Why won't you?"
"I say my name is William Knott."
"Oh, I beg your pardon!"
"Then you'll be in this afternoon, if I come around, Watt?"
"Certainly, Knott." And they rang off.

BUSINESS AND ITS OPPORTUNITIES

The most marvelous thing of the last quarter of a century is the growth of business. A few years ago the millionaires of this country could be counted on the fingers of one hand—corporations with ten-millions of capital were unknown, and a bank with deposits of a million dollars was financial giant.

Today, the business man is the outstanding figure in public life. Inventions are made usable through the skill and genius of the business man.

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Business is no longer inferior to the learned professions. The business man can achieve more than the doctor, the journalist, the artist, the engineer, or the lawyer. He can enjoy more, and can bring greater enjoyment to those with whom he associates.

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"What's the difference between a great big cow and a little tiny calf?"
"The little calf cries for its mudder and the big cow cries for its fodder."

Ault: Why was that period we are studying called the dark ages?
Nelson: They hadn't started coloring the maps yet.

"If an empty barrel weighs 10 pounds, what can you fill it with to make it weigh 7 pounds?"

"I'll bite, what?"
"Fill it full of holes."

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The only truck with free inspection service every 90 days for the life of the truck.

A complete line from ¾ ton size up to a 5 ton size. Speeds and heavy duty trucks to meet every demand.

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Bloomington, Illinois

ANOTHER VERSION

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"
"That was no lady. That was my brother in his new Oxford bags."

Father: "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!"
Sheik: "Ha! Ha! I've learned already!"

Student to Mr. Goodier: What's that tooth brush on your lapel stand for?
Mr. Goodier: "That's my class pin, I was graduated from Colgate.

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OWED TO A FLAPPER

Blessings on thee little dame.
Bare-backed girls with knees the same,
With thy turned down silken hose
And thy thin transparent clothes,
With thy red lips reddened more,
Smeared with lipstick from the store;
And thy make up on thy face,
And thy bobbed hairs' jaunty grace.
From my heart I give thee joy,
But I'm glad that I'm a boy.

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ON THE FOURTH FLOOR

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Bloomington's Leading Dry Goods Retailers South Side Square

Sambo and Rastus had been stealing chickens and had been discovered. The old farmer got out of bed and made for them while Sambo and Rastus made for their heels. When the telephone poles had been passing them by for a few minutes, Sambo remarked:

"Say Rastus, what's them flies following us so, huh? They've been right behind us ever since we started to run."

"What's dat, Sambo? Dem ain't flies, dem's buckshot."

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Scientific Facial and Scalp Treatment
Ladies, Children and Gent Hair Cutting all Styles
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When Better Automobiles are Built Buick Will Build Them

BroLeen Dry Cleaning Co.
Phone 2020

"BANANA BLOSSOMS IN PICARDY" OR "A HESSIAN BUSHMAN'S REVENGE"

By Isadore Nottadore

Bad Bill Simpson wiped the blood from his gun with a silent curse. Out of five shots, well aimed, only ten redskins had bit the dust. Ah yes, he was growing old! Only too well did he realize this unavoidable fact. Already his luxurious red whiskers, the pride of his worldly existence, were now streaked with gray.

Hark! What was that? He sighted some twenty redskins creeping upon him from ambush and without introduction. Mildly displeased at this interruption of his reverie, he slowly reached for his gun but found it empty of shot. But Big Long Bad Bill Simpson was not so easily turned from his recreation. Seizing his ramrod, he nonchalantly shoved it into his gun and calmly warning the red devils to proceed in single file, transfixed the whole of them to a tree with his trusty ramrod.

"Hello, Willie, dear," trilled the soft, sweet blithesome voice of our little Nell as she skipped gaily to the scene of activity.

Big, Long Bad Alcoholic Bill Simpson slowly looked up through his lowered eye brows, for you must know, he was considerably embarrassed at having his pretty ward, Nell, surprise him at his favorite amusement.

"Why, Willie," scolded his lovely ward saucily, casually stabbing a redskin who had crawled upon them from ambush, "I thought you were going to hunt catnip for our pet wildcat!"

"Well yes, Nell," drawled Big Long Slippery Bad Alcoholic Bill Simpson deftly removing the scalp from one of the Indians before him, thus covering his blushing confusion at the Fari Nell's reproach.

Just then Big Long Skippery Bad Alcoholic Notorious Bill Simpson glanced down at the valley below and observed one of the numerous opposing Mexican armies in search of diversion after a trying day of pilfering peasants' farm houses in behalf of "poor bleeding Mexico." Feeling sorry for them, and being in a playful mood himself, he immediately grasped both cannons from their holsters and turned them loose rampant on the Mexican cause.

Well, he checked the number of dead Mexicans until he tired of this sport, but out of sheer inaction, he continued to give them a startling invitation of leaden hail. Finally, when but ten greasers remained to oppose him, he gave a sigh, and fell over. Thus Big Long Bad Slippery Alcoholic Detestable Notorious Bill Simpson passed away with a toothache. The Mexican captain, being one of the first to retreat, was consequently among the ten living and he approached fair Nell with a beastly leer upon addled countenance.

Before he could grasp her, the American army came upon the scene and the dashing chestnut-haired young captain, with five fairly well aimed shots demolished the ten part remnant of the Mexican army. Then he fell off his spirited nag, and, kneeling before the fair Nell, asked, "Will you marry me?"

Nell waited a moment like the well trained heroine that she was for the author to get a few paragraphs of words painted off his system. Then she made reply, "Sure! Why not?"

The delighted young American was anxious to know why she had so readily accepted him. Did she like the lop of his ears, or the ten-cent marcel of his hair?

"Not at all," made answer our heroic maiden, "Don't you know the story is nearly at an end? That's why we gotta get married and live happily ever after!"

MUCH APPRECIATED

We take this means of thanking the pupils, teachers and members of the school board for the many courtesies extended to us during the past year, which we assure you are highly appreciated.

W. B. READ & CO.

An Educated Cleaner
for Educated People
and at Lower Prices.

SANITARY CLEANERS
103 E. FRONT ST.

CASH AND CARRY

YE LAIR OF YE LIMERICK

(Principal's Palace—Special)—Ye royal jester, as heretofore announced, wishes to make public at this time the name of the fortunate winner of a stupendous "Limerick Contest" which was held in connection with this publication some time ago. It is only with the utmost carefulness, that the winner has been selected.

Miss Anna Cook, well known about the halls of B.H.S. is the happy lady whom we now name as the successful contestant. Herewith is the prize-winning limerick:

To a sweet little Jane says a Harry,
If you carrot all, lettuce marry,
But here is the dope:
If we two canteloupe,
You're my peach just the same, little cherry."

It is quite evident that all limericks submitted could not be awarded a prize, though there were many that are deserving of the highest praise. In this section, we wish to reproduce some of these very excellent verses.

Lunch Favorites

Wafers, Nuts, Candies, Dainties — *Best Coffees and Teas*

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We carry everything in

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Why not trade here?

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Keep healthful!

An ice cream for every occasion.

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"I don't recall your face!"

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---

There was a young calf from Nantucket
Who stuck its head in a bucket.
He ran all about,
But couldn't get out,
So he left his head where he stuck it.

—*Mary Elizabeth Henry.*

CAESAR ADDRESSES THE WEAKER SEX

Come, come Calpurnia, darling,
(Dear wifie you're my pride)
Hasten thou with that lipstick,
We're going for a ride.
Slip on your Sunday toga,
Hop into my chariot gold,
And let's away 'till time for tea—
This home life's getting old.
Bring on your harp and play to me
And let me hear you sing,
And I will bring my saxophone—
I think it's quite the thing.
We'll run across the desert
And over the pyramids jump,
Make faces at the mummies
And scare the emus plump.
You'd better bring a goblet
To lift from flask to lip.
I've got the keenest alcohol
And pale-ale on my hip.
We'll pour a little in a glass
And lift it high and say,
"Here's to Queen Elizabeth
The mightiest in her day!"
Harken! What is that I hear?
Sounds like a wooden hen.
It's merely Cassius' Dutch hound,
He's let it loose again.
I told that bird to chain him up,
And to my sundial he might.
If you don't give him quinine,
He'll keep you awake all night;
Don't forget I'm out here
Waiting like a dunce,
So drop the key in the mail box
And come to your Julius at once.

—Margy Lou Payne.

WISH BONE COFFEE

USED 28 YEARS
WHY?

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WHOLESALE GROCERS—COFFEE ROASTERS—MANUFACTURERS

We will give *free* one pound Wish Bone coffee to the first, 23rd, 47th and 98th person presenting this advertisement at our office after the delivery of the book.

A minister from Tennessee
Accidentally sat down on a bee,
But the darn little bee
Just chuckled with glee,
And said, "That's a good one on me."

—*Willis Brown.*

There was a fat lady named Kate
Who on rollers was learning to skate.
I am not to be blamed
Because she was named
"Niagara," her "falls" were so "great."

—*Violet Whistler.*

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For Three Years

This store under its present ownership has striven to demonstrate its honest principles and efficient merchandising methods. We should like to feel that we too are graduating—graduating from the class of "Unknown" to that of "Honest Merchant."

Will you pass us?

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216 N. CENTER

CHEVROLET

IMPROVED

PHONE 246

Tracy Green & Co.
INCORPORATED

307-309 E. WASHINGTON STREET

YACOB'S LAMENT

I'm a broken-hearted Doitcher
Who is filt mit grief und shame;
I'll tell you vot der trubble is,
I doesn't know my name.

You tink dat fery funny, eh?
Ven you der story hear
You vill not vunder den so mooch—
It vas so strange und queer.

My mudder had two lettle twins,
They was me und my brudder.
Ve looked so fery mooch alike,
No vun knew vich from der udder.

Vun of der poys was Yacob,
Und Hans der udder's name,
But den it made no difference
Ve both got called der same.

Vell, vun of us got deat—
Yah, mine Harr, dat ist so—
But vedder Hans or Yacob
Mine mudder she don't know.

Und so I am in trubble,
I can't get through mine het,
Vedder I'm Hans vot's living
Or Yacob vot is deat.

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Delicious Ice Cream, Candy and Light Lunch

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Capital	$100,000.00
Surplus & Undivided Profits	275,000.00

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Dobbins & Jefferson, Inc.

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Our work satisfactory Real service with courtesy

FRED WIRRICK, Manager

W. S. SCANLAN

816 E. Washington

Groceries & Meat

Coffee & Teas a Specialty

NUFF SAID

There was a young fellow named Chase,
Who married a girl for her face.
    Their flat was a dear
    For three thousand a year—
That's a nuff! That's a nuff! That's a nuff!

One day she baked him a cake,
The kind only new brides can make,
    And when it was done
    It weighed 'bout a ton—
That's a nuff! That's a nuff! That's a nuff!

The groom in helping his wife,
Tried to cut the cake with a knife,
    But the cake was too tough
    And the knife acted rough—
That's a nuff! That's a nuff! That's a nuff!

And now he lies peacefully sleeping
Where shadows are gloomily creeping,
    And that beautiful wife
    Just looks at that knife—
That's a nuff! That's a nuff! That's a nuff!

—Bernice Engel.

THE PARTING

They stood upon the platform
    Down at the railroad track.
He was rather young (I'd say nineteen),
    His hair was very black;
He was tall and straight and handsome,
    His Grecian face was rare.
She was very small but beautiful
    With fine and silky hair.
He had his arms about her,
    And a tear dropped from her eye.
"Gypsy, my sweetheart, Gypsy,
    We'll have to say goodbye.
We've always been companions,
    I know I'll miss you so."
The train then whistled round the bend—
  'Twas almost time to go.
"How can I ever leave you?
    How can I let you go?
Gypsy promise me your love,"
    And Gypsy promised low.
He boarded the five-fifty-five.
    The tears came like a gale.
Gypsy raised her wistful eyes,
    And barked and wagged her tail.

—Margy Lou Payne.

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Wrist Watches $15.00 up
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N.W. Corner Square DIAMONDS Bloomington, Ill.

1926

SALUTATION TO SENIORS

By Alfred O. Brown (B. H. S. '02)

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Whether you go to College or to Work, I wish you the Best of Good Fortune. I hope, also, that the Young Men among you who are not too Poverty Stricken to spend a Month in Patriotic Service will attend the Citizens' Military Training Camp and thus do your Part to uphold the Reputation of good, old B. H. S.

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509-11-13 North East Street
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Quoth old King Ape, as he swung by his tail,
To the other apes, both male and female,
" 'Tis our predestined fate
We must degenerate
'Till we evolve a professor in Yale."
—*Nathaniel Winslow.*

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She's gotten so reckless,
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—*Raymond Dooley.*

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EVERLASTING IMPRESSIONS

My pa and I had a meeting
One soft and balmy night
The twilight hours were fleeting,
And bite, fight, sight (B'Golly, I can't find a word
to rhyme with night.)

We journeyed forwards towards the back,
In solemn, sombre haste.
The moon was peeping o'er the shack,
And I baste, raced, paced, faced, (B'George, I'm
stuck again.)

My pa, he gently took my hand
And told me a lotta bunk
His hand crept up to my collar band,
And I felt like a sunk, junk, flunk, sk— (waidaminit,
hold on there!)

He lifted my by the collar then,
He said I was a yap.
He smiled and set me down again,
And said I was a gap, lap, nap, well I guess he did
say that I was a sap.

Those boyhood days impressions
Ah, they never will be dead;
Pa made them everlasting
Out there behind the bed, red, said, shed (That's the only
rhyme that I got right.)

—Leo Zalucha.

Magistrate: "You are charged with being drunk. Have you anything to say?"

Culprit: "I've never been drunk in my life, sir, and never intend to be, for it always makes me feel so bad in the morning."

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ALL ROADS ARE OPEN TO THE FEET OF YOUTH

There are the Roads of SELF INDULGENCE—of spendthrift Prodigality—of wasteful Extravagance. If you would know where these roads lead, look at the men who have travelled them, and consider that every old man was a young man once—filled with the same hopes and aspirations as you are today.
The farther and faster you travel on the wrong road the farther you will be from your GOAL.
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Not long ago a Toledo clergyman was called upon to conduct the services at the funeral of a man with whom he had had no acquaintance. So, thinking to glean a useful hint or two touching the deceased's character, when he was shown into the living room the divine called a little boy of eight, evidently a member of the family, and put to him this question:

"Can you tell me what were the last words of your father?"

"He didn't have any," responded the lad with the utmost naivette, "Ma was with him to the last."

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YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHES

My Latin 'tis of thee
Short cut to insanity
Of thee I wail!
I study night and day
My task to learn and say
But e'en if hours I stay
It don't avail.

VERSE AND WORSE

The Loving Dictionary

Oh, lady, woman, female, lily,
Dame, maiden, flapper, Jane,
You've made me nutty, crazy, silly,
Unbalanced, mad, insane.
I worship, adulate and love you,
Admire, adore, acclaim.
I swear by heaven above you
For you I glow and flame.
For you I fulminate and smoulder,
Seeth, broil and incandesce,
For to the eye of this beholder
Your charm and loveliness,
Your beauty, pulchritude, and fairness
Unmatched, unrivaled are,
And of such pricèlessness and rareness
That never comet, star,
Sun, satellite, orb, world or planet
Held comparable grace
To yours, and every time I scan it
I know that all through space
You are unique, lone, solitary,
Supreme without a peer.
I say this in fashion very
Frank, honest, true, sincere.
And should you pick some other fellow,
Guy, gink, gazabo, bird,
I'd turn blue, green, and sickly yellow,
I would, upon my word.

The man who courts and runs away,
May live to court another day;
But he who courts and will not wed,
May find himself in court instead.

"This," said a teacher to her class of small arithmeticians, "is a unit." She held up a pencil. "This book is a unit, too." And she showed them a ruler, a flower, and an apple.

Then she peeled the apple, and, holding up the peel, said, "Now, children, what is this?"

Silence.

"Come you know what it is," she urged. Little Bill's hand went up slowly.

"Well, William," said the teacher.

"Pleathe, ma'am, the thkin of a unit."

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A LA CAN-OPENERS

In days of old when knights were bold
Two loved a maid whose heart was cold.
They met and had a long palaver
And just to see which one would have her.
They held a hard-boiled fencing bout
And tried to cut each other out.

ABSENTMINDEDNESS

The professor, who was famous for the wool-gathering of his wits, returned home, and had his ring at the door answered by a new maid. The girl looked at him inquiringly:

"Um—ah—is Professor Johnson at home?" he asked, naming himself.

"No, sir," the maid replied, "but he is expected any moment now."

The professor turned away, the girl closed the door. Then the poor man sat down on the steps to wait for himself.

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SKYLARK HOMES EXPLAINS

It was one of the hottest nights London had experienced in years. Sleep was impossible, so I dressed in the coolest garments I could find and made my way through the heat-swept streets to the home of Skylark Homes, who had been confined to his bed for several weeks. I found the front door unlocked as usual. I entered and made my way to his room.

I found the master sitting in bed, reading. He was dressed most strangely. A heavy fur cap was pulled down over his head. A knitted wool helmet covered his ears, face and neck. I could barely see his shining eyes. Heavy worsted gloves encased his hands, while a monster overcoat was buttoned close to his chin. His bed was covered with blankets.

"My dear Homes," I exclaimed, "have you a chill?"

"Stupid, as usual, Watso," Homes laughed. "Doubtless you think you can keep cool by wearing thin clothing. Of all the errors you have made in your career, that is one of the greatest. I have surrounded myself with heavy wearing apparel and bed covering merely to ward off the heat. It is impossible," continued Homes, "for one degree of the hot air of this room to touch any part of my body."

I felt humiliated, but I knew his verbal chastisement was deserved.

"My dear Watso, a dreadful murder has been committed," Homes informed me. "And I can tell you the names of the victim and his murderer, where the crime was committed, and further, why the deed was done."

I gasped in amazement. Here was this invalid with an intimate knowledge of the details of a crime that had been perpetrated since he had been confined to his home. I looked at him in awe and admiration.

"Tell me, my friend, how do you know all this?"

"Blind as usual, Dr. Watso. If you had followed my instructions given you these many years, you would have observed that I learned about it from the newspaper which I hold in my hands."

I lowered my head in shame, and slipped silently from the house.

IF WE WERE SONG WRITERS

Mary had a little watch,
Its time was always slow,
But since the watch is lost, she sings,
"I miss my Swiss," you know.

Mary has a big grey cat
Who does as he may please.
When he jumps on the Baby Grand,
She plays "Kitten on the Keys."

Mary had a little brother
So mean that when he plays "zoo,"
Her party dress is a tiger robe,
And Mary sighs, "What'll I Do?"

—*Anna Cook.*

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We want your business and will do all in our power, consistent with safe banking, to secure it.

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AMERICAN STATE BANK

A DUTCHER'S LAMENT

"You vas only a dog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go your bed in, you shust turn round dree times and lie down; ven I go de bed in, I haf to lock up the blace, and vind up de clock, and put out de cat, and undress myself, and my vife vakes up and scolds, and den de baby vakes and cries and I haf to valk him de house around, and den maybe I get myself to bed in time to get up again.

"Ven you get up you shust stretch yourself, dig your neck a little, and you vas up. I haf to light de fire, put on de kiddle, scrap some vit my wife, and get myself breakfast. You be lays round all day and haf blenty of fun. I haf to vork all day and have blenty of drubble. Ven you die, you vas dead; ven I die, I haf to go somewhere again."

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HAPPY HOURS

IN HIGH SCHOOL

WILL BE LONGER REMEMBERED IF

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PHONE 358

The old farmer was driving home from town, after having imbibed rather freely. In descending a hill, the horse stumbled and fell, and either could not, or would not, get to its feet again. At last, the farmer spoke savagely:

"Dang yer hide, git up thar—or I'll drive smack over ye!"

Pat was set to work with the circular saw during his first day at the saw mill. The foreman gave careful instructions how to guard against injury, but no sooner was his back turned than he heard a howl from the novice, and, on turning, he saw that Pat had already lost a finger.

"Now, how did that happen?" the foreman demanded.

"Sure," was the explanation, "I was jist doin' like this when,—bejabers, there's another gone!"

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The tiny boy fell down and bumped his head. His Uncle Bill picked the child up, with the remark:

"Now I'll kiss it, and the pain will all be gone."

The youngster recovered his smiles under the treatment, and then, as he was set down, addressed his uncle eagerly:

"Come down in the kitchen—the cook has the toothache."

"Lot's wife hasn't anything on me," said the convict, as he turned to a pile of stone.

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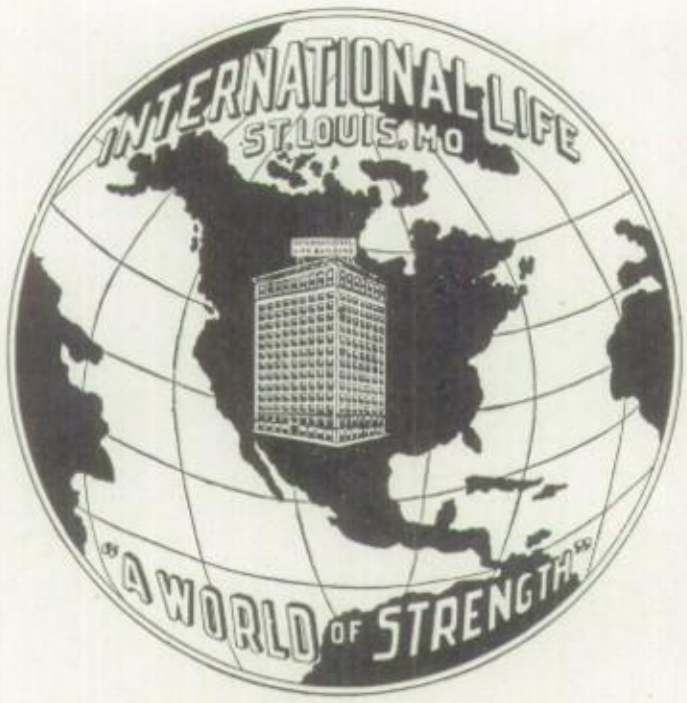

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An American was walking round an old Scots Churchyard. His eye caught the epitaph, "Lord, She was Thin."

"Say, sexton, what d'ye make of it?"

"That's au richt, sir. The sculptor went over near the edge o' the stone. He didn't leave room for the letter 'e'."

Behold the humble and demure banana; how easily it slips through the world.

English teacher: "Can you tell me the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?"

Bob Suttle: "Sure, one comes in bottles and the other comes in chests.

Lewis Probasco: "Would you rather have three bags with two apples in each bag, or two bags with three apples in each bag?"

Ed Colton: "Three bags with two apples in each bag."

Lewis: "Why?"

Ed: "Because there'd be one more bag to bust."

"My home town is so tough," boasted the bold, bad man to his crony, "That the canaries all sing bass."

"Huh, That's nothin'. Where I hail from they had to shoot a man to start a graveyard."

FARM RELIEF

By Willis Johnson

Down in the mouth of an alley
An elephant lay asleep.
The wildcats moaned in the parlor
The lions murmered peep-peep.

The coal scuttle ran thru the hallway
Chased by the grandfathers clock.
A centipede played the organ
A dinasaur circled the block.

Four hundred thousand cooties
Played jump rope with a big log chain
While a purple horse with a Ford in his mouth
Sat complacently combing his mane.

From out the depths of the chimney
Came a hippo's well know scream,
While a bright red rabbit with sixteen legs
Chased a green cat away from its cream.

I combed my hair in the coal bin
I saw a pole-cat forlorn
And I vowed not to help the poor farmers
But stay sober and not "Drink more Corn."

J. W. FULWILER, M. D.

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Johnson Transfer & Fuel Co.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

"Here is a man of open mind," said the Indian, as he scalped his victim.

A cross-eyed stenog of Topeka
With the unchristian name of Paprika
Spent her summers in Lawrence
And wintered in Florence,
But married a youth from Eureka!

Employer (to office boy going on errand): "On the way there you will pass a football ground."

Office Boy (hopefully): "Yes, sir!"

Employer: "Well—pass it!"

"Isn't this a free translation?" asked the student.
"No, indeed," said the book-seller, "the price is marked inside."

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We take out all the dirt, ashes, bother and carting from the coal at our plant and just give you the essential producing properties

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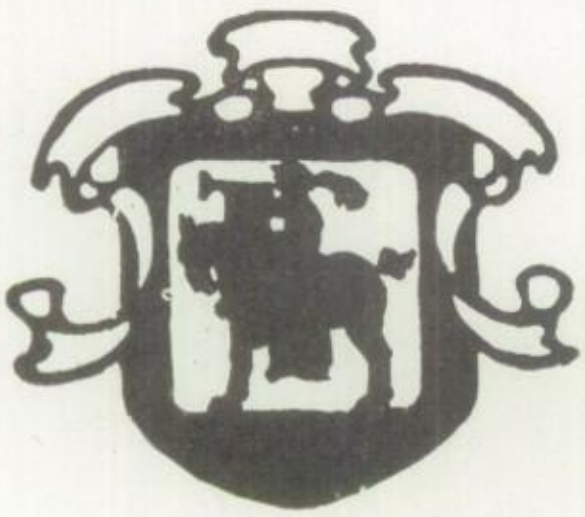

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Those High School Sandwiches

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Try Our Lumber for Anything that You Build

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PHONE 37

Heard after a Latin Class: "Miss Kinney is the funniest person I ever saw. She doesn't even laugh at her own jokes."

—Caesar Student.

A TRAGEDY

The potato's eyes were full of tears,
The cabbage hung its head,
For there was grief in the cellar that night,
The vinegar's mother was dead.

Subject: Naturalization Papers.

Student: "Mr. Kirby, you can't take out naturalization papers until you are twenty-one years of age can you?"

Mr. Kirby: "Oh, yes, a baby could take out naturalization papers."

Student: "Well, how could they swear?"

L'ENVOI

When editors don't know how
To fill a space
They run a picture of
The cross section of an
Assembly speech
Or represent a ghost
In a graveyard
And so get by
With very little mental effort
But we are more subtle
And print our own pictures
And so get by
With no effort at all
And we suppose
You can see our pictures
And by them
Recognize us
If you want to
But please remember
What curiosity
Did
To the cat
We thank you!

THE HUMOROUS EDITORS

Miss Inman (in English class) "The dress of a people portrays their minds rather than their architecture."

Henry Smith: "I guess people of today must be pretty simple-minded."

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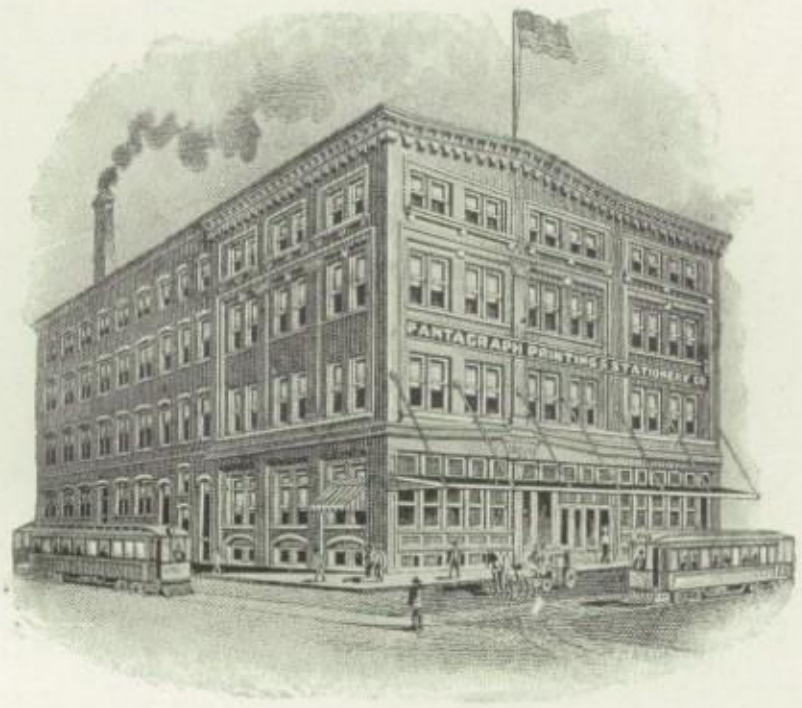

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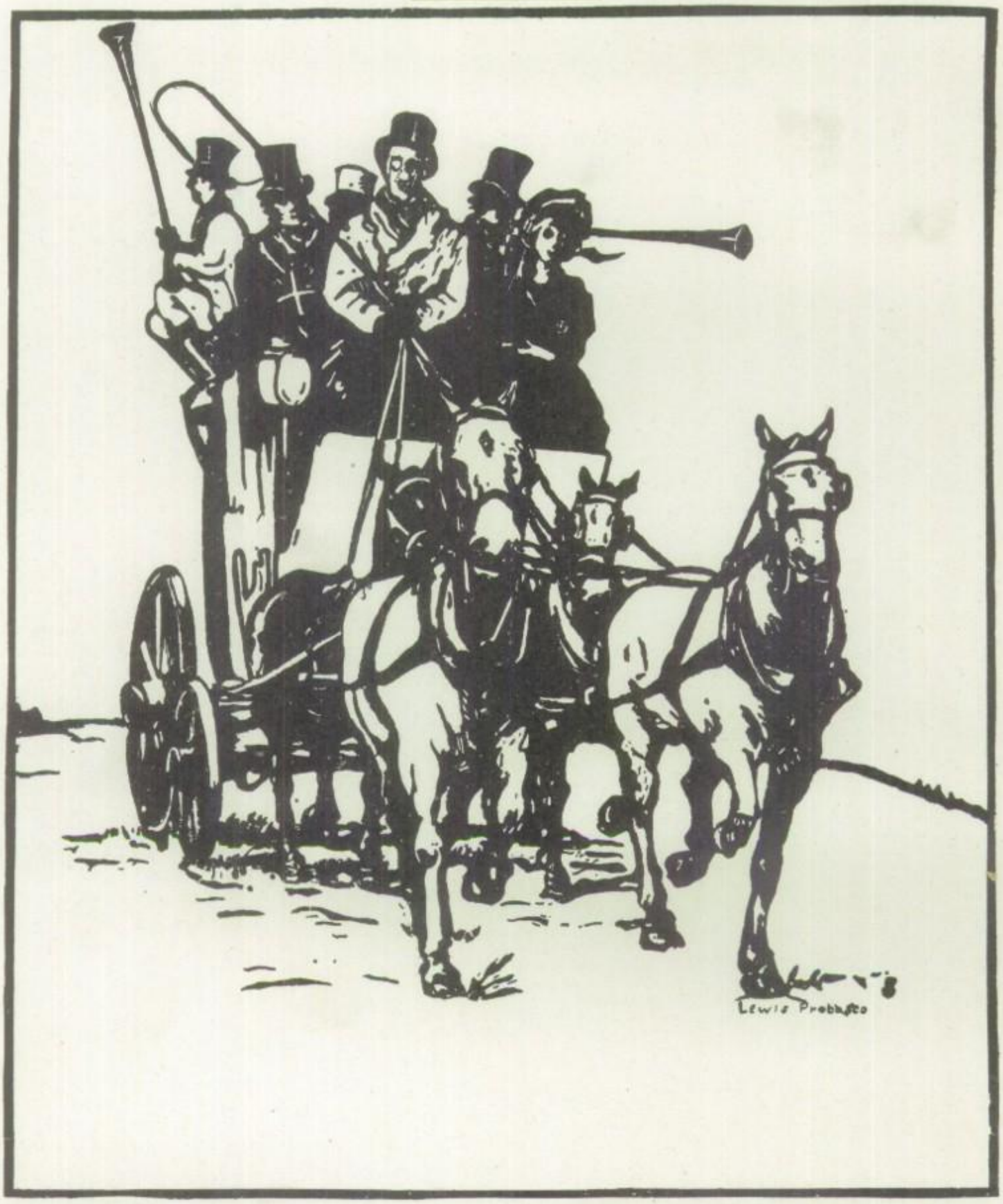

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